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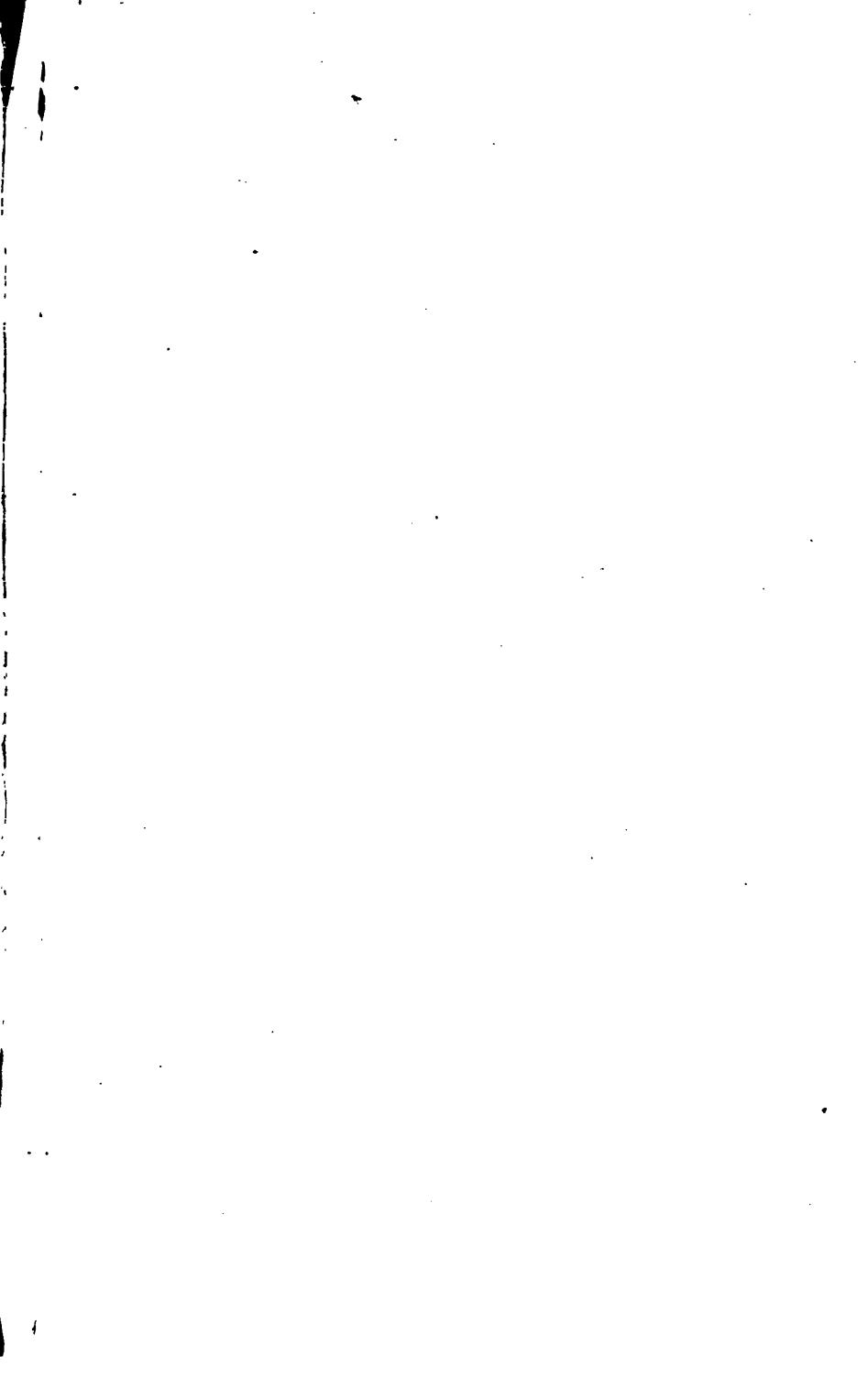
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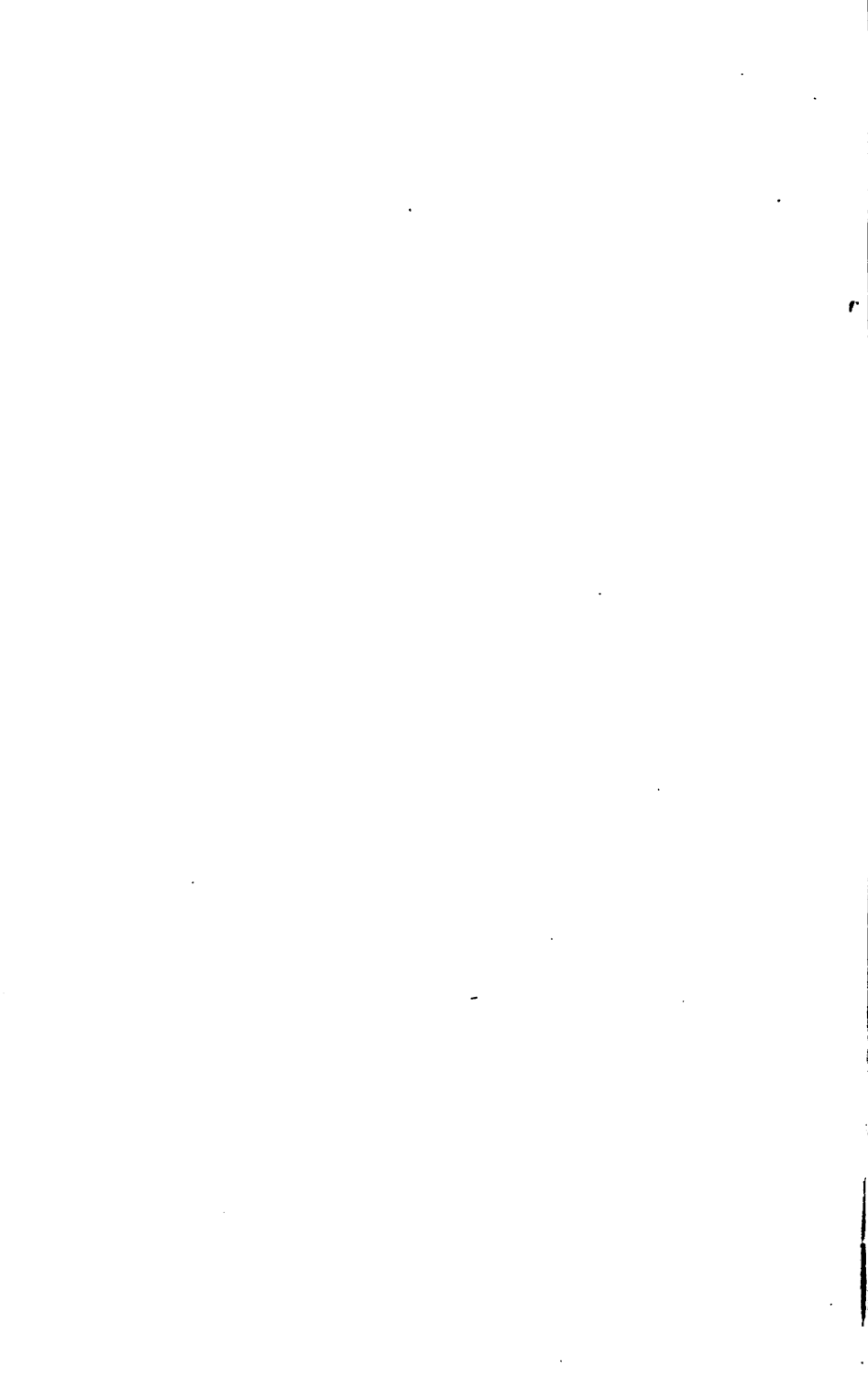


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JOURNALS  
KEPT IN  
FRANCE AND ITALY  
FROM  
1848 TO 1852

WITH A SKETCH OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1848

BY THE LATE  
NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR

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EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER

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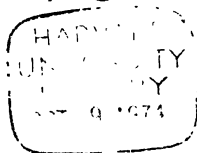
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JOURNALS

KEPT IN

FRANCE AND ITALY,

1848—1852.

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*Friday, Dec. 6, 1850.*—We slept last night at Leghorn, and we walked the next morning over the town.

We embarked at 4 P.M., started at 5, and reached Civita Vecchia at 6 the next morning.

*Saturday, Dec. 7.*—We were allowed to land at 10, having been kept waiting four hours for the permission. Formerly it was given in about an hour, but the new Governor, a Cardinal, chooses to read all the bills of health himself, and nothing can be done

Donec Purpureo libeat vigilare tyranno.

Civita Vecchia is said not to be strong, but its citadel is imposing; a quadrangle with four vast round towers. It looks like what it is, the work of Michael Angelo.

*Sunday, Dec. 8.*—We left Civita Vecchia at 3 yesterday evening, and reached Naples at half-past 6 this morning; thus passing the fine scenery in the dark.

At a quarter to 7, when I got on deck, there was a faint reddish smoke on the top of Vesuvius, which disappeared as the sun rose behind the mountain. Tocqueville came to meet us at half-past 8, but was not permitted to come on board. At half-past 9 we were allowed to land, the three intermediate hours being supposed to be occupied by the Board of Health in reading our bills of health.

The Tocquevilles have changed their plans; they now intend to winter at Sorrento.

The only person whom I have seen to-day is Carlo Troja,<sup>1</sup> Prime Minister during the Constitution. He is a fine-looking old man, but confined to his chair by gout. A priest was with him during my visit, so that he talked reservedly. 'Naples,' he said, 'is no longer a part of Europe. We are cut off from information as to all that is passing in the rest of the world, Italy included, except what we collect from your newspapers. So few persons read English that the Government lets them in.'

*Monday, Dec. 9.*—Minnie and I went by the Strada Toledo to the Museo Borbonico. Charles Greville calls the Toledo the liveliest street in the world. I think it the most hateful place that I ever had the misfortune to traverse. Now, after a fortnight's fine weather, its dirt is indescribable. Filthy carriages, full of filthy people, threaten every instant to crush you. Filthy pedestrians, whose contact is loathsome, elbow you at every turn; the air is full of dust and stink; horrible beggars swarm

<sup>1</sup> Troja, an 'erudito,' half Liberal, half Clerical, was taken up by Ferdinand in 1848. An honest man, with very limited political capacity; a Neapolitan by birth. He died several years ago.—S.

round you. The houses are so high, and it is so narrow, that no sun ever reaches you ; and of this narrow space, half is occupied by vendors of fish, old clothes, baskets, bread, and the refuse of a chandler's shop ; and as it is at least a mile long, you cannot struggle through in less than half an hour. It is the principal road to the interior of the town. If the hackney-coaches were endurable one would never walk through it : but they are not to be entered with safety, as we found by woeful experience, so that from time to time it must be encountered.

If anything can repay one for walking through the Toledo it is the Museo. I do not know what Rome may contain, and the Elgin Marbles separate the British Museum from everything else, but this far exceeds the Sculpture Galleries of Paris, Florence, Dresden, Munich, and Berlin ; it is equal to all of them put together.

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*Wednesday, Dec. 11.*—Spent with the Tocquevilles at Sorrento.

*Thursday, Dec. 12.*—I ended the afternoon at Troja's. We were alone, and he talked very freely. 'My Ministry,' he said, 'was the unlucky result of several coincidences. In March 1848, General Pepe, then supposed to be the most popular man in Naples, demanded in the name of the people absolute power for the Chamber of Deputies to revise the Constitution, the abolition of the House of Peers, universal suffrage, and the surrender of St. Elmo and the other fortresses to the National Guards. The Bozzelli Ministry, which had drawn up the Constitution,

would not defend their own work, and resigned. The King had heard that I had said in conversation that the Constitution ought not to be altered until its working had been tried. He knew that I was an intimate friend of Balbo's, then Prime Minister in Piedmont, he knew that we were both of us historians, and I believe that these things suggested to him the idea of calling on me to form a government.

- 'I was then, as I am now, confined to my chair by gout. I knew few people, and thought of nothing but my history. I saw, however, that the post was dangerous, and I thought it my duty not to shrink. We stemmed the popular torrent. Instead of abolishing the House of Peers we named one. It was the last decree that the King issued under our advice, and, that I might not compromise my colleagues, I alone countersigned it. We refused to proclaim universal suffrage. In fact, we were a ministry of resistance, and our reward from the King is exile or prison. Manna and I are the only persons at liberty, and I owe my safety to my crippled state, and to my having a brother and a brother-in-law belonging to the reactionary party, one of whom is now Minister of Public Instruction, and the other Minister of Commerce. At 1 in the morning of May 15, 1848, I sent for Scialoja. He lived in the Strada Toledo, and, therefore, had to cross the barricades to reach me and to reach the Palace. This is the accusation on account of which he is now in the dungeons of St. Elmo. They are afraid of his eloquence if he remains in the country, and of his pen if he quits it; so they keep him, and may keep him for ever, in prison,

visible only at intervals to his own relations. And you are not to suppose that a Neapolitan prison resembles a prison in any other part of the civilised world, except perhaps Rome. Even before trial the prisoners are chained together, two by two, in irons, never taken off for any purpose whatever, and weighing between 30 and 40 pounds. The cells at the Vicaria, holding three persons, are about 8 feet square, receiving light and air only from a hole in the top, far below the level of the ground, reeking with damp and swarming with vermin and loathsome reptiles. In Nisida there are rooms not 20 feet square in which seventeen or eighteen persons have been confined for months, fed only on the blackest bread, and on soup of which you could not bear the smell. And these are untried persons—persons whom the laws of every other country treat as innocent, and detain only to insure their safe custody. Even the medical men who undertake to visit the prisons, and are paid for doing so, are not required to enter the lower dungeons. The prisoners are brought up to them. It is admitted that no one can safely enter the places allotted to political offenders even for the short period of a medical visit. In Procida, in Ischia, and in the other islands which fringe the coast, both the prisons and the treatment of those who fill them are worse than even in Naples. Among the exiles, and, to a certain degree, among the prisoners, may be reckoned the King, for he has taken refuge within the palace walls of Caserta, and ventures to Naples only from time to time to attend some ceremony when he can be surrounded by 40,000



troops. He does not shed blood, and, therefore, thinks himself the most merciful sovereign in Europe, while thousands have died, and thousands are slowly dying, in his prisons. No passion is so cruel as fear.'

*Friday, Dec. 13.*—This was our day for Vesuvius.

We started at half-past 8, took up Tocqueville at Portici at half-past 9.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tocqueville and the Duponts spent the evening with us. After tea I took him to Troja's, and afterwards to Lady Holland's. Troja talked to us of his history. It was first intended to be an essay on the times of Dante, thence it swelled into a History of Tuscany, and, at last, it is a History of Mediæval Italy. The first four volumes are out of print; the second four he gave to me. They contain the history of the Heruli and Gothi from the conquest of Rome, by Odoacer, at the end of the fifth century, to the destruction of the Gothic power under Totila and Teia in the middle of the sixth century. Troja soon forgot the present in the past, and spent half an hour in proving to us the identity of the Daci, the Getæ, the Gothi, and the Normans—a fact which we had no wish to contest.

'How happy,' said Tocqueville, as we left him, 'a man must be who in these times can interest himself in Dacians and Goths.'

*Saturday, Dec. 14.*—Tocqueville breakfasted with us, and we went over the Palace and the Capo di Monte Gardens. The Palace is fine—beyond all comparison, superior to anything that we possess.

During eight or nine months of the year the Palace is unoccupied and the gardens unused. A special permission from the Royal Major Domo is necessary for every visit. Any decent government would throw them open to the public, who have no tolerable walk, except the three-quarters of a mile of the Villa Reale, a shady terrace overlooking the sea, but cold at this season after 3 o'clock. This Government seems to be utterly indifferent to the comfort of the people.

*Sunday, Dec. 15.*—We walked along the Villa Reale, Mergellina, and up the Vomere hill. It was almost unpleasantly hot. The disgusting population of Naples was all abroad—basking, quarrelling, gambling, and begging over the whole road. In cold countries the debased classes keep at home; here they live in the streets; and as the dwellings of the rich and poor intermingle, the same house, which in its first and second floors is a palace, having often its cellars turned into dens of misery and vice, you never are free from the sight, or, indeed, from the contact, of loathsome degradation. I never saw so hateful a people; they look as wicked as they are squalid and unhealthy. I see why they were decimated by cholera.

*Monday, Dec. 16.*—I walked to the villa of Madame T. We talked of the King. 'He is not,' she said, 'a man of much literature. His father kept all his children uneducated—they could scarcely read. But he has seen and thought a good deal. He is admirable in private life, and full of good intentions and kindness as a public man. His task is not an easy one. The people whom

he has to govern are children not knowing what they want, and never wanting the same thing two days running. His ministers are not much better, and he is surrounded by a hostile diplomacy.

'The great object of Lord Palmerston, Lord Minto, Lord Napier, the French, and the Sardinians, was to separate Sicily from Naples. But for their encouragement the Sicilian revolt would not have taken place, and but for their interference it would have been put down in one-fourth of the time, and with one-tenth of the bloodshed. The sailing of the expedition which subdued the insurrection was delayed for months, during which the Sicilians collected the means of resistance, because Lord Palmerston refused to give any answer to the Neapolitan ambassador's enquiry whether the English fleet would allow it to proceed.<sup>1</sup> What should we say if Ireland were in revolt, and a French Minister refused to state whether he had or had not orders to prevent our sending troops to Ireland?'

*Tuesday, Nov. 17.*—We passed the morning at Pompeii. Tocqueville was to have met us there, but was deterred by the weather.

I had heard so much of the smallness of the Pompeian houses that I was rather surprised at their size. They cover four or five times the ground of a modern house of

<sup>1</sup> Madame T. is right. See Lord Palmerston's letter to Lord Napier of November 2, 1848, Blue-book of 1848-1849, page 555, in which he says that in all his conversations with Prince Castelecicala and Count Ludolph he studiously declined to state whether the British squadron would or would not interfere to prevent the Neapolitan expedition sailing for Sicily.—N. W. S.

equal pretensions, and, though the rooms are small, they are numerous. The average size of the reception rooms is about 20 feet square. None of them communicate. In this climate even now, at the end of December, we can sit comfortably in the open air. I have no doubt that the Pompeians sat chiefly under the porticoes running round the interior courts, of which every considerable house possessed two, many three and more. But unless they left the doors of their bed-rooms open, their sleeping rooms must have been close at night, as they were small and had only little slits for windows, sometimes filled with glass. In bad weather, when a storm like that which is now threatening to beat in our windows raged, they must have been comfortless abodes; in good weather, charming ones. The richness and the elegance of the decorations are wonderful. They painted as universally as we papered, and laid down mosaics as we do carpets. The Forum must have been very imposing, with its temples, porticoes, statues, and public halls. When we recollect that Pompeii was a second-rate country town, as large perhaps as Kingston or Richmond, and compare its temples, its public places, and its theatres with those which the Italians now erect, with the churches, for instance, and the piazzas of Novi or Civita Vecchia, or even, to take a more important place, of Leghorn, one can scarcely avoid inferring that the civilisation of Italy has woefully gone back; and that if a Campanian, accustomed to the splendour and good taste, I will not say of Capua or Baïæ, but even of Herculaneum or of Pompeii, could be recalled to life,

and put down in the midst of the squalor of Resina or Castellamare, he would look with as much disgust and contempt on the abodes of his degenerate posterity as we do on the hovels of Connemara or Galway. The impression produced by Pompeii is strengthened by the Museo Borbonico, especially by the rooms containing the utensils of cooking and domestic life. The humblest instruments, such as lamps, scales and weights, and landmarks, are in fine ornamental forms, cut or cast with the bold, vigorous execution of an artist who could trust to his taste and to his hand. The mechanical workmanship, too, is admirable. If these things were the work of slaves, the ancient Italians made their slaves far more efficient workmen than they have ever been in modern times. The stamp on the bread interested me; it confirmed an opinion which I have long entertained that the invention which is to change the fortunes of the human race, and to give us permanent progress, instead of alternations of civilisation and barbarism, is not *printing*, but *paper*. Better stereotype than that of Pompeii I never saw; but the invention was useless until that of paper supplied a cheap and convenient substance for its application.

*Wednesday, Dec. 18.*—We dined with Lord Holland. I have a letter for Chevalier Manna, formerly Minister of Commerce, but cannot find him. The commissionaires and waiters profess ignorance of even his name. At Lord Holland's I found his father-in-law, a General Sabatelli, who explained to me that Manna, having been a Minister under the Constitution, is under surveillance,

and, though not actually accused, does not venture to appear in public. However, he is to call on me. Sabatelli has lived much with the King, and has been employed by him on important missions; he was sent, for instance, to Austria, to make up matters after the counter-revolution. 'The object,' he said, 'of the reactionary party is to bring back the state of things which existed during the two last reigns, when the whole government was one gigantic job, and all its measures were intended to give power and influence to the clergy, and wealth and privileges to the handful of individuals who administered it. This party has now possession of the King, and endeavours to keep it by persuading him that he is surrounded by infidels and revolutionists, who are constantly conspiring to overthrow the Church and the throne. And he is in some respects a fit subject for such influence. All Neapolitans are suspicious; no one trusts his neighbour or even his friend, or ought to do so, but the King is even more suspicious than his subjects are. When you talk to him, he never listens to your arguments. He is only trying to guess what may be your motive for endeavouring to deceive him, for that you *are* deceiving him he has no doubt. The only history that he has studied is the history of his grandfather and his father. Each of them was governed by his Prime Minister and his wife. He has resolved to be governed by nobody, and is constantly asserting his free will by some unaccountable caprice. Then he has the utmost confidence in his own talents and judgment, and ascribes any difference from his opinion to your

folly or to your dishonesty. His knowledge, too, of European politics is limited and vague. He fancies that Naples is as important a part of Europe as it is of Italy, and believes that backed by Austria he is a match for the whole world. Your diplomacy will, therefore, do nothing with him. The worst thing that can happen to his subjects on this side of the Faro or on the other is, that you should plead their cause.'

*Thursday, Dec. 19.* — We dined at Marchioness Salza's. Among the party was Prince Comitini,<sup>1</sup> a Sicilian, formerly a member of the Neapolitan Government, and now exercising much political influence. I found him convinced that Lord Palmerston, Lord Minto, Lord Napier, Mr. Temple, the Admiral, in short all the English authorities, had conspired to wrest Sicily from Naples. 'If that were not so,' he said, 'why did Palmerston send a fleet to Naples, and refuse to say what were its instructions? Why was the invitation to the Duke of Genoa sent in an English steamer? Why was the Sicilian flag saluted? Why was Filangieri stopped short after he had taken Messina, when a week more would have made him master of Sicily?' I said that I could not acquit Lord Palmerston, and the British authorities in general, of having believed much too easily in the ability of the Sicilians to resist the Neapolitans. They seem to have been deceived by the facility with which the royal troops were driven out of Palermo, and indeed out of all

<sup>1</sup> Comitini was a Minister of Ferdinand's, less illiberal than the others.—S.

Sicily, except the citadel of Messina ; perhaps, too, the success which in the beginning of 1848 attended every popular movement helped to mislead them. And if the Sicilians had resisted Ferdinand with the spirit and resolution which the Spaniards opposed to Buonaparte, 18,000 men, of whom two-thirds were Neapolitans, would never have subdued the country. This single error accounts for the rest of Lord Palmerston's conduct. He was anxious to prevent the sailing of the Sicilian fleet because he supposed that the expedition would merely occasion useless bloodshed and misery. He did not venture to intercept it ; that would have been too obvious a breach of international law, but he hoped to effect his purpose, and for a long time did effect it, by refusing explanations. On the other hand, he urged the Sicilians to accept the terms offered by the King after the first outbreak. He urged them to accept those which were obtained for them by Lord Minto. When that failed, and they resolved on separation, he urged them to take the King's second son. When they refused to do that, he certainly recommended them to take some other Italian Prince, and gave them the means of communicating with Genoa ; but this was to prevent their adopting a much worse alternative, a republic. As for stopping Filangieri, that was the unauthorised measure of the two admirals. They were informed that he had continued the bombardment of Messina for eight hours after it had ceased to resist : they were indignant, and without any instructions interfered. Finding that that interference had taken place,



Lord Palmerston tried to make it a means of obtaining for the Sicilians, not all that they were entitled to—for they were entitled to their Constitution of 1812—but terms which would have enabled them to become a flourishing people, and a more valuable appendage to Naples than they now are.

‘You assume,’ said Comitini, ‘that the printed correspondence tells everything. We are persuaded that it merely tells what you wish to be believed.’ ‘You are quite wrong,’ I answered, ‘in that persuasion. The fault of our Foreign Office is rather excess of frankness. If that correspondence had been garbled, much that is in it would have been omitted.’ ‘I wish,’ said the Prince, ‘for the honour of my countrymen, that the whole had been suppressed. It shows them to have behaved with a perverseness, a rashness, and a childishness which are not European, and can be accounted for only by the mixture of Saracenic blood. Their ruling passions were blind hatred of the King and blind hatred of the Neapolitans. They were ill-governed, certainly; every half-civilised country is ill-governed; but they were less oppressed than most parts of Italy. They had no conscription, they were lightly taxed, and they were offered a share in the national representation beyond what their numbers entitled them to. But they chose to believe the King and the Neapolitans to be their enemies, and required, under the name of separate institutions, real separation. No country can allow one of its provinces to set up for itself. We see what happens in Spanish America when any town that thinks itself ill-used by

the central government asserts its independence. If we had given up Sicily we might next have had to give up Calabria.'

*Friday, Dec. 20.*—M. Vanotti breakfasted with us, and afterwards took me to the tribunals. They are situated in the old part of Naples, in an enormous palace formerly occupied by the Anjou kings. We mounted to the first floor by a huge stone staircase, the sides of which, like every space in Naples where a man can get a standing without paying rent, were taken up by vendors of liqueurs, paper, cotton goods, earthenware, old books, old clothes; in short, all the sorts of things that would not pay the expense of a shop. We pushed our way into an enormous room, probably the Ball room of the palace, the walls covered with faded frescoes, on each side of which were little compartments railed off, in which the advocates, the attorneys, and the suitors were giving and receiving instructions, consulting and writing in the midst of sellers of sausages, chesnuts, and spirits, idle spectators, and beggars. Never was such a hubbub. Thence we got into a civil court, in which five judges sat in the presence of a couple of advocates and one or two auditors. We went on to the criminal court, much crowded, but chiefly by a low populace, who could not have understood what was going on, in which points of law connected with some of the late trials for sedition were being argued.

We then passed through some dark passages to a larger court, in which an important trial has been going on for several weeks. Forty-two persons (principally

men of letters and lawyers, among whom is Poerio,<sup>1</sup> a member of the Troja administration) are accused of conspiracy to murder the royal family and institute a republic. The prisoners were seated on benches raised tier over tier: between them and the spectators stood a double row of soldiers; soldiers, indeed, swarmed in every part of the building. The prisoners are defended in all by about twenty-six advocates. I could not follow the man who was speaking when we entered. He seemed to be fluent and impressive. Not more than fifty spectators were present: among them two ladies. The length of the trial has tired the public. As we were leaving the building we passed an iron gateway, behind which were standing twenty or thirty miserable-looking wretches. They had been convicted of uttering seditious cries, and were waiting to hear their sentences.

My guide, the judge, is a reactionist. He believes in a great republican conspiracy, in which two-thirds of the advocates, attorneys, and men of letters in Naples are engaged. They form, he says, the dangerous classes. Literature pays ill, and the lawyers, though better

<sup>1</sup> Poerio, the most distinguished member of a Neapolitan family celebrated for their liberalism, was almost always a prisoner during the reign of Ferdinand. Became a Minister in 1848. Was imprisoned again and again, and, after the fusion, became a deputy; indeed, Vice-President of the Chamber. Died several years ago.—S.

He visited England, and came often to Mr. Senior's house. He spoke freely of his imprisonment, and said that the time passed with wonderful rapidity. He was allowed to choose the prisoner with whom he was to be chained, and he chose a friend, a physician. He said that he evolved almost all Dante from the recesses of his memory, though at first he did not think that he could recollect any of it. He was never heard to utter a bitter word against the King or any of his other persecutors.—ED.

remunerated, are dissatisfied with their position. They are excluded from the bench, and not received in the higher society : indeed, they are not fit for it. Very few are gentlemen by birth or connection. The sort of life which they lead among the dirty crowds whom I saw collected in the halls of the courts of justice is one which a gentleman would not easily submit to. A barrister is frequently in partnership with an attorney, and an attorney often becomes a barrister—in fact, the two professions have much in common. An income of 2000 ducats or 9000 francs a-year is respectable ; one of 4000 ducats (less than 750*l.*) large. The pleadings are public ; but the process by inquiry, as distinguished from that by accusation, continues to prevail, and the proceedings, therefore, last for an indefinite time. There are thousands still in prison on suspicion of having participated in the revolt of May 15, 1848. ‘They are detained there without trial,’ said Vanotti, ‘in consequence of the conscientiousness and clemency of the King’. He does not think himself justified in letting them loose without trial, nor, if they were convicted, would he think it right to pardon them ; but he could not bear to condemn to death or to severe punishment so many persons, therefore he detains them untried. He has, or affects to have, an almost insurmountable repugnance to capital punishment. Only one man has been executed in Naples during many years. He had killed a policeman. In the present state of things this was an act of high treason.

From the tribunals we went to San Severino to see the tree which Parlatore, the great Florence botanist,

described to me as one of the oldest in the world. It is an oriental plane, and looks vigorous and even young: in last May the greater part of its branches were cut away, because they excluded the sun from the quadrangle in which it stands. It is supposed to have existed when the old part of the convent was built—in the 5th century. At that time the site of this quadrangle was a forest, principally of plane trees, of which this is believed to be the survivor. The 1300 years that have passed over it have injured it so little that it may well last 1300 years longer.

*Saturday, Dec. 21.*—We spent this morning at the Marquis St. Angelo's. He has some fine pictures, especially Salvator Rosas, 60,000 medals, and an enormous collection of vases and bronzes. They are placed in an ancient palace in the centre of Naples. 'This house,' I said to him, 'must be 300 years old.' 'It was repaired,' he answered, '400 years ago: no one knows when it was built.'

This is the shortest day, but I could read from 7 till 5. Naples, at this season, has two and a half hours more daylight than London, and two hours more than Wiltshire.

*Sunday, Dec. 22.*—I breakfasted with Lord Holland. Among the guests (all Italians) was an intelligent man, a M. Behr. We talked about the King. 'He is,' said Behr, 'far more liberal in commercial matters than any of the Ministers. He has fought against them all the battle of free trade. He professes to wish to reign constitutionally, and to think the position of a constitutional

sovereign free from responsibility, and, aided by the wisdom of all his subjects, far more agreeable than that of an absolute monarch, who must sustain the whole weight of government. But he says that he has tried the experiment, and that it has failed. The Neapolitans are not fit for self-government : for a fortnight after he gave them a Constitution they were delighted ; but before two months had passed the party which called itself Liberal had resolved to abolish the House of Peers, to introduce universal suffrage, and to make war on Austria—and to effect these objects by insurrection. In suspending the Constitution he yielded to bitter necessity. This,' said M. Behr, 'is what he says, but I do not believe him. He is fond of power, fond of meddling, and cannot bear opposition. The restrictions of the Constitution were intolerable to him. He granted it out of terror ; and even if the Neapolitans and Sicilians had not given him, as they unhappily did, a fair excuse for breaking through it, he would have seized the first opportunity of doing so even without one.'

'Do you think,' I asked, 'that the present state of things can continue ?' 'No,' he answered ; 'it is too violent : no one in any class of society is safe. A mere denunciation to the police may occasion his arrest, and when once imprisoned he may be forgotten. The desire of extorting money from those who have any and private enmity against men of the poorer classes are sufficient motives. And it is thus that our prisons are crowded. When you consider the uneasiness and disaffection which this state of insecurity inspires, and add

to it that all the acts of the Government—its arrests, its suppression of the liberty of the press, its removal of judges, and even its imposition of taxes—are positively illegal, are all expressly forbidden by the Constitution which legally is in full force, it seems scarcely possible that an explosion should not occur.' 'But who,' I said, 'are to supply the explosive force? Not the army, for they seem devoted to the King; not the populace, for they are too degraded to care about politics; not the aristocracy, for they have not the vigour which leads men to incur great risks; and as to the middling classes, they do not seem to be sufficiently numerous.' 'What you say,' he answered, 'about the army, the mob, and the aristocracy is true; but the middle class are increasing in number, they possess almost all the intellect and education of the country, and they are unanimous. Unhappily they attempted, in 1848, to carry on together two incompatible operations—to recast all our institutions, and to make war with Austria. The first required external peace, the second required internal peace. All that can be said in their excuse is, that all the other Liberals in Italy were guilty of the same folly; but their folly has, for the present at least, thrown us at the feet of our enemies. Never was Austria so nearly the mistress of Italy, never were the Italian sovereigns, with the single exception of Piedmont, so irresistibly despotic, or so resolved to destroy all freedom of action, of writing and speech, and even of thought.

'But, as I said before, this cannot last. No Government can last which systematically makes war on virtue,

intelligence, and energy ; which turns its priests into spies, its judges into persecutors, and its soldiers into jailers, virtually into executioners. The favourite subjects of its vengeance are those who in the hour of danger might have stood between it and the people ; those who formed the moderate or constitutional party. Almost to a man they are in exile, or in irons, or have perished in the dungeons of the Vicaria or of Nisida. Every member of the many thousand families whose fortunes and happiness the King has destroyed, whose fathers and brothers he has driven from their homes, or slowly tortured to death in his prisons, and of the many thousand others who feel that the same fate is awaiting them, is one of a conspiracy against him, not the less real for being mutually uncommunicated. The lava is rapidly accumulating. You might as well expect Vesuvius to remain quiescent as Naples.'

*Monday, Dec. 23.*—M. Manna, the ex-Minister of Commerce, breakfasted with us. The interest of his father-in-law, General Sabatelli, keeps him from arrest ; but he appears very little in public, and apparently does not wish me to come to him. He looked with interest at the Blue-book on the Neapolitan and Sicilian affairs of 1848 and 1849, and says that he shall come to my room to read it. It would not be safe for him to take it home. He brought me the act of accusation of the forty-two persons whose trial was going on yesterday. Many of them are accused of crimes with which the others are not charged ; some, for instance, of having in their possession seditious books, others tricolor scarfs, others



forbidden weapons; but all are charged with being members of a society called the *Unità Italiana*, bound by secret and unlawful oaths, and having for its purpose the subversion of all the existing sovereignties, and the conversion of Italy into one federal republic. The two important prisoners, to punish whom the whole trial is got up, are Poerio and a man of letters named Settembrini. Manna has little doubt of their conviction. 'The judges,' he said, 'by whom they are tried, a court of special commission, have been carefully selected, and they have also received some broad hints as to their personal responsibility. At an earlier stage in the trial—that is, in the beginning of December 1849—Poerio and Settembrini took some technical objections to the proceedings, which were urged with force, though unsuccessfully, by their counsel, Filippo and Tofano. Filippo and Tofano were struck out of the roll of advocates.

'No part of the Constitution, voluntarily given and sworn to by the King, is more shamefully violated than that which declares the judges irremovable. A few weeks ago the Criminal Court of Reggio, by a majority of four to three, acquitted some persons accused of treason, against whom there was absolutely no evidence. Of four judges who voted for the acquittal, two were immediately dismissed without pensions, and the other two were removed to an inferior court in the most savage part of the Abruzzi. Neapolitan judges cannot be expected to resist such a pressure as this. It must be added that the prisoners have no means of compelling the attendance of their own witnesses, and that, if they

do attend, the Court frequently refuses to hear them. The few who are allowed to give evidence in favour of a prisoner do so at their peril. A few days ago some evidence was given favourable to Settembrini.<sup>1</sup> Those who gave it have all disappeared. It is supposed that they have been arrested. A year hence, perhaps, they will be tried for some new conspiracy, and chained together two by two in irons for life. When you add to all this that Navarro, who has been chosen to preside over the court, is the personal enemy of some of the prisoners, and is known to have declared that all persons whom the Government wishes to be convicted ought to be convicted, you may conceive what are Poerio's chances of escape.'

*Tuesday, Dec. 24.*—We breakfasted this morning without a fire and with the windows open, though the wind is north-east. We then rode to Puzzuoli, the Temple of Serapis, the Amphitheatre, and Solfaterra.

*Wednesday, Dec. 25.*—I sat for some time with Carlo Troja. He disbelieves the existence of the supposed secret society of which Poerio is charged with being a member. Without doubt there was an open society of which the object was to drive out the Austrians and unite Italy in a federation, but it was to be a federation of kingdoms, not of republics. 'Poerio,' he says, 'is not capable of belonging to any secret society, or to any society with revolutionary views. He is almost superstitiously anxious to remain within the limits of law.'

<sup>1</sup> Settembrini was the man most hated by Ferdinand as the uncompromising supporter of Italian Unity. He is now in office at Naples.—S.

Yet Troja trembles for the result of the trial. With such a prosecutor, with such judges, and with the abundance of false evidence always on sale in Naples, it does not much signify whether a person whom the Government, or the Court, or a private enemy, or a trading accuser chooses to charge with an offence be guilty or innocent. Poerio is guilty of having been a deputy, a minister, and then a member of the *côté gauche*. These are the real crimes for which the Procuratore Generale demands that he be sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment in irons : and they are sufficient.

We spent the evening at Lady Holland's. Among the party was a Count L. I have met him everywhere ; but I was cautioned to-day not to say before him anything that can affect third persons, as he is one of the royal spies, and receives 100 ducats a month for his reports. I was introduced to Prince Belmonte, the Keeper of the Archives. We talked of Piedmont, and I was surprised to hear him treat the present Ministry as ultra-Liberal. As he went on, however, I found that the part of their conduct which he principally objected to was the Siccardi law. I said its object was merely to put Piedmont in the same relation with respect to its priests as every other part of Europe is—as Naples, for instance, and Spain are. 'This,' he answered, 'was precisely the ground of his disapprobation. No one could believe that the Pope would refuse a Concordat giving to the secular authorities of Piedmont the power which the secular tribunals of every other country exercise ; indeed, it was known that he was ready to do so ; but the Piedmontese Go-

vernment chose to act without his concurrence. Such a proceeding no good Catholic could sanction.'

*Thursday, Dec. 26.*—We called on Madame T. 'No one,' she said, 'who has not lived as I have, among a semi-barbarous Catholic population, knows what Catholicism can be. No one here ever thinks of God. The higher classes have no religion, the lower classes worship only the Madonna. The robbers pray her to bless their undertakings. The most dissolute portion of society are the priests, and the scene of their seductions is the confessional. It is there that they familiarise the minds of young women with vice. Nothing can be more atrocious than their questions and their suggestions.'

We went afterwards to her box at the French Theatre, where an amusing comedy of Scribes' was tolerably played to a thin audience. There were two good actors, one tolerable, and one intolerable; the women unforgivably ugly. Mr. Temple was there, and I asked him if it were true that Count L. was a spy? 'Certainly,' he answered; 'no one says before him anything that he does not wish to be reported to the King.'

*Friday, Dec. 27.*—We spent the day at Sorrento with the Tocquevilles. Tocqueville and I took a long walk over the hills. The table-land of Sorrento, as we looked down on it, seemed gilt. Whatever was not white with buildings was golden with oranges.

*Saturday, Dec. 28.*—Chevalier Manna breakfasted with us. The Government, he told us, has lately excited great alarm by announcing an intention of prosecuting actively the trial of those accused, or who may be

accused, of having taken part in the *émeute* of May 15, 1848. If this threat be carried into execution no one is safe. It will be easy to accuse any one of having been behind the barricades on that day, and as easy to find fifty persons who will swear that they saw him there, and at this distance of time how is an *alibi* to be proved? Three days ago many arrests were made in Castellamare. The police had opened a letter in which a man in Palermo, writing to his mercantile correspondent in Castellamare, said that for want of money affairs went on ill. 'Affairs' are supposed to mean an intended revolution. So the person to whom the letter was addressed and many of his friends are in prison. People begin to regret Del Carretto.<sup>1</sup> In his time there was tyranny, but there was some motive for it. If you were arrested you could guess why: you had probably said something offensive to the Government, or offensive to a Minister, or offensive to a Minister's servant, or you had refused to comply with some intimation of the wishes of the police. Now people are put in prison and let out again without any assignable cause. Del Carretto's police, too, did something for the convenience of the town. The streets were tolerably clean, the beggars were forced either to support themselves or to inhabit the great poorhouse, the streets were thoroughfares instead of markets.

This childish tyranny manages very characteristically its quarantine. A little while ago they subjected to

<sup>1</sup> Del Carretto, the all-powerful Minister of Police in the first part of Ferdinand's reign, was detested, and, I should think, detestable.—S.

quarantine Piedmontese subjects coming by sea, though their fellow-passengers from other countries were allowed to land, who, according to all systems of contagion, must have been infected if *they* were. A month ago they imposed a quarantine of fourteen days on all persons coming from the Austrian dominions—from Trieste, for instance, or from Milan. Soon after they reduced it to ten days, but did not send notice of the reduction to the frontiers. A son of Lady Malcolm's was stopped at Leghorn. The Neapolitan consul refused to *viser* his passport because he had left Milan only four days before. They kept him there for ten days. When he reached Naples he found that he might have come four days sooner. The Neapolitan authorities said they were very sorry that they had forgotten to send word to Leghorn of the change.

Here is another piece of childishness. One of the finest statues in the royal collection is the Venus Callipyga. I looked in vain for it opposite the number in the catalogue, and was told that it was withdrawn. It seems that the Minister of Public Instruction thinks the exhibition of a statue, of which there are copies on half the mantelpieces in London and Paris, is injurious to public morals. The consequence is that all the shops are full of casts of it. I am engaged in a negotiation to be allowed to see the original. The issue is doubtful, as it is made a State question; but I have strong interest, and am told not to despair. In the evening we went to the opera.

*Sunday, Dec. 29.*—I breakfasted with Lord Holland,

and found there Behr, Luigi Blanch,<sup>1</sup> and the Prince Belmonte.<sup>2</sup> •

Blanch and Belmonte agreed that the Neapolitan aristocracy is dead, but they disagreed as to the mode of death. Belmonte said that it was killed ; that a few words in a decree of King Joseph, introducing the French system of forced partition, had destroyed its wealth, and with its wealth its influence. Blanch maintained that it was dying before that decree was made ; that it has degenerated into a mere *noblesse titrée*, rather worse instructed than the bourgeoisie, without functions or powers, excluded by its prejudices from the learned professions, and always worshipping the Court, in the hope of obtaining military or civil employment. They agreed, however, as I have already said, as to the fact, and inferred from it the difficulty, perhaps the hopelessness, of Constitutional Government in Naples. ‘What would suit us,’ they said, ‘would be an enlightened despotism—such a Government as Murat’s might have ripened into had he stayed. We owe him nearly all the progress that we have made during the last three or four centuries. He gave us open legal procedure, the abolition of privileges, the diminution of ecclesiastical property, and the few roads which we possess. Now all is going backwards.’

<sup>1</sup> Luigi Blanch, a writer of political articles in the ‘*Progresso*,’ I believe, had been employed by the Government of Murat. Was Liberal and discontented when I knew him at the Princess T.’s in Naples ; he was then the Egeria of her *salon*.—S.

<sup>2</sup> Prince Belmonte, a Sicilian nobleman of some distinction, not conspicuous in politics.—S.

*Monday, Dec. 30.*—We went with the Gladstones to see the excavations made two or three years ago by an architect, M. Bechi, and by the Papal Nuncio, below the promontory of Posilippo, on the site of the great Villa of Lucullus; the villa in which Pollio received Augustus, and disgusted him by ordering a slave to be cut up to feed the Murenæ; the villa in which Cicero visited Marcus Brutus, who occupied it as the guardian of young Lucullus.

In the evening we went to a ball given by the Accademia, in a fine apartment under the roof of the Palace. Almost half the company seemed to be foreigners, especially English and Americans.

*Tuesday, Dec. 31.*—I went before breakfast to the church of St. Domenico Maggiore. After breakfast we went to Herculaneum and Portici.

\* \* \* \* \*



## 1851.

*Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1851.*—Before breakfast I visited the church of San Paolo Maggiore. After breakfast Minnie and I rode to Astrone. It took us four and a half hours. This was a charming ride; the more so as, from the time we left the grotto of Posilippo until we descended the hill on our return, we met nobody. Naples without Neapolitans is perfection.

We dined with the Hollands. Among the guests was M. Behr, who told me that he believed that only a small part of the treasures of ancient art buried in the Neapolitan dominions has been recovered. Besides Herculaneum and Pompeii, only small portions of which have been examined, the whole coast was covered with the villas of the richest Romans. But the Government prohibits all excavations. If a statue is accidentally discovered, the discoverer is in danger of being imprisoned as an unlawful excavator; he buries it, therefore, or breaks it, and sells the bits secretly. Then, if you obtain permission to excavate, the persons employed cannot be trusted. They give you the refuse, and sell on their own account whatever is valuable. A thousand years hence, when a tolerable government shall have civilised the people, the great mine will be worked to advantage.

*Thursday, Jan. 2.*—Prince Belmonte, the Keeper of the Archives, showed them to Gladstone and me. They fill the beautiful quadrangle and cloister of the San Severino Monastery, which was built in the fourteenth century by a Florentine, in the graceful Florentine style. The older quadrangle, which contains the Zingaro frescoes and the plane tree 1300 years old, belongs to the fifth century. It is a vast collection. The Neapolitan sovereigns, from the times of the Longobards till now, recorded everything, and the climate has kept all their records uninjured. The Prince showed us 300 volumes containing all the acts of the Angevine kings for 160 years. One of the first that we opened was a grant of an ounce of gold a month to St. Thomas Aquinas, as professor of theology: or rather to the prior of the Dominican Convent, on his account—for Thomas Aquinas, being a monk, could not hold property. One volume contained the cyphers of the Emperor Charles V. Most of them were arbitrary signs, representing words. Sometimes the signs were words, thus: ‘Niente importante’ was represented by the words ‘Ragione, Justizia, Fede.’ The subjects of correspondence must have been few, for a whole cypher often contains less than 300 words. One, however, is a complete alphabet.

I dined at the Hollands’ to meet Del Carretto. He is a man of about sixty-five, gentleman-like, but with rather an unpleasant expression. As he is supposed to have considerable influence with the King, his presence excites the jealousy of the Ministry. He visits, therefore, scarcely any Neapolitans. He spoke with great

contempt of the folly of the Sicilians in rejecting the offers of the King, when they must have known that they had not the means of resisting. 'In fact,' he said, 'they had not even the wish ; they were not prepared to make any considerable sacrifices. They complain that in order, as they think, to keep them defenceless, the Neapolitan Government does not extend the conscription to Sicily. But when, for more than a year, they had everything their own way, and were engaged in what they declared to be a mortal struggle with Naples, they did not adopt a conscription ; they trusted to volunteers, and therefore had no army. As things have turned out, it is fortunate for us that our terms were rejected by them. The two separate organisations would never have worked. They are too childish to be able to manage their own affairs, too childish even to be able to estimate their own weakness. Sooner or later they would have broken out again, and we should have had to conquer them, perhaps when we were worse prepared for it.' He told me that Serra di Falco's story of his interference to prevent Mustapha's cutting off Ali's head was quite true.

We ended the evening at Lady Malcolm's, and met there the Chevalier Aloes, the Director of the Museo. He has obtained permission for us to see the reserved rooms.

*Friday, Jan. 3.*—Before breakfast I went to the San Severo Chapel to see the Veiled Christ by Sammartino.

Tocqueville and the Gladstones breakfasted with us. After breakfast Tocqueville went to his bankers, Glad-

stone to hear Poerio's defence, and Mrs. Senior, my daughter, and I to the Museo, to see the two reserved chambers. One of them contains the Venus Callipyga and eight or nine other Venuses, one of them, from Pompeii, exquisitely beautiful. The Callipyga is one of the finest statues in the world. The other reserved room contains Titian's Danaë, one of his greatest works; a Bacchante by Michael Angelo, a Venus by Annibal Carracci, and several other good pictures of the same kind.

A taste for art is almost the only merit which the Neapolitans preserve, and this wretched Government is trying to eradicate that. The last thing that we saw was the Nereid, discovered a few years ago by M. Bechi, in the excavations which we visited on Monday. Nothing can be more poetical or more graceful. As soon as it is publicly exhibited it will take rank by the side of the Psyche, among the finest remains of Grecian art.

*Saturday, Jan. 4.*—The Chevalier Merlo, formerly an officer in the Neapolitan Navy, now on half-pay, called on us. He is a Palermitan, and a Liberal. He wishes me to see some of his friends at Palermo, but does not know how to manage it. If he gives me a letter it may be dangerous to him and them. His having introduced an Englishman to them may be considered evidence of some plot carried on through my agency. And if I call on them without a letter, and mention his name, they may think me a spy sent against them by the Government and will be dumb. He wishes to go to England, but fears that if he leaves Naples he may not be able to

return. Instructions may be sent to the Neapolitan diplomacy to refuse him a passport. Yet he exerted himself actively to prevent the separation of Sicily from Naples, and urged his countrymen to accept the offers made by the King on January 27, 1848, of a separate parliament, a free press, ministerial responsibility, and a National Guard. But Liberal inclinations are unforgiveable.

I have exchanged cards with an eminent barrister, Lacaita, but we have not met. To-day I hear that he is in prison. Some letters of introduction from Mazzini were found yesterday in the hands of a Piedmontese traveller! All those mentioned in them have been arrested, among them Lacaita.

*Sunday, Jan. 5.*—After breakfast, Mr. Temple sealed up for me, and directed to the British Consul, my Sicilian letters. He confirms the story of Lacaita's arrest. It took place the evening before last, as he was going to Lady Malcolm's party. A different account is now given of the cause. He is supposed to be charged with being concerned in a Neapolitan plot distinct from the Castellamare one; about as substantial, but originating differently. The Castellamare plot is the creation of the present police; the Neapolitan one is supposed to have been invented by the old police, who have been discharged, and are anxious to show that their successors are wanting in vigilance. 'He is,' says Temple, 'the most cautious of men, the last person to engage in any plot whatever; but he is supposed to be accused by some who are already prisoners. It is not likely that the Government

will ever formally proceed against him, but he may remain in prison for years. A brother of Poerio, Romano, has now been in prison for eleven months. The Ministers, and, what is more important, the police, assure his friends that they have nothing to fear for him, that there is nothing whatever against him ; but there he lies.'

*Monday, Jan. 6.*—Palermo. The 'Vesuvio' started yesterday at 4, and, after a very rough passage, came in sight of Sicily at 7 this morning. The approach to Palermo is wonderfully fine ; high bold promontories run out on each side of the bay into deep water, the semi-circle between them is tossed into steep mountains, brown, indeed, and bare, but separated by valleys generally covered with oranges, lemons, palms, aloes, cactus, and olives, and, where there are no trees, of the brightest green. Nor are the trees to be compared to their degenerate fellow-creatures in Italy. The aloe is a tree, the cactus is twenty or thirty feet high. I have seen to-day olives as large as Burnham beeches, and much resembling them : they are traced to the Saracenic times. But the Northern trees are poor. Except the plane of San Severino, I have not seen in Italy a single tree that we should call a fine timber tree.

If we had come as a party we should have been splendidly lodged, but, as a bachelor, I have a small room, looking to the sea, with a north-eastern aspect. The inn, 'The Trinacria,' is said to be the best in Sicily.

I drank tea in the evening with our Consul, Mr. Goodwin, an old bachelor, who has been here for sixteen

years. He is very intelligent, and he has an excellent library, which he communicates freely.

We talked of the difference between the population of ancient and modern Sicily. Mr. Goodwin does not believe it to be so great as it is generally believed to be. The present population of Sicily is about 1,800,000; it is fed now, as it was in ancient times, principally on wheat, and the annual return is 2,000,000 quarters, from the same number of acres under the plough, each acre producing sixteen bushels one year and lying fallow the next. Now, it appears from Cicero's frumenturian oration against Verres that sixteen bushels an acre every two years was the produce in his time. Unless, therefore, a much larger breadth of land was then devoted to corn, the produce must have been about the same. But there are not more than 7,000,000 of acres in Sicily, and half of them at least are impracticable mountain. It is not likely that more than two-thirds of the remainder could have been given to corn, and we know that a considerable portion of the crop was exported.

It is less easy to compare their social state. Without doubt the higher classes in the Greek cities before the Carthaginian conquest were far superior to the present Sicilian nobles: the slaves, however, who formed the bulk of the people, were probably more degraded than the Sicilian peasantry, and yet the latter rank very low. There is not, indeed, in Sicily the horrible population which swarms on the Neapolitan coast. There are few towns, no large ones except Palermo and Catania; there is little shipping, and few rich idle people; in short, the casual

resources which keep up the lazzaroni caste are wanting. The mud cabin of the Sicilian peasant is not so loathsome as the cellar of the Neapolitan, but it is not better than the cabin of the Irishman, though with this sun it is more endurable. Warm as the climate is, he suffers much from cold, for he has scarcely any fuel and scarcely any clothes. Education is altogether in the hands of the priests, who teach, at least to the lower orders, nothing but a debasing superstition. Scarcely any of the labouring classes can read, and many of the middle classes cannot do more than sign their names. Few even of the nobles have any literature; many cannot write a decent letter. The priest who teaches the villagers in primary schools receives a salary from the parish of from 30s. to 5*l.* a year. He seldom even professes to teach writing. In the larger towns he teaches writing and arithmetic. For these nothing is paid by the scholars. In some of the larger towns the Jesuits teach Latin, and in the Universities of Palermo and Catania, Greek, mathematics, and logic may be studied. The Jesuits are perhaps the best instructors as far as mere teaching is concerned; but they are accused of establishing an influence over the child opposed to that of his parents.

Mr. Goodwin told me a story which illustrates so well the general ignorance that, though it is long, I shall repeat it.

‘In July 1837, cholera was raging in Palermo. A sanitary committee was formed in Syracuse, composed chiefly of priests and lawyers. Father Rispoli, a friar, and Mario Adorno, a distinguished advocate, were its



principal members. On July 18, Father Rispoli reported to his colleagues that in the evening before he had observed four strangers throw something down in the street. He followed them; during which time he heard some explosions, and traced them to a house occupied by a German itinerant showman and his wife. The showman, one Schwentzer, and his wife, and four persons, who were actors in their little theatre, were arrested. In their apartments were found bottles containing arsenic and corrosive sublimate. A special commission of inquiry was appointed, consisting of Baron Panulli, the syndic or mayor of the town, Mario Adorno and his son, Mistrella, Juge d'Instruction, and Father Rispoli—in fact, of some of the principal citizens. They gave the arsenic and corrosive sublimate to dogs, who died with choleraic symptoms. This was held ground for bringing the showman to trial; but he was offered money if he would confess. He accordingly confessed that Marquis Del Carretto, the celebrated Minister of Police, had sent him to Syracuse, and another German to Catania, to disseminate cholera. "He was accredited," he said, "to Baron Vaccaro, the Intendente, or Prefect, of Syracuse, Le Greci, the Inspector of Police, and Vico, the Commissary of Police. A meeting was held at Le Greci's house, at which Le Greci and his son, Vaccaro, Vico, Rudduca, counsel to the Prefect, and others were present, and it was resolved that Schwentzer and his subordinates should throw into the streets explosive powders, which would corrupt the air and should taint the walls, and mix poison with the flour. They had

begun their proceedings the night they were detected by Rispoli." As soon as this confession was known, the mob rose and tore to pieces Vaccaro and Vico.

'The Le Grecis thought that nothing was to be gained by denial, so they pleaded the express orders of the murdered Intendente. Panulli, the mayor, published a proclamation relating the whole story, and stating that all the guilty were in prison and should be punished. The mob, however, would not wait for the course of law. It broke open the prison and murdered the showman, his wife, his servants, the Le Grecis, in short, all who were accused.

'Del Carretto, of course, avenged them. He put the matter into the hands of the court-martial. Panulli was excused on the plea that he could not restrain his colleagues or the people. Rispoli was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. Adorno and his son, who justified their conduct and proclaimed Del Carretto a conspirator and poisoner, and some of those who had been prominent in the outbreak, were shot. There is no doubt that Adorno acted with good faith, and he is now revered as a martyr. The revolutionary Chamber settled an annuity on his widow. Among the remarkable parts of this story is the social position of the persons who were affected by the delusion. In every part of Europe, except England, the mob has assumed the intentional propagation of cholera; but nowhere, except in Sicily, has this been believed by lawyers, clergymen, judges, and public officers. Your acquaintance,' he added, 'Cordova, the ex-Minister of Finance, believes it. An-

other striking circumstance is the easy faith given to Del Carretto's guilt. He represented in their eyes the Neapolitan Government; any accusation, therefore, against him, however monstrous, was credible.'

I asked about the means of travelling, but Mr. Goodwin gave me poor hopes at this season.

The Neapolitan Government wishes to prevent communication between Naples and Sicily, and between the different parts of the island. It has discontinued the two post-office steamers, which formerly plied twice a week between Palermo and Naples. Letters go round by Reggio, and take eight days. A Neapolitan company trading between Naples and Marseilles sometimes sends a steamer hither, and sometimes one to Messina. It was one of their steamers that brought me. Another promises to come on the 15th, and to return to Naples on the 16th, but cannot be relied on. Some small boats go to Messina, but are not fit for this season. By land there is no continuous carriage road. Between the end of the road, thirty-eight miles from Palermo, and its recommencement, forty-five from Catania, there are forty-two miles of mule path. Thence to Messina there is a road. There is a road to Trapani, but from thence to Girgenti is five days' journey by mule paths, and six or seven of mule paths from Girgenti to Catania. The only tolerable inns out of Palermo are in Messina, Syracuse, and Catania. At Catania, however, I should be splendidly lodged in the Benedictine Convent, as I have a letter to the prior. There is no fear of banditti: only a certainty of vermin, cold, starvation, and exposure. I shall not encounter them.

According to Mr. Goodwin's description, the social state of the higher classes in Sicily much resembles that of the Neapolitans. Young ladies are generally kept in convents from ten to eighteen years of age. The nuns teach them to read, pray, sew, and embroider. Masters, through the grate in the *parloir*, teach them writing, arithmetic, French, and music. This is supposed to be sufficient, and costs about 15*l.* a-year. At twenty-one they must leave the convent or enter as novices. There are about 5,000 nuns, 8,000 monks, and 11,000 secular clergy. There are few large fortunes.

Prince Trabia, perhaps, has the largest Sicilian possessions, but they are heavily incumbered. The Duke Monteleone is rich, but chiefly from his Mexican property. He represents Cortez, and still enjoys the vast estates of the Conquistador. Perhaps the man who has the largest available Sicilian income is Serra di Falco, but it does not exceed 4,000*l.* a-year. The nobles will not become advocates or physicians, or engage in trade or take orders, except with the hope of entering the higher monasteries. The Neapolitan Government does not readily employ them in the army or in the public offices, so they lead an idle, objectless life. This accounts for their mismanagement of their revolutions. Those who took the principal part in that of 1812, in that of 1820, and in that of 1848, wanted political knowledge, and still more political courage. They suffered themselves to be governed by the demagogues and the newspapers.

The first reformed Parliament, which met in the beginning of 1813, quarrelled about the appointment of a President of the House of Commons, and stopped the supplies. It proposed to impeach the British generals on the charge of conspiring to introduce the plague from Malta ; and, at last, when it voted subsidies, it would not provide means for raising them. So it was dissolved. In the next Parliament the majority in the House of Commons was constitutional, in the House of Peers, reactionary. The Peers, at the suggestion of the Government, petitioned for a dissolution, so the second Parliament sat only a few months. The third met in October 1814, sat without doing anything but talking about a new code till May 17, 1815, the day before the King left Sicily for ever, was dissolved on the 18th, and from that time has not legally met.

‘I should not have supposed,’ I said, ‘that the resuscitation of the Constitution of 1812, which worked so badly, would have been so eagerly demanded.’ ‘It was not,’ answered Goodwin, ‘eagerly demanded ; at first, it was not demanded at all.’

The demands of the Sicilians at the end of 1847, the demands for which they rose in rebellion in January 12, 1848, made no mention of the Constitution.

They were five :—

1. The substitution of legal form and regular procedure for the arbitrary action of the revenue officers and the police.
2. The substitution of popular election for the nomination of municipal officers by the Government.

3. The abolition of the censorship of the press and the admission of foreign journals and books.

4. The establishment of good primary schools in all parishes, of secondary schools in all small towns, and the improvement of the universities.

5. As the defence of these rights, a National Guard, of which the officers should be named by the municipal authorities.

Of these the 1st and 2nd were the most important. Nothing, except perhaps the jurisprudence of Turkey, could be more arbitrary than the penal administration of Sicily. There were as many despots as there were police officers. They imprisoned, they tortured; and their conduct, however atrocious, was always supported by the 250 judges, appointed and removed by the crown, who had about the rank and the honesty of an Eastern Cadi. The fiscal administration was little better. The whole revenue amounted to about 860,000*l.* a-year, of which the land tax produced about 240,000*l.*, and the excise 300,000*l.* The land tax was imposed in 1810. Its anomalies, therefore, had not, like ours, the excuse of antiquity. It was originally assessed with gross inequality, sometimes amounting to 25 per cent. on the rental, sometimes to only 12. These anomalies, of course, were increased by time, and still more by the negligence or corruption of the collectors, so that a man did not know what he might have to pay, though he might calculate on an increase or diminution as he stood well or ill with the commissioners, or with their servants. The excise was a duty of a halfpenny a pound on all meat, and of about three halfpence a stone

on all ground corn. The former pressed heavily on the middle classes, the second on the lower. Its amount did not exceed 15 per cent. on the value of the corn, but the vexations to which it gave a pretext were innumerable. It was farmed to a set of needy adventurers, who had to squeeze a profit by extortion. They began by including the weight of the sack in the flour. Then they required declarations of weight before they weighed themselves, and punished severely any discrepancy between the two. Receipts and vouchers were to be taken and kept and produced by persons not one in a hundred of whom could read, and any irregularity brought with it a fine of fifteen ducats and the forfeiture of horse and cart. No mill could be entered or quitted between sunset and sunrise, so that a man who had been waiting his turn in the mill, perhaps half a day, without his corn being ground, had to wait there all the subsequent night. This tax was, of course, unpopular, and of course was evaded and even resisted. Then came the searching of private houses and the breaking open of barns, in search of fraudulently ground corn; the shutting up of mills, limitation of bakers' shops, arrests of peasants, seizures of horses and mules, and carts and panniers, heavy fines for involuntary errors, close imprisonment, local banishment, transportation without trial by order of the police—in short, all the harassing tyranny of a corrupt, unscrupulous, and silly despotism, exercised for the benefit, and under the direction, of the farmers of the tax. One cannot wonder that the *multura* was one of the foremost grievances.

It was, in fact, the main cause of the revolution. Yet its produce was not 250,000*l.* a-year. At this price those who farmed it bought the privilege of inflicting oppressions which for years kept the country on the brink of rebellion.

The centralisation in the hands of the Government of all municipal authority was a legacy left to the restored Government of Naples by the French. They cherished it, as they did every *damnosa hereditas*, and introduced it into Sicily. The island is divided into seven provinces, each province is divided into districts, each district into communes. The province is under the control of an intendente, the district of a sub-intendente, and the commune of a syndic or mayor. Each of these authorities is assisted by a council, but intendentes, sub-intendentes, and syndics, and even the councils attached to them, are named directly or indirectly by the Minister of the Interior at Naples. Such were then, indeed such are now, the municipal institutions of Sicily.

‘Perhaps,’ I said, ‘it would have been better if the other requisitions had not been pressed at that time; this people is scarcely now civilised enough for the liberty of the press, or for a National Guard, and many years must pass before they can reap much fruit from new schools.’ ‘Why, it must be admitted,’ he answered, ‘that when the liberty of the press was obtained it was shamefully abused; but is not this always the case? Almost every liberty is at first abused. And you must recollect that the most active reformers were literary



men. To them liberty of the press was everything. As for the National Guard, that certainly was not abused. It did not indeed do much in resisting the Neapolitans, but it was a great source of security during the Revolutionary Government, and was kept up by Filangieri for six months after the Restoration.'

*Tuesday, Jan. 7.*—Marquis San Giorgio called on me and took me to Monreale, a village about four miles from Palermo, on the slope of the mountains which rise to the south of the town. The two finest specimens of Byzantine architecture that I have seen are St. Mark's at Venice and the Cathedral of Monreale. But Monreale is Byzantine only in its mosaics. The architecture is a mixture of Roman and Norman. Its form is that of a Latin cross; the clerestory is supported by pointed arches. Those arches, however, repose on single pillars, taken probably from Roman temples, with capitals, some ancient, and some, quite as fine as the others, of the twelfth century. The mosaics, all on a gold ground, are superior in their execution to most of those in Saint Mark's. The general effect is a combination of richness and majesty. The founder appears to have expended wealth without stint, but without ostentation. The mystery which seems to dwell in St. Mark's is indeed wanting. All is light without being gay, and the whole plan of the cathedral is visible as you enter. Its only defect is one common to all the churches which I have seen south of Florence—the want of painted glass. The white patches of sky let in by the little unornamented windows contrast ill with the

gorgeousness of everything else. Close to the church is a Benedictine convent, perched on the edge of the mountain slope, looking north towards the sea, and east across a rich valley of oranges, lemons, and olives, interspersed with villas, to a still higher range of mountains which on that side bound the Agro Palermitano. It contains a grand picture by Pietro Novelli, or, as he is generally called from his having been born there, Monrealese—the greatest of Sicilian painters, but little known in the rest of Europe. One head, supposed to represent the artist himself, is one of the finest that I ever saw. Twenty monks and twenty novices are supported here on revenues amounting to about 2,000*l*. Their qualification is exactly that of All Souls, to be *bene nati, bene vestiti et mediocriter docti in plano cantu*. It is a provision for younger sons. I asked San Giorgio whether he supposed that many of the monks were supported through their long observances by enthusiasm. ‘Certainly not,’ he answered. ‘There is less real belief among Catholics than among Protestants, and less among the Italians than among any other Catholics. The lower classes trust in the Madonna and Santa Rosalia. The higher classes in general conform outwardly, but know little, and believe still less, of the doctrines of Christianity.’ ‘What,’ I asked, ‘are the morals of the clergy?’ ‘Very bad,’ he answered. ‘The number of dissolute priests, and even of dissolute monks, is large. The conduct of the nuns is generally correct, but there is no fervour, no heart in their religion. They submit to it as a necessity.’

San Giorgio is a Liberal, but he spoke with great contempt of the Revolutionary Government. 'It is difficult,' he said, 'to determine whether their theory or their practice was worse. What could be more absurd than the changes which they made in the Constitution of 1812? That was really a constitutional monarchy; the 'Statuto' of 1848 was a democracy with a Doge. There were to be two houses, but each elected by what would soon have become universal suffrage. The functionary called King could not dissolve or even prorogue the Parliament, nor was his consent necessary to the validity of their acts. Such a Constitution could scarcely have worked well, even in the hands of Englishmen or Americans, and they gave it to one of the least civilised portions of Europe. As to their practice, I say nothing of their insane rejection, so often repeated, of the Neapolitan terms. I confine myself to their management of the struggle which they thought fit to continue. They knew that they had to contend against the whole force of Naples—against an army of 50,000 men and a powerful steam fleet. To oppose such a force one would have thought that they would have called to arms every man who could be spared from other employments. They proposed only to raise 14,000 regular troops by voluntary enlistment. Now, voluntary enlistment may suit a rich country, with a martial population, in quiet times. But it was quite unfit for the Sicilian people, who detest the obligations of military service, and for the Sicilian Government, which had no money to pay bounties. In fact, they never raised more than 8,000 regular troops,

of whom 800 were foreigners, and many more, the only ones who had ever seen service, were *congedati*; that is, men who had been turned out of the Neapolitan army for misbehaviour.

‘And yet with this contemptible force, and in the face of such an opponent, they thought fit to send an expedition to assist the Piedmontese in attacking Austria, and another to aid the republican insurrection in Calabria. Their last, perhaps, was their worst act. The Calabrese insurrection was one of the wicked insurrections of the Mazzini fanatics. Its success was hopeless, and if it had had any chances, they would not have been improved by the feeble aid of Sicily; and if it had succeeded, it would have destroyed constitutional monarchy not only in Naples but in Sicily, probably even in Piedmont and Tuscany. Nothing could be more mischievous to the Sicilian cause than to be connected with such an extravagance. But the revolutionary press bellowed out orders to take part in strangling the Neapolitan Hyena. The folly, the malignity, the ignorance, and the violence of that press cannot be estimated by any one who was not forced, as I was, from time to time, to read its publications. The Government was frightened, as it always was. It obeyed the orders of the newspapers; the expedition sailed, and was cut off to a man. But that was the least evil. The attack showed to the King of Naples and to the constitutional government which then existed in Naples that they could not be safe except by reconquering Sicily. And the ease with which Ferdinand triumphed over us in Calabria tempted him to Messina.’

We returned by the beautiful villa of Duke Serra di Falco at Olivuzzo. Mr. Rose, I find, had engaged it for us, but when we changed our plans it was taken by Lord Shrewsbury. I walked over the garden, which extends for about a couple of acres towards the sea, and is joined by the Butera gardens. The house is said to be excellent, but I did not enter it.

*Wednesday, Jan. 8.*—A wet morning. I went out at 1, and found the streets impracticable. As I forget Naples the dirt of Palermo grows upon me. The Toledo, however, possesses a *trottoir*, though a narrow one—a refinement belonging to no street in Naples. I walked round the town, where the sandy roads quickly dry. The old ramparts are striking, built of yellow sandstone, and of great height and solidity: most of the bastions are now the gardens of convents. I looked with astonishment at the beauty and majesty of the Porta Nuova, the southern gate. On each side of the arch, supporting the entablature, are two colossal Moorish caryatides, four in all, their arms crossed over their bosoms, looking up with the resigned dignity of noble captives. Higher still, crowning the arch, is a pavilion, with a white marble loggia running round it. It is not mentioned in any of the guide-books. The Abbate Macgauran and Mr. Rose passed the evening with me. Mr. Rose is a partner in the house of Gardner and Rose, one of the first English houses in Palermo. The great article, he told me, of Sicilian exportation is sulphur, then comes oil, then wine, then fruit, and then silk. The imports consist of colonial goods, cottons, woollens, linens, and silks,

hides and leather, and hardware. Next to the English trade, which is more than a third of the whole, comes that of France, then that of the United States, and then that of Belgium and Germany. Macgauran is an Irishman, of about sixty, a specimen of the secular abbé of the eighteenth century. He occupies an apartment in the palace of the Princess Linguagrossa. I met him at the Princess Lanza's, and I took him a letter from the Princess San Cataldo, so he seems to live in a princely atmosphere. He manages the affairs of many noble families, principally, I fancy, their town houses, and is a good person to apply to if you want to rent a palace. Macgauran and Rose both regretted bitterly that Lord Minto, when he visited Palermo in March 1848, did not compel the Sicilians to accept the terms of which he was the bearer. I asked what means of compulsion he possessed. 'Ample,' they answered. 'He had only to declare that by refusing those terms they would forfeit the friendship of England, and they must have submitted.' 'But,' I said, 'the Sicilian Government was not master of its own conduct; they could not venture to resist the leaders of the Squadre—the armed bands—and those persons deriving power and money from the insurrection, were, of course, determined to prevent the re-establishment of the King's authority.' 'The Squadre,' said Rose, 'would have been powerless against the popular will, and there was then an urgent wish for an accommodation with Naples. The quarrel stopped business and employment. If I had said to all my friends and dependents that Lord Minto brought good terms, but that the Government would not

accept them, they would soon have forced the Government to yield ; but in fact, Lord Minto had made up his mind that if Sicily chose to set up for herself as an independent state, she had the power to do so. He thought with Lord Palmerston, that any hope on the part of the King of Naples to reconquer the island was preposterous. When he went back to Naples, in April, he advised Ferretti, the Neapolitan Minister, to withdraw the garrison from Messina before the Sicilians should think fit to drive it out, and he mentioned in one of his despatches that Ferretti agreed with him that the reconquest of Sicily was out of the question. He seems to have thought, too, that Sicily, as independent, would be more useful to England than as united to Naples ; so, having done his duty in proposing the Neapolitan terms, he probably was not very sorry to see them rejected.'

I walked to La Cuba, a Saracenic building, about a mile from Palermo. It is a lofty oblong, built round a court, with no windows on the outside. The splendid pleasure-grounds which once surrounded it are now covered with buildings or turned to profit, but some of the olive trees are said to remain. They are pollards, their trunks are split into separate twisted fragments, but they look as if they would last for some centuries to come.

In the evening I drank tea with Mr. Goodwin. 'Among the unwise acts,' he said, 'of the revolutionary government, was the expulsion of the Jesuits and Ligorini.' 'Who,' I said, 'are the Ligorini?' 'They are,' he answered, 'a new order connected with the Jesuits, but

instead of teaching they are employed in hearing confessions. Coclé, the King's confessor, is a Ligorino. All the public officers in Sicily, and, what was more important, their wives and children, were required to confess to the Ligorini; and it was believed that all the confessions of which any political use could be made were sent to Naples, and that many persons were ruined through family secrets thus divulged. As for the Jesuits, they were accused of teaching servility and bigotry. The best Italian classics—Dante, for example—were said to be banished from their schools. I am inclined,' continued Goodwin, 'to believe much of what was said against the Ligorini, but very little of the accusations against the Jesuits. They enjoyed, indeed, a mischievous monopoly. In a commune containing a Jesuit's school or college no other place of education could be opened without the consent of the order. This, of course, ought to have been repealed. But they are admitted to have been learned, diligent, and pious. It is not true that they excluded Dante, or generally the Italian classics. They were the best teachers in the secondary schools. They were sedulous visitors of the sick and the dying, and they spent whole days and nights in the cells of the prisoners. Nor were they scandalously rich. There were about 300 in number, and their whole income was about 7500*l.* a-year, or 25*l.* a head—not a large income, even in Sicily, for an educated man.

'The decree which dissolved the corporations and confiscated the property of the Jesuits and Ligorini declared that they should be treated with kindness and liberality.



But the liberality shown was to give those who were not Sicilians their travelling expenses out of the island ; to give 2 tari (9*d.*) a day to those who were Sicilians and free from vows, but incapable of earning a maintenance ; and 4 tari and, after the age of sixty, 6 tari to those who were bound by vows, and were supposed to be incapable of supporting themselves. As for those who were not bound by vows, and were supposed to be able to earn a maintenance, they were simply turned out to live as they could. This is a curious commentary on the Constitution, framed by the same Legislature, which declares that no person can be deprived of his property until after the receipt of a full indemnity.'

*Thursday, Jan. 9.*—I drank tea at Mr. Valentine's, an English merchant, who has a charming house a little lower down on the Marina. We talked of the quarantine regulations. 'Nothing,' he said, 'can be more childish ; they are more absurd and more capricious than those of Naples. A few weeks ago they imposed a quarantine of twenty-one days on a vessel from Boston. The consignees protested, and the answer was that she came from the United States, and that there had been a case of cholera at New Orleans ; therefore, all vessels coming direct from the United States must be put under quarantine. "But," it was replied, "Boston is more than 2,000 miles from New Orleans." "We cannot," said the Sanità, "enter into such nice distinctions." The consequence is, that vessels from America are directed to touch at Cagliari. After spending a day there they are not within the rule. The general opinion is, that the real cause of this

quarantine is the asylum given to Garibaldi by the United States.' 'I expect,' said Mr. Morrison (a merchant), 'to have to make a claim against the Government. A fortnight ago a vessel, consigned to me from Malaga, entered the port of Girgenti. She had the usual certificate from the Malaga authorities that the town was healthy, and a similar certificate from the English Consul, but she had no certificate from the Sicilian Consul. The Girgenti authorities put her into what they call "*pratica sospesa*" (provisional quarantine) until the decision of the Palermo Board could be obtained. The Palermo Board, after some delay, sent for the ship's papers, and, after about a week's more deliberation, they sent word that she might be admitted to free *pratica*. But in the meantime a gale had come on. Not being admitted to *pratica*, she could have no assistance, and went on shore. I shall try to make them responsible for the loss.' 'Can any reliance,' I asked, 'be placed on the tribunals here?' 'Certainly not,' they answered, 'if the Government takes any interest in the matter. A week or two ago some persons were acquitted at Messina. Two of the judges have since been dismissed, and the rest have been warned that some examples are necessary. The delays, of course, are endless. Ten months ago two American sailors coming half-drunk out of a wine-shop were hooted by a mob. One of them, who had a knife, turned and stabbed the man nearest to him. The wounded man is still in the surgeon's hands; the sailors are kept till he dies or recovers untried, on the ground that, until one of those events has happened, the court cannot say what offence

has been committed. Imprisonment is liberally afforded. All witnesses whose testimony the court wishes to secure, and who cannot give security for their attendance, are imprisoned. The consequence is, that if anyone is attacked in the street, those who are present, instead of giving assistance, run away, lest they should be imprisoned for months as witnesses. In civil cases each party, or his wife, or his daughter, visits all his judges privately, to explain to them the merits of his cause. They are at home every evening to receive these visits. To omit to pay them would be a disrespect. A case of gross corruption is not frequently established against a judge, but there is a general suspicion of partiality. The law is complicated and full of puerile technicalities. The higher classes have few pursuits, they enter into no professions, there is no parish business or country business to employ them, they seldom visit their estates, they have no literary pleasures, they take therefore to litigation. Almost every great family has two or three lawsuits. The amusement is not quickly exhausted, for a suit may last for twenty or thirty years. One or two sometimes accompany a property like heirlooms.'

*Friday, Jan. 10.*—I started at 10 with Mr. Watts, the English chaplain, for the San Martino Convent, on donkeys. We went very well for the first two miles, when we began to canter, and my brute suddenly poked down his head and kicked up. The saddle was just over his withers, I had no fulcrum, and went over his head. I thought this might be an accident, and remounted. The last six miles are an ascent, often steep ;

after passing a few zigzags along the side of the mountain my beast backed to the edge of the precipice, and tried to throw me over. Failing in this, he threw himself down. I led him up to the convent, and sent him back by a boy, and thus ended my first essay in donkey riding.

The position of the convent is striking, seated high among mountains, barren, or covered with shumac, or with the melancholy grey of the olive. There are two fine Monrealeses there, a good Spagnoletto, and some beautiful Raffaele china, with not very monastic subjects. It is a *convento nobile* on the same footing as that of Monreale. The monk who showed us over was a gentleman, and spoke a little French.

I spent the evening at Mrs. Rose's, where there were a piano dance and an agreeable small party, all English.

*Saturday, Jan. 11.*—General Filangieri, or, as he is usually called here, Prince Satriano, the Viceroy, sent word yesterday that he would see me to-day at 11. He received me in a corner which he has had glazed off from a large room to make a boudoir for himself. There is no fireplace in the Palace, and as he has to write many hours every day he suffers much from cold. He is sixty-five, large, with an agreeable countenance and a charming manner and address. If I were to be a slave I should not wish for a pleasanter master. 'His first object,' he said, 'on assuming the government, was to produce security.' This he has effected. All Sicily is now as safe as France. I told him that I had been assured before I had left England that I could not travel

in the interior. 'I should not advise you,' he said, 'to attempt much at this season. The accommodations are horrible ; even leather sheets, which are indispensable, will not protect you ; but if you will accept *hospitalité ambulante* from me, and go round the island in April, I will show you a great deal, and with little comparative discomfort.' I replied that I feared my time would not allow me to be tempted even by such an offer.

'Having made the country safe,' he added, 'I am now trying to render it prosperous. It is not a country, if there be such a one, in which manufactures ought to be artificially encouraged. Our agricultural and mineral industry is not half supplied with capital or with labour. Our business is to export sulphur, salt, fruit, silk, flax, shumac, wine, and corn, and to import manufactures. You are our best customers and our best suppliers ; you take a third of our exports and give us more than half of our imports. I have no object more at heart than to increase the intercourse between England and Sicily.' 'The great impediment,' I answered, 'to Sicilian commerce seems to me to be the Sanità.' 'That is true,' he answered ; 'our sanitary regulations belong to the last century, and are quite inconsistent with modern habits of business. But they were framed by Charles III., Ferdinand I., and Francis, and the present King feels pious scruples which deter him from touching the works of his ancestors. My powers do not enable me to interfere with the Sanità, much as I disapprove of many of their proceedings.' 'The prevalent doctrine in England,' I said, 'is that all quarantine regulations are absurdi-

ties ; that plague and cholera are disorders of the atmosphere, and travel in the winds, not in ships or by railways.' 'That is a convenient theory,' he replied, 'for you, for it suits your practice. You have resolved rather to incur the risk of infection than to submit to the certain evils of quarantine. But I do not agree in your theory. I believe that plague and cholera may be kept out by quarantine, and that we do keep them out to a considerable extent. At the same time I approve of your practice. All government is a choice of evils, and I think occasional infection a less evil than the perpetual vexation, worry, expense, and delay of quarantine. I would abolish the whole system if I could. But I am absolutely alone in these opinions ; and when you recollect what was the cholera of 1837, you cannot wonder at our taking precautions which may be, and in fact are, extravagant. In that year cholera killed one-fourth of the inhabitants of Palermo. For many weeks 2,000 persons died every day. At one time there were thousands of bodies in the cemetery, and no one to bury them. It gave us a fright from which we have not yet recovered. When the revolutionary Government had to make out grounds for deposing the King, the first, indeed the principal, accusation which they brought against him was, that he had diminished the powers of the Sanità, and thereby had occasioned the cholera of 1837. In the present state of men's minds you may conceive the use that would be made of any further relaxations.

'The greatest difficulties,' he continued, 'with which I have now to contend are the results of your unhappy inter-

ference in September 1848. Never was a more cruel piece of kindness. Sicily at that time had not suffered much from her revolution. The wretched Provisional Government had been amusing itself with making a Constitution as childish as might have been expected, in choosing a king, in driving out the only teachers that the island possessed, and in trying to revolutionise Calabria. They had not had time to spend much money or to make us spend much. They had prepared no means of resistance, so that in less than a fortnight I should have been master of Sicily, probably without further bloodshed. Early on the morning of the 7th, after four days' severe fighting, I received a note from your Captain and the French one, entreating a truce, during which the terms of capitulation could be arranged. I sent word that I was ready to cease firing as soon as the Sicilians did, and that I wished to know what were to be the bases of the proposed capitulation. No answer came for three hours, and then one so absurd that it must have been dictated by the mob of Messina. It proposed to leave to the decision of the insurgent Parliament whether I was to retain Messina or not. So I could only thank Captain Robb and Captain Nonay for their well-meant but fruitless mediation, and continue the attack. Four days after, when Messina was as submissive to the royal authorities as Naples, and the municipal authorities had resumed their functions, I had a note from the two captains to say that they were ordered by their admirals to require me to suspend operations against the rebels until France and England could settle the

differences between my King and his subjects. I told the captains that if I were able to march I should laugh at their interference ; that neither Admiral Parker nor Admiral Baudin, nor both of them, could stop an army, unless it was absurd enough to march along the sea shore ; but that all my guns, except two, were unserviceable, that I had lost one in seven of my men, and that I could not move for five days ; that, during those five days, I would take no offensive measures, but that at their expiration I certainly should march on Catania, whatever the English or French might do, unless I was expressly forbidden by the King. Unhappily for all Sicily, but particularly for Catania, the King was advised to submit to the dictation of Parker and Baudin. I was kept inactive for seven months. The revolutionary Government bought steamers and guns in England ; some of the latter they got from your Government stores ; they raised forced loans, they mortgaged the public revenue, particularly the municipal revenues of Palermo ; trade, and to a great degree production, were interrupted ; and even if, when you were pleased to let me move in April, I had been as little opposed as I should have been in the previous September, that interregnum of seven months would have done enormous harm. As it was, you forced me to ruin Catania, and were very near forcing me to destroy Palermo. As to the atrocities which Admiral Baudin and Admiral Parker could not contemplate without interfering, in the first place they did not, indeed they could not, interfere till long after those atrocities had ceased. When they



stopped me I had been for four days quietly master of Messina, and probably should have been master of Sicily without firing another shot. In the second place, they personally knew nothing of the facts. They were in the Bay of Naples, 200 miles from Messina. They trusted to the reports of Captain Robb and Captain Nonay ; and Captain Robb and Captain Nonay, who were at sea, trusted to what they could see through their glasses, and to what the townspeople, who fled to their ships, told them with all the exaggerations of terror. Without doubt there was much cruelty and violence on each side. It was a war between two hostile races, neither of them very civilised. All my soldiers who fell into the hands of the insurgents were shot or torn to pieces. But was this a reason for taking measures to prolong the contest ? If the admirals believed the reports of their captains, they ought to have rejoiced to think that the submission of Messina must speedily be followed by the rest of Sicily. But, in fact, you all of you assumed that we were to lose Sicily. Cavaignac hoped to see it a republic ; you would not have been unwilling to be the protectors of its new king, who would probably have arrived in one of your steamers. You had been for months advising us to give it up quietly ; you had, at great length, demonstrated to us that our expedition must fail, and you could not bear to see your prophecies so completely and so rapidly falsified.'

I drank tea at Prince Radali's. He is a Hanoverian. His brother married Princess Butera, succeeded to her fortune, and left it to my host, whom the King created

Prince Radali. He lives in a charming villa, built, or rather completed, by himself, a little out of the town on the western side. The Prince complained bitterly of the Sicilian builders. No estimate can be relied on. No work is well finished except under your own eyes. He had to relay all his floors, and replace more than one of his roofs. His estates are near Butera, on the south of the island, rising from the sea to the mountains, and separated from the little town of Alicata by the Salso, the ancient Himera. They contain about fifty square miles, and let at an average of a ducat (3s. 8d.) an acre. I asked what was the population. 'Nothing,' he answered; 'the people who cultivate them live in the neighbouring villages. I built some farm-houses, but they lie empty. During many months they are infested by *malaria*. The farms are large; few less than 1,000 acres, some much larger. I tried, at first,' he added, 'to take some into my own hands, and to adopt improved modes of cultivation, but it failed. I imported English subsoil ploughs; I gave double wages to the ploughmen employed on them, but they broke them to escape from the additional exertion which they required. I imported a movable thrashing machine. In order to take it from one farm to another my steward pulled it to pieces, and no one can put it together again. For some years I bred horses. I had an excellent English stallion, bought for me by Lord Lonsdale, and English three-quarter bred mares; but I lost more than half my colts from the negligence of my servants; and though I sold several for 80*l.* apiece it did not pay. My farm-servants

left me for a couple of days every week to go home, and generally took with them a mule and brought her back unserviceable. Under peculiar circumstances, however, great profits may be made. I had a piece of ground which I let at 12*l.* a-year. I walled it round, and planted it with almond trees and dwarf shumac. The whole expense was about 1,000*l.*; it brings me in 1,000 dollars a-year. This, however, was in the neighbourhood of Palermo. On the southern side of the island the want of roads and bridges diminishes the value of property. I have nothing near me but mule paths, and the Salso, over which there is no bridge, cuts me off from what ought to be my shipping port, Alicata.'

The Prince does not believe in the hatred which our Blue-book describes as existing against the King. 'The Sicilians,' he said, 'hate the Neapolitans, and, so far as they identify him with Neapolitan rule, hate the King, but they have no personal dislike to him. They know him, indeed, only by acts of individual kindness. Wherever he has been he has done good; he has made roads and bridges and relieved individual distress.'

*Sunday, Jan. 12.*—This is the King's birthday, and the anniversary of the Revolution of 1848. At 10 I attended the *levée*, called a *circolo*, at the Palace.

At half-past 10 the Viceroy came, shook hands with his courtiers, and took his stand before his throne, and the ceremony began. First came the senate or municipal body, whose spokesman read him an address, to which he made a verbal answer. Then came the bishops (the archbishop is a cardinal, too great a

man to attend a public *levée*), the heads of the monastic orders, and of the different monasteries. These each made their separate bows. About a couple of hundred persons followed, who merely walked through the room, unnoticed and unnoticing, and before 11 the whole was over. While we were waiting for the Viceroy I looked through the state apartments. They are fine rooms, commanding views of the sea and the mountains, but all their ancient dignity is gone; they are merely good, modern drawing-rooms. This is partly owing to the revolutionary mob. They destroyed the whole furniture, so that everything is new, except one of the ancient bronze rams, which, after having travelled from Constantinople to Syracuse, found their way hither in the last century. They broke its companion to pieces, and the survivor has been grievously injured.

At 2 there was a review on the Marina. The Viceroy asked me to come to a pavilion in the middle, where, in summer, the band is stationed. I found there Lord and Lady Shrewsbury, her sister, Miss Talbot, the Duchess Ravischiera, the Viceroy's daughter, the Pretor and his wife, and Marquis Forcelli, the administrator of the Royal demesnes. Filangieri and his staff were immediately below us. About 10,000 infantry, 30 pieces of artillery, most of them mountain guns, drawn by mules, a regiment of lancers, and one of mounted riflemen defiled before us. Each regiment halted as it passed, and the Colonel gave the signal to shout *Viva il Re!* A tolerable shout was got up by the troops, and

by a few men in official costume, who stood near Filangieri, but the rest of the spectators maintained an absolute silence. Not a voice was heard, not a hat seemed to move. At the end of each regiment walked the doctor and the chaplain; functionaries to whom we give horses. They are fine-looking troops, and older, apparently, than the French or Belgian soldiers. The Swiss looked to me the best, perhaps because I knew them to be so. They saved Filangieri at Messina; his Neapolitans were repulsed.

The Duchess, however, pointed out one regiment of Cacciatori as having behaved well. The standard of one of the Swiss battalions was a mere pole; the whole colour had been shot away.

Lady Shrewsbury talked to me of the state of Palermo during the revolution as it was described to her by those who were there. The town was in the hands of the mob and of the leaders of the Squadre. They plundered the houses of those whom they believed to be the friends of the King, shot without mercy everyone connected with the police, and seized the children of those from whom they could extort a ransom. A friend of hers was forced to keep her children in-doors for seven months, till they pined away for want of air and exercise.

I spent the evening at the house of Mr. Frank, an English merchant. Over his door is written 'Sudditi Inglesi,' a precaution taken by many English residents. We were received in a magnificent room, about 60 feet long, 35 wide, and 40 high, the ceiling coved and fres-

coed. It opens on a terrace, of equal size, looking south-east.

Recollecting the conversation of the morning, I asked Mr. Frank what had been his experience of the revolutionary period. It was much more favourable than that of Lady Shrewsbury's informants. Some excesses were committed, but they were few; he did not hear of the kidnapping of children, and did not himself feel insecure till the last fortnight before the entry of the Neapolitans. There was then really no Government; the Ministry had resigned, and the municipal authorities were powerless. The people, however, behaved wonderfully well—so, indeed, did the Neapolitans, and Palermo passed through fourteen months of revolution without injury, except to its finances. A few individuals, however, were singularly unfortunate. The drawing-room of an English lady was entered by a shell. It appears to have spoilt 400*l.* worth of furniture—that, at least, was the indemnity which she claimed and received. Her carpet, it seems, was worth 100*l.*; her curtains 100*l.* more. Ten chairs, each worth ten guineas, were so utterly destroyed by the explosion that not a fragment of them remained. Two Frenchmen were equally unlucky. One had a note of the Bank of France for 10,000 francs, the other a note for 6,000 francs. Each had deposited his note in his desk, and each desk had been taken away by the mob. In those desks were all their other memoranda, the numbers of the notes, the dates, and the persons from whom they had been received; particulars not one of which they, the sufferers, could supply from memory.

'The demanding indemnities,' said Mr. Goodwin, 'is a painful part of a Consul's business. The sufferers from the sulphur monopoly were at first ready to accept in full 1,500*l.* But when the British Government took them up they asked 150,000*l.*, and actually got 30,000*l.* These fraudulent claims, supported by British cannon, are making us detested throughout the weaker states, against which we enforce them. To be at the same time cheated and bullied is very galling.'

*Monday, Jan. 13.*—I ascended Monte Pellegrino, an insulated mountain to the west of Palermo, one of the forelands of its bay. It rises from the sea, in one precipice, about 1,500 feet, and the summit is 500 feet higher. It is the ancient Ereta, and, under Hamilar Barca, stood a siege of three years. At about three-quarters of its height is a cavern, in which the bones of St. Rosalia were found. It contains a spring of delicious water, as cold as if it had been iced. At the extremity of the promontory, on the edge of the precipice, stood formerly a colossal statue of the goddess or saint, which served as a sea-mark, but she was not able to protect herself—it was struck down by lightning, and the fragments cover the floor of the little temple in which it stood. The mountain is ascended by a magnificent set of zigzags, raised on arches, which end at the sacred grotto. Though Santa Rosalia is the Patroness of Palermo, her shrine does not seem to be much frequented; the road is covered with grass, and the marble terrace and gateway which lead to the grotto are slippery with dung, being

used as part of a farm-yard. The views of Palermo, of its bay, of its ranges of mountains, and of the valleys which penetrate into them, are wonderfully beautiful and varied.

I dined with Prince Radali, and met there Mr. Goodwin and a Marchioness Pasqualino, an English lady, one of the Northumberland Charltons. A Marquis C. came in the evening.

We talked of the healthiness of Palermo. It is one of the most equable climates in the world. The mean temperature of the year is 64 Fahrenheit, that of the spring 65, that of the summer 75, of the autumn 60, and of the winter 53½. It never freezes. It is somewhat damp, and is not free from malaria. The Roses live to the east; they have suffered from fever, and intend to move. Madame Pasqualino lives to the west, in what is considered the healthiest suburb, but she hears of malaria near her, in consequence of neglect of the drains. Strangers are almost always attacked by diarrhoea, whether they eat fruit or not. Except for persons of very weak lungs, I doubt its being so wholesome as Naples. It is certainly less bracing. Mdme. Pasqualino said that she preferred, as far as health is concerned, the slopes of Etna on the southern coast.

The Marquis C. is said to be a spy. He seemed to me too dull. The number of persons to whom this character is attributed is characteristic of Southern Italy. The profession does not appear to exist elsewhere. I certainly never heard elsewhere any person accused of exercising it. I have heard the character attributed to



M. I should add that Goodwin and St. Giorgio stoutly deny that he deserves it. He is, they say, perfectly honest.

In the evening I went to the Duchess of Monteleone's. She has a splendid palace, with a bad access. It was merely her day of reception, so that no one came by special invitation, and the grand apartments were not open. More than 200 people must have been present, and a carpet dance was got up. The women are much better-looking than the men. The Duchess is a fine-looking woman. Her three daughters were pointed out to me. I took them to be eighteen, nineteen, and twenty. They were fifteen, sixteen, and twenty-two. 'By seventeen years,' said a gentleman to whom I was talking, 'a girl is generally married, and by twenty-one often has three children, and is separated from her husband.' The most distinguished-looking person present was the Duchess Ravischiera, the Viceroy's daughter. The party was too large to be stiff. I left them coming in at 11: the hours here are late.

*Tuesday, Jan. 14.*—I walked to the Ziza in the western suburb, the best preserved of the Moorish palaces. It is a large, lofty building, according to Gally Knight built round a court, but it seems to me to have been always, as it is now, solid, so that the windows must from the beginning have opened outwards, as they do now. The views from the flat roof are glorious. On the ground floor is a hall communicating with an open arcaded corridor. The ceiling is lofty and vaulted, and

in the recesses is ornamented with the Arabian honeycomb work. The walls are covered with mosaics, some representing hunting scenes, others pure arabesques. A rapid stream enters the hall in the centre, under one of the honeycombed vaults, about six feet high in the wall, and is carried by a cascade of steps, and through a channel ornamented with mosaics, across the marble floor. In summer it must have been a charming retreat, cool, obscure, and fresh.

I dined with Lord Shrewsbury. It was a wet evening, and Serra di Falco's villa, which they inhabit, is a long, single house, and therefore cold. This, they told me, is probably the coldest day of the whole year. It was too warm at noon for a great coat.

*Wednesday, Jan. 15.*—This was to be my last day, so I set out after breakfast to pay visits of adieu. The wind was north-east. Stury<sup>1</sup> told me that it was very cold, so I took a great coat. It is about the temperature of the latter end of an English May.

I began with the Viceroy, who told me that, if I would join him, he would try to begin his progress by March 20. In that case I have promised to meet him at Messina. 'He hopes,' he says, 'to obtain a steamboat communication twice a-week.'

From him I went to take a parting gaze at the Palatine Chapel. It is a cathedral reduced, consisting of nave, aisles, transepts, choir, and apses. The beauty of the proportions and the rich grandeur of the details prevent your feeling that it is small. The whole is

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Senior's courier.—ED.

covered with mosaics, generally finely executed on a golden ground. The windows are small, as in all Byzantine buildings, the architecture having grown up in a climate in which light was rather to be avoided.

Thence I went to San Giuseppe, perhaps the finest church in Palermo. The vast red marble pillars which separate the nave from the aisles and support the cupola are supposed to have belonged to a Temple of Minerva.

I ended the morning in Prince Radali's garden, lounging without a great coat, and plucking oranges from the trees on January 15. There are eighty plants in the garden now in flower.

The boat from Naples came in at 11, but we are not to get our letters till to-morrow. She is to go to-morrow, so that there will be little time for the execution of any orders. I have no doubt that those who had any communications to make requiring dispatch sent them, in defiance of the law, by private hand. In this country no one accepts the services of the Government if he can avoid it.

The rides about Palermo must be charming, but no one uses them. There is not a riding horse to be hired, nor, I believe, a tolerable one to be bought ; and, if you could buy one, it would be starved by its groom, unless you could see every meal given and eaten. All pleasures which require the co-operation of others are spoilt by the low civilisation of the people.

I drank tea with Mr. Goodwin. He agreed with Mr. Frank as to the general security of Palermo during the revolution. The houses of some of the members of the

old Government were plundered, for instance that of Marquis Forcelli, and even the lives of those who had been employed in the collection of the revenue or in the service of the police were not safe ; but no one else ran any danger. It must be admitted, however, that the foreigners in general showed sympathy with the insurgents. Goodwin and the Austrian Consul were the only members of the consular body who did not mount the Italian tricolor. Soon after the insurrection broke out the greater part of the English residents took refuge on board the English vessels. Among them was Lord Mount Edgumbe, on whose terrace a man had been killed by a shot from the Castellamare.

*Thursday, Jan. 16.*—This is a *fête*, being the birthday of the Prince Royal, consequently the custom-houses are not open ; consequently the steamer from Naples is detained till to-morrow. For between Palermo and Naples there are two custom-houses, and a set of custom-house officers in each place, who amuse themselves with examining all that enters and all that goes out. The letters brought by the steamer yesterday morning are not yet delivered. They were taken to the police, who are employed in reading them. ‘We are forced,’ said Mr. Rose, ‘to smuggle in our letters of business.’

I drove with Marquis San Giorgio to his villa at Colli, to the west of Palermo. We passed through the grounds of the Favorita, a Chinese country house, built by Ferdinand I., and surrounded by a park which, in the time of that mighty hunter, was full of game. We

feasted in the Marquis's garden on Mandarin oranges plucked from the trees.

He is very anxious to go for a few days to Florence to talk on matters of business with his uncle, the Duke Serra di Falco. He is anxious, indeed, to go farther, to visit Paris and London, but he dares not quit the Neapolitan dominions, lest he should be unable to return to them. 'All foreign capitals,' he said, 'are full of Neapolitan spies. Any one of them might meet me in company with some of my friends now in exile, or might say that he had so met me, or might invent for me some expression of liberal opinions, and that would be enough to occasion me to be refused my passport. There are now at least 4,000 Sicilians in exile, under no sentence, accused of no crime, but simply kept abroad by the refusal of passports to return.'

'Is it true,' I asked, 'that your prisons are full?' 'Certainly,' he answered, 'they are full. I do not see how they are to be emptied, for the greater part of their inmates can neither be released nor condemned. This requires some explanation. When the Neapolitan army had taken Catania, and was advancing on Palermo, all the convicts whom the Royal Government, when driven out in 1848, had let loose, and all who had committed crimes of which they feared to be accused, crowded to Palermo. They were numerous enough to be masters of the town, and they required the municipal authorities, in whom the Government then resided, to demand from Filangieri, as the price of their submission, a general unqualified amnesty. Filangieri was ready to grant one

to political offenders, except to about forty persons whom the King would not pardon, but objected to grant one to murderers and thieves. The criminal interest, however, was all-powerful; they threatened to burn the town. The Senate urged Filangieri to yield, and he did so. So the amnesty came out. But it was soon found impossible to tolerate these bands of pardoned ruffians. As a measure of police they were arrested by hundreds; most of them were sent to Ustica, or to the Lipari Islands, but enough to fill the prisons are kept here; and here or in the Islands they must be kept, for, as I said before, they cannot be brought to trial, for they would plead the amnesty, and cannot be set free. Many persons have also been arrested for offences committed since the restoration. Most of them have been tried before military tribunals and shot. A man was shot last Friday for possessing arms. The possession of revolutionary books is another fertile source of accusation. Every night, and at every hour of the night, houses are entered by the police in search of arms and papers. To be a policeman is the lowest degradation to which a man can be forced by want or misconduct. "Sbirro" is the foulest reproach with which one of the lower Palermitans can insult his enemy. You may fancy, therefore, what sort of persons these policemen are, and the degree of forbearance with which they execute their functions. A few months ago some persons were tried for a conspiracy. The trial took place, not—as is often the case—before a military court, whose proceedings are secret, but before a legal court, to which the public are

admitted. The prisoners complained that they had been tortured by the police to extort confessions, and in proof showed deep furrows on their arms and legs, which they attributed to the cords with which they had been tied. The scars were examined by medical men, who said they must have been so occasioned. But the policemen were not punished. One consequence of the hatred inspired by the police is, that their action, even when obviously in defence of the public, is impeded. If you were to be knocked down and robbed, and the robber were pursued by the police, everyone would help him to escape. Our streets are almost impassable from nuisances which the police ought to remove, but dare not. We endure the evils both of despotism and of anarchy. I cannot say what I like, or write what I like, or read what I like, or go where I like ; but I can turn the streets into a dunghill, or a kitchen, or a fish market, or keep my pigs there, or tie up my mules.' We talked of the chances of Serra di Falco's being allowed to return. 'I had lately,' said San Giorgio, 'a long conversation on the subject with Filangieri. He objected to Serra di Falco's mission to the Duke of Genoa. I replied that he could not avoid it. No one at that time could refuse any service which the people exacted. "Was the King," I said to Filangieri, "more firm? He sent his troops to fight his friend, and ally, and relation, the Emperor of Austria. Yet the Emperor feels no resentment, for he knows that the King yielded to force. So did Serra di Falco." Filangieri made no answer, and changed the conversation. In fact, the mission to Genoa

is not Serra di Falco's real offence. The King hates him because he is distinguished in literature and in society, because he has an European reputation, because he is a favourite at foreign courts. There is, perhaps, only one man that he hates more, and that is Filangieri, and for the same reasons ; but Filangieri is necessary to him. The King's two ruling passions are fear and envy. The first is the basis of his religion, the second causes most of his dislikes.'

'What do you think,' I asked, 'of Filangieri?' 'He is very clever,' answered San Giorgio, 'and eminently agreeable, very anxious for reputation, and I believe anxious to do good. He is the best man that we have, and if he were left to himself he would be an excellent governor. But he is constantly thwarted by the Minister for Sicilian Affairs at Naples. This, indeed, is the tradition of the office. A Viceroy who attempts to act for himself is always opposed by the Minister, who, being at the King's elbow, has always the chances in his favour. From time to time Filangieri has to go over and explain his views to the King, but he has not a favourable listener.' 'Are you better or worse off,' I asked, 'than before the revolution?' 'Worse off,' he answered, 'as respects taxation, especially Palermo, which has to support this enormous garrison ; but as respects administration, perhaps better. Filangieri is neither a thief, a tyrant, nor a fool, and that is saying much for a Viceroy of Sicily.' 'Do you see,' I asked, 'any prospect of real improvement?' 'None,' he answered. 'We destroyed our old Constitution in



1812 ; we destroyed that of 1812 in 1848. We abolished it, and substituted for it what we called a reformed Constitution, but what was in fact a new one. We have now nothing to fall back upon. If there were hopes for Naples there would be hopes for us, for experience has sobered us, and we should now gladly form part of the Constitutional Monarchy of the Two Sicilies. But the 15th of May has destroyed, or at least suspended, for an indefinite time all hope of a Constitution in Naples. That was one of the few occasions in which the destiny of nations has been decided by an accident. The King had yielded everything, and had gone into his chapel to pray to the Madonna ; the troops, especially the artillery, had fraternised with the National Guards, the Swiss had declared that they would not fire on the people. The proclamation in which the King announced that he dispensed with any oath from the deputies, and admitted the Constitution to be a matter of discussion and amendment, was in the printer's hands. In a quarter of an hour it would have been placarded in every street, and the barricades would have been abandoned ; suddenly a ruffian behind the first barricade fired and killed one of the Swiss. His companions, partly to avenge him and partly in self-defence, fired in return. The mob and the National Guards who were behind the barricades fired, and then were seized with a panic and fled. The Swiss pressed on ; the Neapolitans now saw which was the strongest party, and followed them. They met with just enough resistance to excite their cruelty and be a pretext for plunder ; and thus a piece of wanton

mischief, done probably by a half-drunken lazzarone, changed the fate of Italy.'

This has been a day of constant rain, the second since my arrival, and I do not think that there has been more than one in which no rain has fallen. Yet this is not the wettest month. That bad pre-eminence belongs to February.

*Friday, Jan. 17; Saturday, Jan. 18.*—We were summoned on board at 11. The packet started at 4. We reached Naples at half-past 8 the next morning, and were allowed to land at half-past 10. So that we had sixteen and a half hours of voyage and seven of useless detention. The boat, 'The Ercolano,' is good, as have been all the boats that I have used.

*Sunday, Jan. 19.*—I breakfasted with the Hollands, and met there Luigi Blanch, the Prince Belmonte, Merlo, and one or two others. During my absence, Lacaita has been released, at the request, it is said, of Mr. Temple, but some hundreds of new arrests have been made; many of them, it is said, in consequence of information transmitted by Carlier, the Prefect of Police in Paris, respecting some Neapolitan plot. Others are accused of having taken part in the insurrection of 1848. Sicily and Naples, in one respect, offer a remarkable contrast. The restoration in Sicily was accompanied by an amnesty, which, as to the active persecution of political offenders, has been respected; no one there need fear to be arrested for a political act done before March 1849. In Naples, no one is safe who cannot prove that he took no part in events in which thousands were

actors, and which occurred three years ago. Four persons attacked by one of these state accusations escaped three days ago to the English steamer in the harbour. Since that time she has been surrounded by a set of boats which row round her all day and night, and no one can go on the water without showing that he is an unsuspected person. A friend of mine, who wished to look at a yacht which lies for sale in the harbour, had great difficulty in reaching her. Most of those who have been arrested are advocates, physicians, or priests—the three classes that are most dreaded by the Government. The learned professions, which, with us, are conservative, are on the Continent revolutionary; probably in consequence of their members belonging almost all to the *roturier* caste. The English barrister is generally born a gentleman, and always intends to die a peer. His leanings are to the aristocracy, of which he is, or hopes to be, a member. The Italian knows that he cannot belong to it, and, therefore, strives to break it to pieces.

I called on Carlo Troja, and asked him if he agreed with San Giorgio that May 15 was a mere accident. ‘I will tell you,’ he answered, ‘all that I know. On that morning, after three hours’ discussion, I had prevailed on the King to sign a proclamation which exempted the deputies and peers from swearing to the Constitution, and admitted that it might be modified. A copy of the proclamation was sent to be printed; the King left us, probably, as San Giorgio says, to pray to the Madonna, but begged that I would not leave the Palace till he had seen me. Prince Ischatella and General Carascosa came

to me, and proposed that the troops should be ordered to pull down the barricades. I said that they ought to wait for the effect of the proclamation ; when that was published the barricades would be pulled down by those who raised them. Half an hour passed, and the proclamation did not come from the printers. I became uneasy, and begged the rest of the Ministers to take the original to the barricades and read it to the people. They set out, leaving me alone in the Palace, waiting a summons from the King. In about three-quarters of an hour I heard firing, but it was not for some hours after that I knew what had taken place. It seems that the Ministers, as they were going out of the Palace, were met by a deputation from the Chamber of Deputies, who earnestly begged for an audience. They turned back for that purpose into a room in the Palace, and stayed there for three-quarters of an hour discussing with the deputation the future modification of the Constitution, until the firing began. It probably was, as San Giorgio told you, the act of some half-drunken ruffian ; but if the printers had been a little more expeditious, or if the Ministers had gone straight to the barricades, and there published the proclamation, instead of keeping it in their pockets while they disputed with the deputation about organic laws, that unhappy shot would not have been fired, and Naples might have been now a Constitutional kingdom.'

Troja had heard of my having met Del Carretto. 'I am not going,' he said, 'to make Del Carretto's eulogium. He had faults, and very great ones, but he was not

guilty of a practice in which all his predecessors and all his successors indulged and indulge in. He did not invent conspiracies; he was satisfied with suppressing those which he really detected.'

*Monday, Jan. 20.*—I dined with the Grattans, and met Prince Comitini, Mr. Temple, and Lacaita. Lacaita looks and speaks like an English gentleman. For a man who has never been in England, his English is wonderful.<sup>1</sup>

The trial of the forty-two is now over, and the judges are expected to pronounce their decision this week. Poerio, he fears, will be condemned to thirty years' imprisonment. This, however, is a less formidable sentence than it sounds. The greater part of the men who have been Ministers during the last five or six years have, at some previous time, been sentenced to death, or to twenty or thirty years' imprisonment. Some party will want the assistance of his character and talents, and he will be transferred from prison to the Ministry. Such occurrences are common in all semi-barbarous countries.

*Tuesday, Jan. 21.*—I wrote to Mrs. Senior from Palermo on Thursday, January 9. My letter arrived to-day, having been twelve days on its road. I wrote last Saturday to Tocqueville at Sorrento, twenty-four miles off. I cannot receive an answer by return of post till to-morrow. These are samples of the postal arrangements of the Neapolitan Government.

Miss Malcolm called on us, and amused us with an

<sup>1</sup> Since 1851 he has almost always resided in England.—Ed.

account of her experience in cooks. They lost their two best by rabbia. In the first case the cook was seized by rabbia, and stabbed his kitchen boy. The second was less serious. Lady Malcolm had a dinner party. At 1 o'clock the head servant came in to say that Antonio, the cook, was seized with rabbia, in consequence of something that had been said to him, had packed up the dinner, and was going. She found it all in two hampers, which he stood over with a knife, while he completed his preparations for dragging them away. All remonstrances and even entreaties were vain. He took off his hampers, and they had to get a dinner as best they could.

The next morning he reappeared, said that he had been bled, and that the rabbia was cured; and thought himself very ill-treated when he was not taken back. The remedy for rabbia, indeed, for every other disorder, is bleeding. In every street there are three or four large signs representing a man from whose arms or feet blood is spouting, with 'Salassatore' underneath. A servant of theirs was robbed, but not otherwise ill-treated. He came home pale and trembling. They offered him a glass of sherry, but instead of taking it he chose to be bled.

*Wednesday, Jan. 22.*—Weather still that of an English May. Luigi Blanch breakfasted with us.

'Our last revolution,' he said, 'was the first in which there has been no foreign interference. In all our previous domestic quarrels one party or other called in the

French, or the Germans, or the Pope. This time we managed it ourselves ; and it must be confessed that our management does not do us great credit. We attempted to establish a constitutional monarchy without possessing a constitutionally monarchical party. Those among us who were not Absolutists, or indifferent, were Republicans. The King and the Court, who detested all constitutions, proposed one out of fear. The Republicans accepted it as a means to something further. After February 24 their demands rose with every courier. How could a form of government work which no one approved, no one trusted, and, in fact, no one understood ? February 24 not merely set an example, it not merely gave hopes of support—it was believed to show the worthlessness of constitutional monarchy. Its complication, its weakness, its expensiveness, the slowness of its reforms, and the violence of its parties, had been supposed to be compensated by its stability. But even that merit no longer appeared to belong to it. Even the men of letters scarcely ventured to defend their own work. It was supported for a time by the mutual fear of its enemies, but it fell the instant the Absolutist party found itself the stronger, as it would have fallen if the Republican party had gained the victory. On May 15 it was the only form of government that had become impossible. The difficulties,' he continued, 'of the Constitutional party, of which I had the honour to be a member, were increased by the demands of those who supported what was called the Italian cause. We were required, in the first place, to

surrender Sicily to the Duke of Genoa, and then to make war on our old ally, Austria, in order to give Lombardy and Venice to Piedmont. At the same instant we were to weaken ourselves, and increase the strength of our only Italian rival. From being the first Italian power we were to sink into the second rank. I said to my liberal friends, if the Austrian Empire is falling to pieces, she will give up Lombardy and Venice without our interference. If she holds together, our interference will be useless. The half-trained militias of Piedmont, Tuscany, and Romagna, even with the assistance of 10,000 Neapolitans, will be powerless against a disciplined Austrian army, if Austria is able to put forth her force. My reward was to be told that I was a renegade and an Austrian, and to be threatened with a *charivari*. But even if Austria had retired, we should have been no nearer to Italian unity. The patriotism of the Italians is like that of the ancient Greeks—it is love of a single town, not of a country; it is the feeling of a tribe, not of a nation. It is only by foreign conquest that they have ever been united. Leave them to themselves and they split into fragments.'

· What,' I asked, 'are your hopes for your country?' 'It is difficult,' he answered, 'to say that I have any. There is a general wish among us that the arbitrary system under which we are living should give place to a regular legal government, but no one is prepared to point out the means by which a legal government can be secured. The best thing that could happen to us



would be to be occupied by some more civilised nation —by you, or by France, or by Austria. I fear that we can do nothing for ourselves.'

He has served, and has written much and well on military affairs. I asked him about the Neapolitan army. 'It is,' he answered, 'the least bad of the Italian armies, for it has served the longest. Every year there is a conscription of 8,000 men, of whom the infantry are required to serve five years, and then form for five years longer the army of reserve, which is called out only on an emergency. The ordinary army consists, therefore, of 40,000 infantry having served at an average two and a half years. The cavalry and the artillery serve seven years, but are then free. Re-engagements are rare. 'How did the Neapolitans behave,' I asked, 'under Napoleon?' 'Tolerably,' he answered, 'when mixed with others. But they had less training than even now. They were consumed almost as fast as they were raised; his wars, therefore, produced no veterans. None of those who went to Spain, or to Russia, or to Germany, returned.'

We spent the evening at Lady Holland's. M. Ampère was there, having come from Sorrento. He spoke highly of the people of Sorrento, of their kindness and their honesty. Money and other property are constantly confided to the sailors who trade between Sorrento and Naples, and not one of them was ever known to abuse his trust. Prince Belmonte rather surprised me by praising the population of Naples. 'It is true,' he said, 'they are idle and dirty, and they have little self-respect.'

A sentinel will beg at his post ; but they are guilty of few crimes either of violence or dishonesty. They have not been corrupted by the demoralising political and social theories which inflame the envy and cupidity and destroy the subordination of the lower orders in Paris and Berlin.' 'Who were the people,' I asked, 'who raised your barricades?' 'The lawyers and the medical men,' he answered, 'and some of the shopkeepers. The landlord of your inn was supposed to have been killed on them, for he has not been seen since. Many came from the country, sent in by the country lawyers and priests ; but neither the lazzaroni nor the classes immediately above the lazzaroni took part in the revolution. Their sympathies, so far as they think of such matters, are with the King.'

*Saturday, Jan. 25.*—We left Naples for Sorrento.<sup>1</sup>

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*Sunday, Feb. 23.*—We sent off the carriage at 4 in the morning, followed ourselves by the 9 o'clock train to Capua, took up the carriage at a quarter to 11, and got to Mola di Gaeta at 6. This we did stopping only once, at Capua, with the same four horses, driven from the saddle by a Florentine *voiturier*. It was fifty-three miles. For the first thirty the road was dreadfully heavy from the rain of last night. The bottom of these Roman stallions is wonderful. We saw the outside of Caserta—a square barrack, just like the Palace of Naples, close to the station. The King, like most

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Senior's journal in Sorrento is reserved for a future publication, which will contain all the conversations of M. de Tocqueville.—ED.

foreigners, must like to be almost in contact with a railway. From Capua to Mola di Gaeta the road is beautiful; just skirting the mountains and then diving into them, to cross a huge spur which projects into the sea at Mondragone, the ancient Sinuessa. On the summits of the lower ranges are picturesque feudal castles with lofty round towers and desolate-looking towns, many of them still surrounded with their ancient walls. In the pass itself the mountains on each side are covered with forests of olives, fantastically twisted and gnarled by the growth of centuries.

About seven or eight miles from Mola, near the mouth of the Garigliano, we passed the ruins of a Roman theatre, and crossed an aqueduct, of which the arches, for about a mile, were perfect; and for a couple of miles remains of Roman masonry appeared on each side of the road. This must be the site of Mintumœ, and the river must be the Liris, the *taciturnus amnis* of Horace. We skirted it for some distance before we crossed it. It is, as he describes it, a quiet, sluggish stream.

Mola consists of one street, more than a mile long, and running up a steep hill—the dirtiest, narrowest, and noisiest that I have met with even in Italy. On the summit of the hill, overlooking the sea, and separated from it by their gardens, which occupy the slope, are two villas, now converted into inns, and called the Villa Caposele and the Villa Ciceroni. We were at the Villa Caposele. The gardens of the villas occupy classical ground. They are supposed to have been the site of the αἶψὺ πτολίεθρον of Lamus, where Ulysses met with one

of his worst disasters; and they certainly constituted the Formian Villa of Cicero. We descended by a long zig-zag, of Roman masonry, through vines and oranges to some extensive ancient baths on the sea-shore. This must have been the shady walk leading to the sea down which, according to Plutarch, Cicero was being carried on a litter when he was overtaken by the centurion and tribune sent by Antony to kill him.

Beyond these baths, and running far out into the sea, are the remains of extensive buildings, just rising above the water. They are perhaps the foundations of the villa described by Martial, where

A cubiculo lectuloque jactatam  
Spectatus alte lineam trahit piscis.

Here Horace spent a night.

Murenâ præbente domum, Capitone culinam.

Gaeta itself is about three miles from Mola, finely situated on a bold promontory. At present it is inaccessible to foreigners; even to Italians not Neapolitan subjects. When I was first told this I disbelieved it, but it was confirmed by every one of whom I inquired. The waiter, for instance, at Mola told us that, being a Bolognese, he was not allowed to enter the town. The reason assigned by my informants, which is likely in this childish country to be the true one, is lest plans should be taken of the fortifications.

*Monday, Feb. 24.*—We left Mola at 10 o'clock, and in one stage, without stopping, reached Terracina at half-past 2.

The road is the Via Appia, and exceedingly beautiful.

The most remarkable gate and walls are those of Fondi. They are nearly perfect, and a portion of them, perhaps the whole, must be Roman. As we passed through the northern gate I saw Roman masonry and a Roman milestone. This is the Fundus of Horace, which he tells us he was glad to leave. And so were we, after having been kept a quarter of an hour in its ruinous streets, surrounded by its yellow-looking population, all screaming for *piccola moneta*, while an official, who required a bribe before he would do his duty, was making out a certificate that our carriage had passed the frontier.

My courier said to me, as we went through the long range of large, roofless, windowless buildings which form its high street, 'Italy is a ruin;' and so the towns that do not happen to be the residence of a court, like Naples, or of rich strangers, such as Sorrento or Vico, seem to be. Even they, though not absolutely ruinous, are in decay.

Monticelli, perched on the acute angle of a promontory covered with aloes and olives, jutting out from the mountain, is one of Virgil's

Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis.

During the whole journey there was scarcely a mile without remains of Roman masonry. Frequently they were tombs: square erections generally of white marble, some of which, particularly one near Mola, which is called the tomb of Cicero, are so large that they have

been used as the foundations of military towers. I saw more than one of what appeared to me to be Roman milestones. The walls on each side of the road are full of stones built into them, bearing Roman inscriptions or Roman sculpture; the modern Italians, like all other barbarians, using ancient buildings as their quarries.

Terracina is Horace's

*Impositum saxi late candentibus Anxur,*

where he met Mæcenæ.

It began to rain as we entered, so that we could not walk over it. The entrance, where the yellow promontory that runs out into the sea has been cut down to let in the road, is very striking. On the side are Roman numerals marking each 10 feet of the rock cut away; the last is CX.

We encountered here the Roman Custom-house. I asked my courier how he got through. 'They asked,' he said, 'a couple of piastres, and then came down to one and two carlini for the porters; but I said that I was not authorised to give more than one piastre for all, which at length they accepted, and we went through unexamined. Any quantity of goods may be smuggled for a piastre. In any other country,' he added, 'I generally pay something to the inferior officers, and avoid letting the superior officers see me; but in the Italian States I go at once to the highest officer and pay him openly; men whom you would take for gentlemen.' I was told at Naples that it would be advisable to pay a piastre to the head officer of the post-office. I did not

do so, but I watched what happened to those who did, and I saw that they got their letters sooner, and that more care was taken in looking for them. As we receive many letters, I think that it will be well to give a piastre in Rome.'

*Tuesday, Feb. 25.*—We crossed the Pontine marshes in one stage of six hours. The monotony of the vast, level, uninhabited plain was relieved by the mountains which bound it to the east, and by a few ancient-looking towns, each with its castle and its walls, which crown some of the lower eminences. All that remains of Forum Appii, once

Differtum nautis cauponibus atque malignis,

is a Roman milestone. Cisterna, the only village on the road, the 'Three Taverns,' where the brethren met St. Paul, seems to contain about 200 persons. The guard-houses, each with its sentry-box opposite, erected, according to an inscription on the front of them, *publicæ securitati*, are now untenanted. A few return postillions with their horses, one or two carriages going to Naples, some sportsmen with their guns, and three soldiers escorting a very handsome, fierce-looking man in handcuffs, were the only persons whom we met or overtook during eight hours.

Half an hour after leaving Terracina we passed a solitary mill, worked by a rapid stream from the mountains. This must have been Feronia, where, says Horace,

Ora manusque tuâ lavimus, Feronia, lympha.

*Thursday, Feb. 27.*—We reached Rome.<sup>1</sup>

*Friday, Feb. 28.*—I spent the morning in St. Peter's. It affected me less than I expected ; less by far than the Duomo of Florence. This may have been owing in a great degree to my familiarity with it in pictures (the Duomo I had never even heard of), but more to the profusion of light in St. Peter's, which leaves nothing to the imagination.

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*Sunday, March 2.*—I called on M. de Rayneval, the French Minister, and asked him if there was any truth in a report, which was in circulation, that the French troops are likely to quit Rome. 'Not the least,' he answered, 'and I see no prospect of such an event. At the same time, I am not one of those who believe that if we quit Rome the Romans will instantly drive out the Pope ; but I think it likely that they would let him be driven out. If 500 foreign republicans were to come in I do not think that they would find 500 Romans to join them, but I do not think that they would find fifty to oppose them. The Romans would run into their houses, lock the doors, and peep through the keyholes to see what would happen. If the Pope could keep a couple of thousand good Swiss he would be safe, but he never had more than a weak battalion of artillery, and now he has none.'

*Monday, March 3.*—I called on Mr. Freeborn, our Consul, and repeated what M. de Rayneval had said.

<sup>1</sup> I have left out almost all the descriptions of antiquities and of works of art in Rome on account of their length.—ED.



‘Rayneval,’ he answered, ‘is utterly mistaken. He does not know the feelings of the middle classes here; for he does not mix with them. I do; and I can assure you that in three hours after the French left us there would be a sanguinary revolution. Money, arms, organisation, everything is provided. The people of Rome are determined not to endure ecclesiastical government, and to set an example which will effectually deter any priest from exercising lay functions.’

In the evening we went to a ball at the Princess Torlonia’s. They have three or four houses, and chose to give this ball in a large, somewhat dilapidated palace on the other side of the Tiber, near St. Peter’s. There must have been a couple of thousand guests, of all classes; the officers of the French garrison, who were invited *en masse*, the persons who have letters of credit in the firm, also invited *en masse*, and mixed with them cardinals, bishops, and princesses. Gibson talked to us the greater part of the evening. He agreed with me in thinking Thorwaldsen’s ‘Fortitude’ and Canova’s ‘Angel of Death’ the two finest things in St. Peter’s. He does not like the newly found athlete with the strigil. ‘The legs and arms,’ he said, ‘are too long for the body, which marks it as Roman. The Greeks never deviated from the normal proportions of the human form.’ I said that many great statues appeared to me when I first saw them well-known objects, in consequence of my familiarity with imitations of them, but that the Apollo and Laocoon so far exceeded all their copies that they

gave me the pleasure of novelty. He said that this arose from their exquisite workmanship ; the execution equals the conception. He quite agreed with Freeborn that the departure of the French garrison would be followed by a revolution which would instantly sweep away all the Papal authority, but, instead of three hours, he assigned three days for the interval.

*Tuesday, March 4.*—I called on Monsignor Talbot, the Pope's Secretary. We talked of the late Bull. 'In substance,' he said, 'it was necessary. In consequence principally of the Irish immigration, the number of Catholics in England had become too large for the existing form of ecclesiastical government. The Vicars Apostolic were merely the Pope's deputies. He was the bishop of England just as he is bishop of Rome, and, as his Vicar-General in Rome makes a periodical report to him, and takes his direction on every question that occurs, so the Vicars Apostolic referred to him every English matter that was not mere routine. The considering all this became an intolerable burden, our decisions were long delayed, and, from want of local knowledge, often mistaken. It was necessary to bring England within the common law of the Church, and for that purpose to appoint a hierarchy which would possess defined and well-known powers. This could not be done without dividing the country into bishoprics, for a Roman Catholic bishop has always a territorial, not a congregational, jurisdiction. But we carefully avoided taking the names or the districts belonging to Protes-

tant sees, and, as we were doing much less than we have long done, without objection, in Ireland, we were not aware that we were even in danger of giving offence. We supposed that if you at all thought about the matter you would rather be pleased to see the ecclesiastical affairs of your Roman Catholic fellow-subjects administered in a more satisfactory manner. If we had had the slightest suspicion of the storm which we were about to excite it would have been easy to avoid it. The Bull was signed three years ago, and has been acted on ever since. If instead of formally, perhaps I may say ostentatiously, promulgating it, we had merely continued to act on it quietly and silently, the fact that there was a Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster would have gradually oozed out, and at length have become notorious without alarming anybody.'

*Wednesday, March 5.*—All the fountains this morning were dripping with icicles a couple of feet long and an inch in diameter. I do not recollect so low a temperature in England at this season.

I called on the Duke of Sermoneta,<sup>1</sup> better known by the title which he bore until his father's death, a few months ago, of Prince of Teano. He was for a few weeks Minister of Police during one of the short administrations which preceded Rossi's<sup>2</sup> assassination, but

<sup>1</sup> He was considered then, as now, the cleverest man in Rome. His conversation is as striking as it is agreeable. —ED.

<sup>2</sup> Rossi, a sincere Italian patriot, was a friend of Guizot's, and sent by him to Rome as French Minister; a distinguished writer on Political Economy, and on many other subjects. Was born at Carrara, went into exile, and became a Professor in Switzerland, where he drew a plan for a

gave up his post, finding, as he told me, that he could not make it useful. He talked despondingly. 'The structure of society in this country,' he said, 'is rotten from top to bottom. The instant the foreign element that keeps it together is withdrawn it will fall to pieces.' 'Formerly,' he continued, 'the Roman States formed an aristocratic monarchy. The great Roman families were the owners of the greater part of the land which did not belong to ecclesiastical bodies. The country people were their tenants, and revered their birth as well as their wealth. Strict entails and the celibacy of the younger brothers kept them rich. They managed the affairs of their own parishes, and, though they could not feel much loyalty towards an elected sovereign, they supported the Pope as a mild though not always an enlightened governor. The French Revolution came, the Pope was deposed, the Roman States became a part of France. Some of the nobles emigrated, others were driven away, those who remained were ruined by exactions and by the law of equal partition; and when the Pope was restored in 1814, the aristocratic element, which had served as a medium uniting the Roman people and the priest who was to govern them, was wanting. The system of centralisation which the French had introduced was retained, except that ecclesiastics were substituted for the secular *préfets* and

new Federal Constitution. Having been made Minister by the Pope in 1849, he fell under the poniard of an assassin as he was coming back from the Assembly.—S.

mayors of the French. There is now nothing between the Pope and the people. For some time the Romans were glad to have exchanged the French taxation and conscription for the mild, dull rule of Pius VII., but during the reigns of his weak successors, and particularly during the long, degrading tyranny of Gregory XVI., an amount of dissatisfaction accumulated which Pio Nono would not have been able to withstand if he had had the talents and will of Napoleon. He could not have prevented a revolution, though he might have guided it. The people were fully resolved that the Roman States should not be the only country in Europe governed by the canon law, or the only country in Europe ruled by priests; that is to say, by men whose education and habits seem invented for the purpose of preventing their being good administrators. But they had no wish for a republic, at least at the beginning, and if Pio Nono had proceeded a little quicker in his reforms, or if the French revolution of 1848 had not occurred, he might have retained his throne. But that revolution made us mad. We are naturally imitators, we have no confidence in ourselves, and therefore copy what we see succeed elsewhere; our agitators saw a set of French journalists turned into Ministers, and thought to try their own luck. Pio Nono was frightened, Rossi was murdered, most of the higher orders fled, and at last the Pope himself ran away. Now that he has returned, brought in by foreign bayonets, after a siege which everyone recollects with horror; now that he has re-established all the old abuses, and among them those which he himself had taken away;

after he has endeavoured to make his amnesty a proscription, and would have done so, if the French had not prevented him ; after he has raised the taxes and stopped the public works, all love, and even all respect, for him is over. How this strange government will end may be a question ; but it cannot last.'

'Is it true,' I said, 'that Rossi was forewarned?'

'Certainly,' he answered ; 'but he was a very bold man. He probably had considered when he took office that assassination was among its risks, and had resolved to brave it. Besides, he thought that he had taken precautions. He was not aware of the utterly corrupt state of our public service, and that the Carabineers on whom he relied for protection had probably been bought by the conspirators. Assassination,' he added, 'is almost the only classical custom which we have preserved ; in other things we are more Turkish than European. Our system of government is eminently Turkish. It consists of a central despotism and provincial despots, whom *they* call Pashas and Cadis, and *we* call Cardinals and Prelates in the provinces. The real successors of the ancient Romans are the English. You have inherited the Roman respect for law and authority, the Roman love for what is established, the Roman fidelity to engagements, the Roman pertinacity of purpose, and the Roman contempt for foreigners. When you commit follies they are all of your own invention. We add to our own absurdities those of every other country. Like the Romans, wherever you go you take all your immunities. An Englishman, or even a Jew who calls himself

an Englishman, is *civis Romanus*. He is not bound to put up with the institutions of other countries. He carries abroad with him his amusements, his comforts, his habits, and even his hours. Wherever you go the "Galignani" follows you. No foreign post-office ventures to intercept it. When I read Cicero's "Letters" I fancy myself reading the correspondence of one of your statesmen. All the thoughts, all the feelings, almost all the expressions, are English.'

*Saturday, March 8.*—We walked over the Borghese Gardens. Prince Borghese is a Liberal. In the first Blue-book on the affairs of Italy, 1846-47, Mr. Freeborn gives a striking account of the Prince's interview with the Pope in July 1847, at the head of a deputation charged to demand reform. 'He urged,' says Mr. Freeborn, 'in clear and energetic language, that the first step to be taken was the formation of a National Guard; the next to organise the Consultive body from the provinces, to organise the Municipality of Rome, and to dismiss from his presence the persons who had misrepresented to him the real state of affairs' (p. 61). But when the Pope was at Gaeta the Prince paid him a visit. To punish him for having done so, the Republicans turned his fine park, or rather the park of the Romans—for they had the enjoyment of it, he only the expense of keeping it up—into a wilderness. The pines, ilexes, and cypresses were cut down to make barricades; the casinos ruined, under pretence that they might afford shelter to the enemy, which of course they could do just as well after the roofs were taken off and only the

walls left standing as before; they even ordered the villa itself, containing one of the finest collections of statues in or near Rome, to be destroyed. This, however, the Municipality evaded. They could not refuse to obey the orders for that purpose, issued and repeated by the Committee of Defence, but they delayed complying with them until the approach of the French rendered it impossible, or at least dangerous. This I heard from M. Rossi, who was Secretary to the Municipality.

The Prince has taken perhaps not a dignified revenge. He has closed the entrance close to the town, and admits the public only at one about a mile distant from any gate, and only on one day in the week, and only to a part of the grounds. Rome, therefore, is now without public walks, except a little corner of the Pincian Hill. With the exception of Milan, the Italian towns are miserably provided with them. Naples has only the Villa Reale, one straight walk of a mile; Venice, only a bit of garden at the end of the town, made by the French; Turin, a patch of garden, not much better; Florence, only a drive along the Arno, accessible through a long and most filthy suburb; Palermo, only the Marina, not much better than the Villa Reale of Naples. A tenth-rate town in France or Germany is better provided than any Italian capital. The Romans are reduced to the Corso, a narrow, gloomy, dirty street, with an interrupted footpath about two feet wide, excluded by its tall palaces from light, air, or sun, up and down which, during these chilly evenings, they



drive and walk in the worst time of the day—the half-hours before and after sunset.

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*Friday, March 14.*—I had a long conversation with M. S.<sup>1</sup> on the present state of Rome. ‘I have lived here,’ he said, ‘all my life; during all that time the Papal Government has been very bad, but it never approached its present atrocity. The faults of Pius VIII. and of his predecessors were negative. We had no justice, or police, or instruction, but we were left to ourselves. Gregory XVI. was a tyrant, but he punished little except acts. Provided that you did nothing and wrote nothing offensive to the Government, you were not in much danger of being molested. At present it is a crime to be merely suspected of thinking that we are misgoverned. A little while ago, on the anniversary of the proclamation of the Republic, Bengal lights were placed on the steps in the Piazza di Spagna, and in some other public places. Twenty or thirty young men, many of them of good family, were arrested. They were thrown into prisons of which, in your happier country, you have no conception. One of them was a friend of mine. He was thrust into a place not larger than this room, in which there were about twenty-five ruffians of the lowest class, lighted and aired only by a hole at the top, covered with filth and swarming with vermin. He fainted after he had borne the atmosphere for ten minutes; and, if his family had not had interest enough to get him removed to a less horrible place, he would probably have died. In

<sup>1</sup> He had been a member of the Republican Government.—ED.

six weeks he was released, not only untried, but unexamined. Most of the others received the same treatment; but four or five, convicted of having kindled these lights, were sentenced to imprisonment in irons for from five to twenty years. After the last Carnival, when a petard was thrown into the French General's carriage, more than seventy persons were arrested, and detained for months in these frightful dungeons, among thieves and murderers; and, when all pretence for detaining them was over, were let loose, many of them ruined in health, without even an expression of regret.' 'And who,' I asked, 'possesses this dreadful power of imprisoning?' 'Every one,' he answered, 'connected with the police. Any sbirro whom I meet, and who thinks I look at him disrespectfully, may drag me to a police office, tell any story that he likes, and when I am once in a dungeon, unless my friends exert themselves, I may be forgotten there for months. Every night domiciliary visits are made, papers sealed up or taken away, and the least scrap of manuscript or print which the Government may choose to think revolutionary may send its possessor to prison or to the galleys. This may be my fate to-night, and certainly would be so if you, or any waiter who might overhear us, were to repeat to the authorities what I am saying.' 'Are there,' I asked, 'many spies in Rome?' 'The whole population,' he answered, 'may be divided into the spies and the spied-upon. There is not a waiter who does not receive a few pauls a month for relating all that he hears. In many cases a man is watched openly. This occurs with respect to those who

are placed under the surveillance of the police. A person follows them everywhere, and reports at night all that they have done, all whom they have visited, and all that he has heard them say.' 'Is the Inquisition,' I asked, 'restored?' 'Certainly,' he answered, 'and its prisons are believed to be full; but there are no means of knowing what passes there. Men disappear—they may have fallen into the Tiber, they may have been murdered, or they may be in the prisons of the Inquisition. Those who have been released from them tell us nothing. An intimate friend of mine, who was killed in the last siege, was denounced to the Inquisition by his mother. She was a gossiping woman, and, after she had finished her own confession, began to talk to her confessor about her family, and lamented the sceptical opinions of her son. The confessor told her it was her duty to denounce him. She refused, and he denied her absolution. She endured this for some months, until her spiritual terror got the better of her, and she obeyed. On her information my friend was arrested. After about eight months' imprisonment he was released, but I never could prevail on him to say a word of what had happened to him. He had sworn, he answered, never to reveal anything that he had seen, or heard, or suffered; and, even supposing his oath not to be binding, he feared the temporal consequences of breaking it.'

As I passed through the Piazza di Spagna this morning I observed a proclamation, dated this day, against the practice, almost universal, of using the streets as a dunghill. Transgressors are to be punished by fines, to

be bestowed as rewards on informers. The names of the informers are not to be revealed, and one credible informer is enough, says the proclamation, for conviction. So that anyone may enjoy the double pleasure of punishing an enemy and of obtaining a reward by informing against him for having offended against this proclamation. He has only to affirm that a basin was emptied into the streets from the windows of his victim, one of the offences most severely punished, and the fine must be inflicted; for how can the accused person prove that the unknown informer is not credible?

I drank tea with Dr. T., and repeated to him what M. S. had said. 'It is all true,' he answered. 'Nothing can be conceived worse than the Roman prisons. With your opinions, if you were a Roman, you would probably be thrown into one; and I do not think that you could live there for a fortnight. The model which our government copies is Naples; and, being more frightened and more unskilful than Naples, we exaggerate the Neapolitan tyranny. Since the Pope's return many thousand persons have been put on their trial, that is to say, have been made the subjects of an investigation: a summary one, of course, and one in which it has not been thought necessary to waste time in hearing any defence or explanation. The only inquiry has been, whether the person in question has directly or indirectly acknowledged the Republican Government. If he has done so, or is suspected of having done so—if he have any employment it is taken from him, if he be absent he is refused a passport for his return, if he cannot be punished positively,

he is merely marked as a man to be trampled on whenever an opportunity occurs, whenever he is a candidate for employment, or the subject of an accusation, or engaged in a lawsuit. A similar inquiry takes place as to every man's religious observances. He has to state to his priest how often he has confessed, how often he has heard Mass, how often he has taken the sacrament, and though he is not likely to be directly punished for inattention, he may easily be made to suffer for it. In a government not of law, but of favour and privilege and protection, it is necessary, not merely for advancement but even for comfort, to be on good terms with the authorities.'

'Can this state of things last?' I said. 'It will last,' he answered, 'as long as the French stay here, and no longer. Even the Austrians—and if the French are succeeded by any foreigners it will be by the Austrians—will not suffer it. The French are impotent and, I fear, careless: they do not beat us, they merely hold our arms while we are under the Pope's rods. As they came of their own accord, unasked, indeed undesired, by the Pope, they have no influence over him.' 'But,' I said, 'I always understood that they came at the Pope's request.' 'That request,' he answered, 'they refused; it was made in 1848. A year after, in 1849, they chose to come, when the Pope did not wish for them. Now that they are here, he had rather keep them. Gemeau<sup>1</sup> is devoted to him, and the French do not require, as the Austrians always do, to be paid; but these motives are

<sup>1</sup> General Gemeau was chief of the army of occupation in 1851.—ED.

not strong enough to induce him to follow their advice. And it must be allowed that at present they do not obtrude it.' 'But why,' I said, 'do you assume that, if the French go, it must be the Austrians who will take their place?' 'Because,' he answered, 'nobody else could do it. You do not suppose that we are afraid of the Spaniards? The rest of Europe would not allow the Russians to enter Italy, and as for the Neapolitans, they are more contemptible than even the Spaniards. In 1849 they established themselves at Albano with 20,000 men. Thence they sent a column towards Palestrina, which was driven back disgracefully by Garibaldi's irregulars. They remained inactive at Albano for three weeks, until a body of about 10,000 irregulars marched from Rome to drive them away. They immediately retreated to Velletri, and the next night abandoned Velletri so hastily that many of their sick were left behind. They will not venture to attack us again single-handed.'

*Sunday, March 16.*—Lady Duncan, Dr. T., and the Duke of Sermoneta drank tea with us. The Duke and Dr. T. said that they were real Catholics. 'What is your opinion,' I said to Dr. T., 'as to the pre-existence of the Son?' 'I have no opinion at all,' he answered. 'What do you think about the Immaculate Conception?' 'I never thought about it in my life. I believe generally in Christianity, but do not trouble myself with such controversies.' 'Do you believe,' I said, 'in the inspiration of the Gospels?' 'No,' he answered. 'I believe that St. Luke obtained, as he says himself, his information from eye-witnesses, and reported it conscientiously.

You apply to the Gospels,' I said, 'historical criticism,

and reject what you suppose to be misreported?' 'Certainly,' he answered. 'Then,' I replied, 'instead of being a sincere Roman Catholic, you are a very sceptical Protestant.' 'I divide,' said the Duke, 'the Catholic world into those who accept the whole Catholic faith without examination, those who reject the whole without examination, and those who doubt—for doubt seems to me to be the necessary result of examination—at least in a mind which, like mine, requires sufficient premisses for its conclusions. The arguments in favour of the divine origin of Christianity and against it are each so strong, that my mind always oscillates between them. I call myself a Christian, because I wish to think, and I hope that I do think, that the reasoning on that side preponderates. One thing, however,' he added, 'appears to me to be perfectly certain : the Catholic faith cannot remain as it is. Dogmatic opinions—that is to say, opinions unsupported by proof—are given up in philosophy, in history, in politics, in law, in short, in every subject of human thought except in religion : we shall get rid of them there also. That part of our creed—and it is a large part—for which there is no evidence, which rests merely on the authority of Popes and Councils, is already abandoned by all instructed men, and will soon be abandoned by the vulgar. There will be another reformation, but I trust without another schism.'

In Roman Catholic countries the means of inquiring into religious questions are so defective that Dr. T. and the Duke of Sermoneta are probably far more than average believers.

*Monday, March 17.*—We went over the Colonna Palace.

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In the evening we went to a party at the Princess Doria's. It was full of French officers, and is the only place where I have seen any.

*Tuesday, March 18.*—Ampère arrived from Naples, and he, Bishop Spencer, and Dr. Braun dined with us. In the evening we went to see the Coliseum and Forum by moonlight. They gained in every respect; in size and in harmony, and there was now added to them a mysterious depth and intricacy which made them look like the works not merely of another age, but of another world.

*Wednesday, March 19.*—We walked with Ampère to the beautiful but neglected Villa Mellini on Monte Mario. Rome and the Campagna were spread beneath our feet. The distant mountains were covered with snow, though we rather suffered from heat. It is to these mountains that the Campagna owes its greatest charm. Its home views are not superior to those of any other vast, naked, rolling plain. It was a great *fête*, that of St. Joseph, and all Rome was abroad. I never saw so many handsome women. The change from the frightful population of Naples is very striking. The Romans have large, full figures, dark eyes, regular features, and splendid hair.

*Thursday, March 20.*—We dined with Mr. Payne. Among the party were Cardinal Piccolomini and General Zucchi. The Cardinal is a man of easy



manners, on whom his dignity does not sit heavily ; but he has the misfortune of having a tongue too large for his mouth, which makes it almost impossible to understand him. Zucchi was one of Buonaparte's generals. He afterwards entered the Austrian service, and subsequently took part in the insurrectionary movements of 1831. He fell into the power of the Austrians, underwent a trial of a year, and was sentenced to solitary imprisonment for life. For ten years he endured it—the whole of which time he passed in a room 10 ft. by 8—seeing nobody but the jailor, without books or paper. After that he was allowed the range of the fortress, which was in Hungary, and in the eighteenth year of his imprisonment he was released by the Hungarian insurrection. I asked him whether he wished, during his solitary confinement, for a companion. 'No,' he answered; 'he would have been very sorry to have had one.—he preferred being alone. His health did not suffer, and he felt that he had sacrificed his liberty to a good cause.' 'How,' I said, 'did you ascertain the passing of time?' 'From the jailors,' he answered. 'They were allowed to speak to me, and were very kind.' We talked about the Italian soldiers. He treated them with great contempt. 'None of them,' he said, 'could face the Austrians.' 'I thought,' I answered, 'that the Neapolitans were tolerably disciplined.' 'So they are,' he answered; 'and in Sicily against the Sicilians, one Neapolitan between two Swiss, they did tolerably, but they are good for nothing alone. I

told Murat that his troops would not fight. He thought that they would, and lost his life and his throne by the mistake.' 'Do you think,' I said, 'that the Pope could safely rely on a Swiss force?' 'No,' he answered, 'for he could not get good Swiss. No good military man can bear to be a *soldat du Pape*. What was called our Swiss force was composed as to three parts in four of Poles and Frenchmen, and fraternised with the rebels.'

*Friday, March 21.*—We went to Imhof's, Tenerani's, and Gibson's studios.

The thing that most interested me at Gibson's was a bust of a Capuan Girl, about twenty-four, 'who,' said Gibson, 'was the handsomest person he had ever seen. The head and bust were large, with noble, regular features. I asked if she was clever. 'Very stupid, indeed,' answered Gibson; which was afterwards confirmed to me by Williams.

I dined with Dr. T. Among the guests were the Duke of Sermoneta and our Consul, Mr. Freeborn. 'It is a mistake,' said Dr. T., 'to suppose that our clerical Government is ancient. Under the feudal system, which prevailed in Italy as much as in the rest of Europe, the privileges of the burgesses in the towns and of the barons in the country were very great. The higher offices in the state were, indeed, filled by prelates, but these prelates might be laymen, with no ecclesiastical powers and no ecclesiastical disabilities, except that they were not to marry. In most of the great families there

was a provision, called the Prelatura, set apart for the son, generally the second son, whose destination was the prelacy. So that the Roman States were, in fact, governed by the Roman aristocracy, and differed from other aristocratical governments chiefly in this, that it was the second son who held office instead of the eldest. The cardinals are selected from the prelates, but even they are not necessarily priests. Gonsalvi, for instance, was not. Another mistake is to suppose that the political feeling is similar throughout the States of the Church. In the provinces on the other side of the Apennines, which contain three-fourths of the population and four-fifths of the wealth of the country, the feudal system was destroyed by the French before the end of the last century or in the beginning of this. The great families were ruined, their properties and those of the rich corporations were divided, and an intelligent and numerous middle class sprang up, tolerant in religion and liberal in politics. This side of the Apennines was under the French powers for a much shorter period. The Code Napoléon was never fully introduced; the entails were suffered to subsist, the religious corporations retained their vast estates, and scarcely any middle class has arisen. It was unfortunate, therefore, that the seat of Pio Nono's reforming government was placed in Rome, where, from the want of a middle class and of political knowledge, there was, in fact, no Constitutional party. The bulk of the Roman world are either Absolutists or Republicans. The former consist of the few who profit by abuses; the latter, which is the large majority, con-

sider the aristocratic and monarchical elements as pure evils, and submit to them, as the Absolutists submit to the popular element, only through necessity. The real seat of constitutional liberalism is in the provinces of the Adriatic. If Pio Nono had persevered in his reforms, the Adriatic provinces would have stood by him and put down the revolutionists. Even after the revolution, if he had taken refuge among them, as they earnestly begged him to do, instead of flying to Gaeta, and had promised to maintain the Constitution which he himself had given, they would have replaced him on the throne. But he preferred foreign intervention—preferred absolute power at home and dependence on strangers to independent but limited authority.'

'The Pope,' said the Duke of Sermoneta, 'desires to promote the welfare of his subjects. But this is not his principal wish ; his first object is his own salvation. With a selfishness not uncommon among very pious people, he is ready, like your George III., to save his own soul at the expense of the bodies, perhaps of the souls, of the rest of the world. His next object is the extension and preservation of the Catholic faith. He is an intrepid believer and a subtle theologian. A little while ago he devoted himself to the elucidation of the mysteries of the Immaculate Conception, and gave to the world, in a doctrinal bull, the results of his reading and meditation. Besides these two great biases, his mind is warped by a host of prejudices. He believes firmly in his divine right to absolute authority. In his first address to his newly created Consulta, in November

1847, he expressed his determination never to lessen by one jot, *un apice*, his sovereign power. He had received it, he said to them, from God and from his predecessors whole and entire, and it was his duty to transmit the same sacred deposit whole and entire to his successors. He is equally averse to the separation of civil and ecclesiastical affairs. In his Gaeta circular, in 1849, he declared that in making that separation, and appointing laymen to the higher civil offices, he had yielded to force. Then, like all weak men, he is governed by the last person who talks to him. He has agreed with me in the evening, and the next morning I have found his opinions perfectly changed. With all his weaknesses he is clever—speaks well and fluently, and fancies himself a great statesman. In that allocution to the Consulta he was modest; he claimed, indeed, the merit of having done for us all that was possible, but gave the glory to God, who had, he said, inspired his councils. And yet he is far more liberal than his Ministers; he is afraid to change them; but he hates their tyranny, and despises many of their prejudices. The death of Father Grazioso was a great misfortune. He was a man of talent, of liberal opinions, and of most engaging character. When Giovanni Mastai resolved to exchange a military for a civil career, he had of course to begin his theological studies, and Grazioso was his tutor and his confessor. He retained him when he became Pope. His docile and diffident disposition made Grazioso's influence all-powerful, and it was usefully exerted. When Grazioso died, the Pope reverted to the usual practice of taking the chief Sacristan, who

has once been an Augustine friar, as his successor ; and this influence is believed to be as mischievous as Grazioso's was beneficial.'

We talked of the present state of Rome. The arrests, they said, at this instant average ten a day. In the great majority of cases they are followed by no trial. To be confined for a few weeks in a damp, filthy dungeon, among wretches swarming with vermin, and allowed to perpetrate on a new comer any atrocities that they think fit, is a mode adopted by the police of intimating to a Liberal that his conversation, or the society which he frequents, is displeasing to the Government. One man was mentioned to me, whose name I have forgotten ; he is a great tobacconist in the Corso, who has been the victim of this cruelty three times since the Pope's restoration. He is a Liberal, though he took no part in the revolutionary Government. His first imprisonment followed immediately the Pope's return. It lasted three months, and ended, as it began, without explanation. Half a year after he was again arrested, passed again some months of suffering, and was again let out. Some time after his release, as he was standing before his shop in the Corso, he caught the eye of one of the sbirri who had arrested him. The man accused him of looking at him angrily, brought up some of his companions, beat him, handcuffed him, and charged him with resisting the officers of justice. A third time he was subjected to the horrors of a Roman prison—this time for rather a longer period than before. His health is ruined for life.

‘The present state of things,’ said the Duke, ‘cannot last in Rome, or indeed in Italy. This unnatural alliance between Austria and France, for the purpose of stifling liberty in Italy, must in time be broken. It was caused, and it is maintained, only by the French occupation of Rome, by the selfish desire of Louis Napoleon to flatter the priests, and by the balanced state of French parties, which allows him to impose on France a policy which humiliates every liberal Frenchman. Certainly many years, probably many months, will not pass before France has a liberal, perhaps a democratic, Government. That instant, either the French will quit Rome, or the whole character of their occupation will change. In the former event the Austrians will enter. But you cannot believe that France, now left free to take her own course, will suffer Italy to subside into a province of Austria, if it be possible to prevent it. And it will not only be possible, but easy. The whole people of Italy, from Trent to Reggio, will be the allies of France. The King of Naples, the Pope, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany have been the most successful propagators of republicanism that the world has ever seen. The Italian armies are utterly worthless, the Austrian land force is decidedly inferior to that of France, and her naval force is nothing. The whole of the vast coast of Italy will be open to the French steamers. They may kindle revolutions on a hundred points, and Austria will not be willing, or even able, to employ 200,000 men in extinguishing them.

‘Since the invention of steam, Italy is, for military purposes, almost an island, and an island with scarcely

a maritime fortress. France can send an army to any portion of the country to the south of the Apennines in as many hours as it would take Austria days. I do not believe that, with the present disposition of the population of Lombardy and Venice, Austria can retain even those provinces against France and Piedmont. I am sure that she cannot do more, and that to preserve Milan she must abandon Florence. Of course, if the French keep possession of Rome, the revolutionary process will be still more rapid. They must openly or virtually depose the Pope, for he will not consent to be a constitutional sovereign. From the Roman Republic the contagion will spread on all sides. Ten thousand men will be enough to drive Ferdinand out of Naples; Garibaldi could have done it in 1849 with his irregulars. The Grand Duke would not wait to be expelled. Tuscany cannot be held when Piedmont and Rome are hostile. The Austrians must go, and he will retire with them, wearing the German uniform in which he made his entry. Sicily will send to Malta for Ruggiero Settimo, or, perhaps, make a president of Filangieri.'

*Saturday, March 22.*—I went with Ampère to visit the frescoes of St. Gregorio, and thence to the Villa Doria and to the Pantheon.

Rome, as we see it now, is a modern city. The Rome of the middle ages must have occupied the site, or rather part of the site, of Imperial Rome. This may be inferred from the ancient churches and convents which rise among fields and gardens in long lines from the Capitol, now the extremity of Rome, to St. John Lateran



and Santa Croce. They look like the vertebræ of a dead city. The mysterious malaria which infects every thinly inhabited district in Rome condemns to ill health those who are forced to dwell there, and frightens away new settlers. The ground on which the monastery of San Gregorio stands was occupied by the family mansion of the Anicii, of whom Gregory the Great was the representative. It is about half a mile from the Capitol, and close to the Palatine, on the slope of the Cælian, in what must have been one of the most fashionable situations in Imperial Rome. Nothing can look more healthy, but the monk who showed the frescoes told me that it was never without fever in summer. This monastery seems to have been much connected with England. St. Augustine came from it, and many Archbishops of Canterbury. The pines and ilexes of the Villa Doria are now the finest near Rome; as it was occupied by the French, not by the Republicans, it has not suffered. At the Pantheon we were struck by the fine effect of the sky through the unglazed aperture in the roof. I wonder that in the Neapolitan copy of the Pantheon, San Paolo, this peculiarity has been omitted. In that climate glass is more easily dispensed with than in Rome.

*Sunday, March 23.*—I went before breakfast to the deserted church of St. Clement's to see the Masaccio frescoes. They are said to have been retouched, but it must have been done with great skill and moderation. They are very beautiful, more so than even those at Florence. 'St. Catherine' is a charming specimen of the early unaffected style.

I mentioned a few days ago to Monsignor Talbot that I should like to have the honour of being presented to the Pope. He asked if I should be satisfied with an ordinary interview, or wished for a private audience. I said that I had no pretension to occupy His Holiness's time, so it was arranged that I should go to the more public reception at 4 to-day. The waiting-room was the last of the three rooms containing the Vatican pictures. I found there five or six gentlemen and eight or nine ladies, and two Monsignori. All except myself had packets of rosaries or crucifixes to be blessed. Monsignor Talbot, however, told a lady that hers would be blessed, but that she would have no indulgences for them. I asked why. 'Because,' he said, 'they are made of glass: indulgences are never granted to things made of fragile materials.' We were summoned in parties of two or three at a time. When my turn came, I went with another gentleman, through the Raphael Stanze, into a gallery containing the tapestries for which the cartoons were drawn. There are several of which we have not the cartoons—a Massacre of the Innocents, in three compartments, of which we have a sketch of only one in the National Gallery, and a Conversion of St. Paul, are very fine. It is interesting to observe the difference in the modes in which Rubens and Raphael have treated that subject. In Rubens's fine picture at Mr. Miles', the centre of the canvas is occupied by St. Paul's horse, who has thrown his master and is terrifying all near him by lashing out with his hind feet, and St. Paul himself is pressed on by those about him. In

Raphael's design St. Paul lies alone—the principal subject—looking up to heaven with awe rather than fear, and the eyes of the spectators are all fixed on him or on the divine appearance in the clouds. The horse is removed to the corner of the picture. In Michael Angelo's fresco on the same subject, in the Pauline Chapel, the horse again is the prominent and central figure. This constant introduction of a horse into all the representations of St. Paul's conversion is an instance of the servile traditional manner in which sacred subjects are treated; for the narrative in the Acts gives no pretence for it. Not only does it not describe St. Paul as mounted: it implies that he was not. It states that after the vision his companions led *him* by the hand and brought him to Damascus, not that they led his horse.

After staying in this gallery for about ten minutes, we were summoned into a long, narrow room, at the upper end of which stood the Pope, talking Italian to a lady and gentleman. His voice is so good, and his enunciation so perfect, that we could hear the greater part of what he said. The husband, it seemed, was Roman Catholic, the wife Protestant, and he was telling the husband not to despair of his wife's conversion—that he, the Pope, would pray for it, and that he trusted that his prayers would be heard. They went away, and we came up. I followed Monsignor Talbot's directions, and merely bowed: my companion knelt down and gave him a paper. The Pope read it, went to his writing-table, signed it, complaining bitterly of the badness of his pen, and gave it back. He then asked me, in French, if I had

news from England. I said 'Yes: that the Government feared another parliamentary defeat on a colonial question, and would probably resign again.' 'Dangerous times,' he answered, 'are coming—the whole world is disturbed. And then you will have such a number of persons at your Exhibition. *Tout le monde veut le bien*; but they do not know how to set about it.' I said that I feared that a great many people *voulaient le mal*; and so our conversation ended. After we left him, I asked my companion what was the nature of the paper which the Pope had signed for him. 'You can look at it,' he said: 'it is an indulgence which a bishop wrote for me the day before I left England.' I copy it verbatim:—

Humillime provolutus ante pedes tuæ Sanctitatis, petit A. B. indulgentiam plenariam in articulo mortis lucrandam a se et ab omnibus suis consanguineis usque ad gradum quartum, nec non eandem gratiam pro viginti aliis personis a petitore nominandis.

Annuimus juxta petita,

PIUS IX., P.M.

Die Martii 23, 1851.

The Pope is a very pleasing man, of simple, gentlemanlike manners, with a charming voice. He was dressed in robes of white flannel.

I never saw the pictures and frescoes of the Vatican so well. During the week the number of visitors and the scaffoldings of the artists make it impossible to have a good view, from the proper point, of the whole of any large picture, and still less of any fresco.

*Monday, March 24.*—Commendatore Visconti went with us to the excavations which are going on along the old Via Appia. The Government has purchased the land for fifteen feet on each side of the road. This, however, appears to have been too little. Burying-ground seems to have been so scarce in Rome that not only is the interval between the tombs confined to a few inches—they were not allowed to touch—but they run back to a considerable distance. Horace, in his Eighth Satire, speaks of one which extended in agrum, that is, backwards 300 feet. During the decline of the Empire new and inferior tenants seem to have intruded on the older ones. Some of the inscriptions which have been recently turned up contain barbarous names. I observed Zabda and Abitha.

In the afternoon I went with Ampère to the Cancelleria and to the Baths of Titus. The noble halls of the Cancelleria, in which Pio Nono's Parliament sat, are now the dormitories of a French regiment. The custode, who showed us over them, was on duty when Rossi fell. 'Five assassins,' he said, 'were stationed along the staircase, but the first wound was sufficient. He mounted, however, after receiving it to the first landing, then fell, and died in less than a minute.'

What are called the Baths of Titus are, in fact, the Golden Palace of Nero. The Palace appears to have been built just below the Esquiline—partly, perhaps, on its slope, part of the older Villa of Mæcenas having been made use of. Titus began his Baths on the summit of the Esquiline, and, to enlarge the site, used Nero's pa-

lace as a foundation. He seems to have been anxious to destroy all memorials of his predecessor, for he covered in the Golden Palace so hastily that many precious things were buried in it—the Meleager, the Pluto of the Vatican, the vast Tazza of red granite, and the Laocoon, and probably many more that have not yet been discovered. The baths have perished, but the palace on which he built them remains, and is a curious specimen of a great Roman house. It was all on one floor, and contained a double range of apartments, placed back to back, apparently for summer and winter—one fronting north, the other south; each room is about thirty feet by twenty, and about fifty high, with an immense arched door in front, and over it a large square window. In the middle is one room running the whole breadth from north to south—about sixty feet long and thirty-five wide. Here were found the Laocoon and the Tazza. The walls and ceilings are covered with arabesques, so like those of the Loggia in the Vatican that I easily believe that they were Raphael's models: one fresco represents a ruined temple—the only ancient representation of a ruin that I have seen. A large portion, probably the largest, remains unexplored.

In the evening we went to a concert at the Princess Doria's. As is generally the case abroad, the ladies were seated in a mass towards the upper part of the music room, and the gentlemen behind them or in the other apartments.

*Tuesday, March 25.*—I dined with M. de Rayneval.

An agreeable man sat next to me, who appeared to

know Italy well. 'As you go south,' he said, 'the society improves.' I ventured to doubt this, and suggested Turin as the centre of the best society in Italy. 'Without doubt,' he answered, 'Turin contains men of great eminence, political and literary; but I do not call that society. The most distinguished women in Turin are Milanese, such as Madame Arconati and Madame de Collegno. You did not find there a set of houses open where you were sure of finding every evening an agreeable party. Now, this is the case, or perhaps was the case, at Naples; and more so, I repeat, than in any other part of Italy. As for Rome, it was also very pleasant a few years ago; but politics have spoilt it. And it has not been improved by the foreign marriages.' 'Yet,' I said, 'the Princess Doria is very popular; and so, I hear, was her sister.' 'The Princess,' he answered, 'is charming, but the foreign and native elements in her parties do not coalesce. The English are now generally birds of passage; the French are hated; and the Romans are anxious, suspicious, and often separated by party animosity.' Soon after we rose from dinner he went away, and I found it was Prince Esterhazy, the Austrian Minister.

M. de Rayneval talked of the siege. 'Oudinot's great error,' he said, 'was his expecting the Romans to act like people of common sense. He saw so clearly that they could gain nothing by opposing us, and might gain everything by admitting us, that he would not believe in any resistance. He laughed at the Republican deputies who warned him that he would be fiercely with-

stood. "Nonsense," he said; "the Italians do not fight. I have ordered dinner at the Hôtel de Minerve, and I shall be there to eat it." So he marched up to the walls with 6,000 men and a few field-pieces, and was received by a fire which drove him back with loss and confusion. Then the Romans, with characteristic folly, fancied themselves invincible; they had repulsed the Gauls, they despised the Neapolitans, and they believed Rome destined to be the metropolis of the great Republic of Italy. Our difficulties are now very great; but if they had admitted us they would have been insurmountable. Their resistance was a god-send.' These expressions from a cautious man, like Rayneval, seem to me important. How would the difficulties of the French have been increased if the Romans had admitted them? In this way only, that the obligation to obtain for them liberal institutions would have been a little more obvious than it is now. This duty—a duty which they do not intend to perform, but cannot shake off—is their difficulty.

*Thursday, March 27.*—I spent the morning in the Sistine Chapel and in St. Onofrio.

All foreign newspapers were stopped to-day by the police.

*Friday, March 28.*—I went with Signor Visconti over the Baths of Caracalla. The portion which remains is considerably larger than St. Peter's; yet it is only a part of the centre building. Thermæ were, in fact, club-houses, supplied gratuitously to the Roman people; and, as they were to receive thousands instead of hundreds,



they were towns instead of houses. The invention of printing and paper has changed the habits of mankind. Those who now amuse themselves at home with newspapers, reviews, and light reading, lounged away their mornings in the Thermæ, listening to gymnosophists and poets, looking at pictures and statues, and enjoying the expensive luxury of books.

*Sunday, March 30.*—I drove with Ampère to Hadrian's Villa and Tivoli.

This is the least interesting side of the Campagna. There are no aqueducts and few ruins—nothing but a wide, green, rolling plain, bounded to the north and west by mountains. I do not wonder that the Campagna is admired by foreigners, to whom downs or even commons are almost unknown ; but to me it is less striking than the downs above Brighton, or even Salisbury plain. If it were not for the mountains—and they are much better seen from the high grounds about Rome, Monte Mario, or the Villa Albani—it would be tiresome. At the same time, there is something strange, and even imposing, in seeing a vast city start up from a circle of desolation, from a green wilderness without habitation or tree.

About twelve miles from Rome and three from Tivoli begins a wooded district, which, probably, runs back to the Apennines. On its slope is Hadrian's Villa, now belonging to the Duke of Braschi, but tenanted only by his custode. It is the most extensive and the most picturesque of ruins. No one portion of it, indeed, is so striking as the Baths of Caracalla ; but it covers four or five times as much ground, and its vast

walls and broken arches rise from a forest of pines and cypresses.

*Inter varias nutritur sylva ruinas.*

Garibaldi and his band spent one night here during their march to drive back the Neapolitans from Palestrina. Luckily it was only one night. They employed it in cutting down avenues of pines and cypresses. In a day or two longer they would have ruined one of the most beautiful things left in the neighbourhood of Rome.

The hill of Tivoli rises in a wall precipitously from the plain. The Anio, therefore, when in its course from the Apennines it reaches this wall, has to fall over a precipice of about 200 feet. In Horace's time the main fall was near the Sibyl's temple, and must have been finer than any of these which now exist. The river has been divided into four principal streams, which descend the precipice at some distance from each other. Two of them announce themselves before they are seen by columns of spray which to-day were intersected by rainbows. The Sibyl's temple is beautiful in itself, and glorious in its position on the crest of the most ancient of the falls. Mæcenæ lived over the most distant fall. The western branch of the river runs through some of the arches which support his villa. Our guide claimed some ruins on the opposite bank as the Villa of Horace, and some a little further for those of Varus—a great name, but unhappily only a name. Below the town is a forest of venerable olives, some many centuries old,

which extends almost to the Solfaterra and Virgil's Albunean grove.

Nemorum quæ maxima sacro  
Fonte sonat, sævamque exhalat opaca Mephitim.

Ampère thinks of fixing at Rome. He hates the climate of Paris, and does not care much for its society. Everybody is so busy that he sees little of his friends, and, when he does see them, finds them occupied with politics, which he neither understands nor enjoys. Here everybody is at leisure; everybody is thinking of his favourite subjects, art and antiquity, and he can lounge away his life in easy occupations or tranquil enjoyment. His *beau idéal* of happiness is a book and a bundle of cigars in the Baths of Caracalla.

*Monday, March 31.*—I passed the morning in the Borghèse Gallery, at the Capitol, and in Gibson's studio, and the evening at the Princess Doria's party. We intended to have drunk tea there, but as it is Lent she will not give tea, lest we should be tempted to add cream. So we fasted on water-ices, richly flavoured with liqueurs.

*Sunday, April 6.*—After breakfast I went to the Chiesa Nuova, and heard a sermon from a Capuchin. His pulpit was a platform with a chair, on which he sat at first, but as he warmed he rose and walked up and down the platform. His action was free and noble, and his enunciation so good that I could follow every word. His subject was the Real Presence, 'which he had to defend,' he said, 'not only against the blasphemy of

infidels, not only against the errors of Protestants, who appear to believe, so far as their belief is intelligible, both in its existence and in its non-existence, who affirm that the sacred elements remain bread and wine, and yet that the faithful really eat the body and drink the blood of Christ, but also against the doubts of Catholics. These doubts,' he continued, 'arise from their not perceiving that faith is rather a matter of feeling than of reasoning, rather the business of the heart than of the intellect. If a person who had never heard of Christianity were required to believe, on the authority of books written eighteen hundred years ago, that the Being who created the world came Himself to live in it, passed His youth as the son of a carpenter, His manhood in hardships and wanderings, and at length died by the hands of men, no mere arguments would convince him. It is through the Divine grace working in our hearts that we believe, and it is to the Divine grace, not to human writings or to human conversation, that we ought to have recourse when we are tormented by doubts. Pray earnestly for faith, and by your conduct deserve to obtain faith, and your prayers will be answered. You will find that you believe, though you may not be able to explain the grounds of your belief to a captious inquirer. Nor is it necessary that you should do so. The Holy Church is commissioned by God to tell you what to believe. It is your duty to obey her, as it is the duty of a child to obey its parents, as it is the duty of a soldier to obey his general, without

asking the motives of her commands. This was Christ's meaning when He declared that whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child shall in nowise enter therein. Pray to God, I repeat to you, to enable you to believe all that the Church teaches, and He will listen to your prayer.'

I went afterwards with Lady Louisa to Overbeck's studio, in the fine old Palace of the Cenci. He showed us several cartoons in different stages, from mere outlines to finished drawings, and one half-finished picture. It represents our Saviour pursued to the brink of a precipice by a crowd, who threaten to push him over. He stands on the edge with one foot on the earth and the other supported by a cloud. I did not like the effect. When a human figure is altogether in the clouds we assume the hypothesis that it can be so supported; but when one foot rests on the earth the laws of gravitation are recalled to our minds, and the other looks as if it must fall through. The Jewish pursuers are well drawn, but I thought the colouring rather raw. Lady Louisa, who is an excellent artist, agreed with me in preferring his pencil outlines to his more finished works. He is a pleasing old man, with an earnest, enthusiastic countenance, and a thin, picturesque figure.

We afterwards drove with the Paynes about eight or nine miles along the Via Salaria, almost to the banks of the Allia. We first passed the site of Turrigera Antemnæ, now a green hill, with the square form and steep declivities of an ancient fortification, then crossed the Roman bridge over the Anio, and then passed Phaon's

Villa, now naked, but surrounded by woods and thickets when Nero took refuge there. At last the road ran between some eminences, on one of which, half-surrounded by the Tiber, and overhanging it with a precipitous bank, stands Castel Giubileo, the ancient citadel of Fidenæ. We climbed it and asked ourselves the question—often asked and never answered—Why did Rome become mistress of the world instead of Fidenæ, instead of Antemnæ, instead of Gabii, instead, in short, of any one of the green knolls which we saw round us, each representing a city which was powerful before Rome existed? Our whole drive was over fields of battle. On the bridge Manlius Torquatus killed the Gaul, on the site of Antemnæ Alaric pitched his camp, and it was at the Porta Salaria that Hannibal threw his javelin over the walls.

Lady Louisa and Ampère drank tea with us. Ampère had heard a sermon from a Capuchin in the Coliseum. His preacher was, like mine, a first-rate actor.

*Monday, April 7.*—M. S. called on us. I reported to him my Capuchin's sermon. 'It is the true doctrine of the Church,' he said. 'She does not wish you to inquire. She affirms that the only meritorious faith is faith founded on obedience.' 'How many,' I said, 'of the educated persons in Rome possess this faith?' 'Scarcely any,' he answered. 'There is less Christianity in Rome than in any part of Europe. The only duties required from the common people are to go to church on Sun-

days and feast days, to abstain from meat on fast days, to confess, and duly to purchase the masses which are imposed on them as penances. All their religious belief is a confused notion about the existence of certain supernatural beings, called the Madonna, the Father, St. Peter, and other names familiar to their ears, but suggesting no certain ideas to their minds, except perhaps those of pictures over altars. And most of them scarcely possess even this belief. Their hatred of priestly government and of the priests often extends to the doctrines taught by them.' 'Yet,' I said, 'I see many of them very attentive in the churches.' 'Those,' he answered, 'whom you see in the churches on week days are principally women or old men, and they are probably sincere. But the congregation at early Mass on Sunday is generally half asleep. The influence of the priests in Rome is a minus quantity: it is opposed to religion. If any Protestant power or any Mussulman power were to enter the Roman States, and promise the overthrow of the Pope and of ecclesiastical government, for such a bribe the people would turn Protestants or Mussulmen. Not that there is any chance of a new Reformation. For that purpose men must be in earnest on religion, which no one is in Rome. I was intimate some years ago with a priest, who had a fine person and voice and great talents. His life was as disorderly as possible, and he was utterly incredulous. He used to breakfast before saying Mass, which is an impiety worse than sacrilege. He was a great favourite with his superiors. They removed him to Florence, and made him prior of a large

monastery ; perhaps he is now a bishop. But he was only a specimen of his class. Few of them are believers, fewer still are moral. And when you recollect that we are forced to admit them into our houses, to commit to them the consciences of our wives and the education of our sons and daughters, and that they are our censors, our judges, our magistrates, and our rulers, that they can stifle the expression of our thoughts, and whisper away our employments and our liberty, and that we cannot venture, except to a foreigner like you, to reveal our contempt or our hatred, you may conceive how both boil within us.'

I asked him about the state of the Roman tribunals. 'Nothing,' he answered, 'can be worse. About 500*l.* a-year is the highest salary of a judge, and the judges of the superior courts must be prelates, and therefore unmarried. The judicial career, therefore, is seldom adopted by persons of education and talents except as a road to something better. In the highest court, the *Ruota*, out of twelve members six are foreigners appointed by Spain, France, Tuscany, Germany, and Milan, and its proceedings are in Latin. The salaries of the lower judges vary from 100*l.* to 150*l.* a-year ; they hold office only at the will of the Pope ; their poverty makes them open to bribery, and the insecurity of their tenure to intimidation. Both civil suits and criminal proceedings are almost interminable. We have not, however, been outraged by the judicial cruelties which have lately been perpetrated at Naples. The French indeed gave passports, or procured them from Mr.



Freeborn, for all those who were excepted from the amnesty, but our prisons are as full as theirs; and, if possible, more horrible.'

I afterwards called on Dr. Nicholl. He was in Rome when the French made their first attack, and related to me some of its details. 'I was returning,' he said, 'from a ride, when I found a crowd at one of the gates. Garibaldi was on the outside, and the Government was debating whether they should let him in. The general wish among the Romans was to exclude him. They had no serious intention of resisting the French, and feared, with truth, that his presence might force them on useless sacrifices. Mazzini's influence, however, prevailed. He and his followers were let in, but very coldly received. The next day, the French marched up the Porta Cavalleggieri, expecting to find it open. They were received by a fire from the neighbouring bastion, and Garibaldi made a sortie and brought in some prisoners, who had exposed themselves incautiously. From that instant the feelings of the people were changed. They fancied themselves invincible, and when I went in the evening into the Trastevere district, to look at the bronze horse which had just been turned up, I found them confident that they should punish the insolent aggression of Oudinot by the destruction of his whole army.'

*Tuesday, April 8.*—I visited Scipio's tomb and a neighbouring columbarium.

Colonel Moore<sup>1</sup> and Ampère drank tea with us.

<sup>1</sup> The late General Sir William Moore.—ED.

Colonel Moore rather shook his head at my solitary walks early in the morning<sup>1</sup> among the unfrequented vineyards and roads of the Aventine and Cælian. A church-hunter was knocked down and robbed at mid-day, on the Cælian, a few days ago. I have never seen anything alarming; but it is true that the Roman police turns its whole attention to those whom it thinks dangerous politicians, and takes no care for private security.

This is the first day of Roman spring weather; warm and relaxing.

*Wednesday, April 9.*—Warm and relaxing again. We ascended St. Peter's. The day was unlucky—misty and dull—so that we only saw the home view. The Campagna was spread out before us like a map. The view into the church from the highest gallery was very strange; the statues looked of human size, the human figures like rats on their hind legs. I afterwards went over the statues of the Vatican and the Egyptian and Etruscan Museums.

There is something grand in the stately, conventional forms of the earlier Egyptian sculpture. One sees the hand of a great artist whom religious scruples restrained from exhibiting all his skill. But I was more struck by the mixture of Egyptian and Greek art in Hadrian's time. There is a colossal Antinous, in which Egyptian severity and Greek truth and grace are beautifully mixed.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Senior was afterwards told that he was always followed, by order of the Government. He replied that his spy must have taken a great deal of exercise. —ED.

The Etruscan remains are almost universally Greek in form and in subject. The Etruscans, though powerful and civilised, seem to have had little nationality. They adopted the arts of Greece and the language of Rome, and allowed all that was peculiar to themselves to wear out. Mrs. Hamilton Gray, who is a very patriotic Scotchwoman, says that she is afraid the Scotch will do so, too.

*Thursday, April 10.*—We spent the morning in the Capitol and in Santa Maria del Popolo. I was again delighted by the ‘Sebastian del Piombo.’ It is very dirty, and obscured by candlesticks ranged before it; but even in that state reminds one strongly of the ‘Raising of Lazarus’ in our gallery.

In the evening we went to M. Rayneval’s, where Gousset, Archbishop of Bordeaux, received the congratulations of his friends on being made Cardinal. We were too late to hear the speech which was made to him on the occasion, but found a large party, principally men; Madame Gemeau doing the honours for Madame de Rayneval, who, I believe, is ill, or does not show herself. There are scarcely any lamps in Rome, except along the Corso. The street from thence to the Palazzo Colonna, where Rayneval lives, was lighted with torches for the occasion.

*Friday, April 11.*—I called on the Duke of Sermoneta in the morning, and afterwards went over the Spada Palace, the Quirinal, and the Villa Mills. The French bombardment of Rome was more serious than is supposed. I saw a 24-pound shot on the floor at the Duke’s,

and was told that it was one of many which had entered the house. 'Was anyone hurt?' I asked. 'Yes,' said the butler, 'that young man's wife was killed by a shell where you are standing.' In the court-yard of the Spada a little pyramid of balls is piled; and all the rooms towards the water have been injured; twenty balls at least, they said, entered the great hall containing the Pompey. We looked for a quarter of an hour at a Correggio, containing two little cherubs chuckling over some piece of mischief; childish fun cannot be more charmingly expressed.

The Villa Mills is not worth seeing; it consists merely of an execrable house and a pretty garden, commanding fine views of Rome.

*Saturday, April 12.*—I went to a review of about 7,000 French troops in the Piazza of St. Peter's, and afterwards to the Corsini and Farnese Palaces.

The Paynes drank tea with us. They were in Rome during the Republic, and till the beginning of the siege. Rome, they said, was perfectly tranquil; the stories that we had heard of a reign of terror, supported by assassinations, are not true. The Republicans were not guilty of any great crimes, except the murder of Róssi. But they committed small ones most abundantly. It was a time of universal rapacity and spite. Everyone was eager, first, to get as much as possible from the public, next, to annoy his private enemies. The first was done by all sorts of jobs at the public expense. People sold arms, and forage, and powder to the State for enormous sums, or were paid largely for their services, or accounted in a

summary way for the public money which passed through their hands. Then they punished those against whom they had a *dispetto* by imposing on them forced contributions, or, what was nearly the same, forced loans; or, perhaps, by destroying their properties, as interfering with the defence of the town. Their cowardice, Mrs. Payne said, was beyond description, and set off by the most extravagant boasting. The young men who went out to join the army of independence, and ran away whenever they saw an enemy, on their return entered the town in triumphal procession, each with his hat covered with laurels.

*Palm Sunday, April 13.*—We went to St. Peter's, the ladies at half-past 8, to secure seats, I at half-past 9. At 10 the Pope was brought in, on his throne, supported by a dozen bearers, and preceded by a long train of cardinals and bishops. The white mitres exactly resemble fools' caps. He sat under a canopy at the west end of the church (the entrance and nave front to the east), read prayers over a large bundle of things looking like shavings, but called palm branches, sprinkled them with holy water, incensed them three times, and then distributed them one by one to the cardinals, bishops, monsignori, heads of religious orders, the Corps Diplomatique, and, I daresay, a great many other persons. I went away just after General Gemeau had received his, having made the most reverent genuflexion that I observed. I had heard that the ceremonies of the Holy Week are tiresome even beyond the usual tiresomeness of ceremonies, but I could not have believed that many thousand

persons would spend three or four hours in looking at anything so childish as this. When the palms were all given, he went out, I am told, in a procession, and came back in another; it was not over when my wife and daughter came away at 1. By not waiting they lost the benefit of a plenary indulgence, which, at the end of the service, the Pope granted to all then present. St. Peter's was of course built for such ceremonies, and suits them admirably. Though there must have been more than 10,000 persons present, everyone could see; there was no pressure, no jostling, no heat.

In the evening I went to the Lateran, but was too late for the sunset. It was, however, still light in the open air when I entered the church by the door which opens into the transept. Within it was already dark. At first the gloom of the enormous building was almost awful. Gradually I could distinguish the ceiling, the tribune or apsis, and the vast arch in which the nave ends. One or two of the chapels were lighted up, others had a single lamp, but most were dark. I wandered over it for a quarter of an hour, and when I came out it was moonlight. The façade and the gigantic statues on the summits, cutting the sky, were very grand. I returned by Sta. Maria Maggiore, which looked beautiful, though of course, from its inferior size, less striking.

Colonel Moore drank tea with us.

*Monday April 14.*—The Duke of Sermoneta, Dr. T., and the Paynes dined with us. Colonel Moore came in the evening.

The Duke talked long on the mysterious subject of malaria. His theory is that it is occasioned, not by exhalations from the earth, nor from decayed vegetable matter, nor from any peculiarity in the constituents of the air, but simply from the rapid changes from hot to cold and from dry to damp to which the Italian climate south of the Apennines is subject. 'If,' he said, 'it arose from the air, or from miasmata of any kind, it would attack its victims, as cholera or small-pox does, without any immediate provocation. But it is always the consequence of some imprudence, of having been exposed to cold or damp when heated. If it prevails less in the more inhabited parts, it is because the number of persons and houses keeps the temperature more uniform; for the same reason the shepherds are safe when they sleep in the midst of their flocks. No district on the Tyrrhene side of the Apennines, from Spezzia to Reggio, is free from it. I live,' he continued, 'close to the Ghetto, where it is supposed not to exist, but one of my servants died of it last summer.' They all denied that either Frascati, or Albano, or Tivoli was safe. The Duke's own town, Sermoneta, on the top of one of the Volscian hills, is depopulated by it. All the inhabitants have yellow eyes, large bellies, and thin legs. The liver appears to be the seat of the disease. The lungs are safe—no one hears in Rome of consumption.

He is Colonel of the Pompieri, whose business it is to extinguish fires, and complains bitterly of the interference of the French. 'The Roman houses,' he said,

'are so solidly built, with so little wood, that a fire can generally be suppressed in the room in which it breaks out, and scarcely ever extends beyond the house. The French engineers, accustomed to the comparatively thin walls of France, seldom attempt to extinguish a fire; their plan is to insulate it by pulling down the houses on each side, which they do, especially in a foreign town whose inhabitants are their enemies, in the most remorseless, I may say the most wanton, manner. I keep entreating them to leave us to ourselves; at all events, to do nothing until the fire approaches their barracks. A few weeks ago the Colonel of the Corps du Génie breakfasted with me. I showed to him the thickness of our structures, and explained my system, and he promised to keep his men quiet. Soon after a fire broke out. I went there with my Pompiers, and found the neighbouring houses all occupied by French troops, who were tearing down walls and throwing furniture into the street, and repelled us with the usual flowers of military eloquence when we implored them to desist. They cannot resist the national tendency to meddle, and to believe that they know better than anyone else what to do.'

*Thursday, April 17.*—I went to hear the Pope say Mass in the Sistine Chapel. I arrived at 9, and with difficulty got a place. The service began at half-past 10, but the light was good, so I spent the time agreeably in looking at the ceiling and the walls. I was under Noah and his sons, and opposite to the Delphic Sibyl. I am more and more delighted with Michael Angelo every



day. I believe that I looked at the temptation and the creation of Adam for more than half an hour. Nothing could be more dull or childish than the service. The poor Pope was never left at rest for an instant. They kept putting on his mitre, taking it off, incensing him, kneeling and kissing, sometimes his hand, sometimes his foot, putting an apron over his knees and removing it. At last an umbrella was held over his head, and he was taken to a sort of portable awning, under which he was escorted out of the chapel. The whole time and attention of the cardinals, bishops, and congregation were so occupied with their devotions to the Pope that they did not even pretend to join in the divine worship—that was left to the singing boys. In the evening I went to hear a 'Miserere' in St. Peter's. A service was galloped through as quickly as they could chant, during which eight candles were put out one by one, and a ninth was then hid behind the altar. This lasted about three hours; then came the 'Miserere,' and while it was going on about two hundred little mops were distributed to the priests and singers. As soon as the 'Miserere' was over they proceeded to the high altar, ascended its steps in file, and each wiped it with his mop. As there were above two hundred of them, this took about three quarters of an hour, and long before it was over daylight had disappeared. A few torches, a chapel in the north transept illuminated with some hundreds of tapers, and six candles placed in the balcony over St. Veronica's statue, afforded the only light. St. Peter's, thus seen, looks even more vast than by day. By day one is

sometimes inclined to fancy it an ordinary church about which some thousands of pigmies are crawling. By night each chapel, insulated by the darkness, assumes the dimensions of a cathedral, the roof of the nave almost disappears, and the distant lights seem to be a mile off. I was struck by the same effect many years ago, when wandering over the cathedral of Cologne by night. When the altar washing was over, some priests went to the balcony over St. Veronica's statue, and held up to the crowd below the relics of the Passion—the spear-head, the sudarium, and a piece of the true cross.

I forgot to say that after the morning's Mass I saw the Pope give his blessing from the gallery of St. Peter's. It was a fine sight—the only ceremony, indeed, worth seeing. He performed it with great dignity and grace. Afterwards, in St. Peter's, I saw the thirteen Apostles, with their white caps, ranged on a high bench to have their feet washed by the Pope, before the dinner at which he waits on them. They are thirteen instead of twelve, in commemoration of the angel who joined St. Gregory's twelve guests. It is an honour much coveted ; but out of the thirteen the Pope has only the patronage of two. Two others are appointed by the French ambassadors, and other potentates have the remaining nominations. The field of selection is narrowed by the qualification of a venerable beard.

Signor Visconti drank tea with us. We talked of the comparative popularity of the Italian classics. 'Of one hundred educated persons,' he said, 'twenty have read Petrarch, thirty Ariosto, but the whole hundred know

Tasso by heart.' I asked him whom among living writers he thought likely to go down to posterity. 'Manzoni,' he answered, 'Balbo, and Troja.' We complained of the want of Italian novels. 'We have them,' he answered, 'but they are poems. Italian slides so easily into metre, that with some rare exceptions, such as Boccaccio among the ancients, and Manzoni and his imitators among the moderns, the writers of fiction have generally clothed it in verse. We are rich, too, in translations. Men of great literary eminence have submitted to translate. Shakespeare is admirably translated, so is Milton, and so is Pope.'

We talked of the Pope's admirable reading and speaking. 'We have two classes,' said Visconti, 'who cultivate the arts of delivery—the professors in the Universities and the clergy. They begin early, practice long and laboriously, and under good teachers, and obtain, as the Pope has done, great excellence. Sermons bad in matter are of course common enough with us, but sermons bad in delivery are very rare. All our preachers are good performers. Our language is far more sonorous and agreeable than any of the transalpine tongues, but it requires much more effort from the speaker. You seem to me to try to speak with as little exertion of lungs and throat as possible. I believe that to declaim in Italian for two hours is as laborious as to do so in English for four hours. It would be physically impossible to us to speak, as you do, for six, or for five, or even for four hours. We should be exhausted before the end of the second hour.'

*Good Friday, April 18.*—This was formerly the great day. On the suggestion, originally, of Michael Angelo, a colossal illuminated cross used to be suspended from the dome. At night, when everything else was dark, the effect was sublime. Leo XII. discontinued it on the ground that the congregation behaved disrespectfully, and attended more to the cross than to the service. I have no doubt that they did, but such misconduct could not have been peculiar to that particular ceremony. Nobody, foreign or Italian, cardinal or peasant, pays the least attention, that is to say devout attention, to anything that goes on in Holy Week. The whole is treated as a mere show. There is no chance, however, of the reappearance of the cross, at least during Papal domination. The Republicans restored it in 1849. No one will be guilty of the disloyalty of proposing to imitate them.

I spent the morning in the Vatican library. The books were all locked up, but I saw some fine bronzes, a gallery of small pictures of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, and some remarkably well-preserved antique frescoes, the largest of which is the celebrated 'Nozze Aldobrandini,' the most beautiful antique fresco that I have seen. There is a collection of things found in the Christian tombs in the St. Sebastiano Catacombs. The early Christians seem to have followed the practice, universal in barbarous and semi-barbarous nations, of interring with the corpse ornaments and sacred emblems. Mr. Payne and the Duke of Sermoneta spent the evening with us.

I asked the Duke whether much more was to be hoped from Cardinal Mai's searches among the Vatican palimpsests. 'Nothing,' he answered. 'In the first place, the Cardinal is otherwise employed. He is publishing a spicelegium from the unprinted Fathers, which brings him both fame and profit, for it has a considerable sale at a high price. And it is doubtful whether anything more is to be discovered. Even with our chymical knowledge, we find it cheaper to employ new parchment than to obliterate the writing on an old one. And so, it appears, did the Romans. Palimpsests therefore are very rare. The probability is that there does not exist one of real value.'

We talked of the relics that were exhibited yesterday. I said that I thought it not improbable that some might be genuine. There is a natural disposition to preserve things connected with an illustrious man. The ball that killed Nelson, the sword of Frederick the Great, the table on which Napoleon signed his abdication, the inkstand which Luther used in the Wartburg, are all preserved, and will probably be preserved for the next thousand years. If a relic survive its first three or four years, it is likely to remain safe as long as it is valued. Now, our Saviour left behind Him followers and friends far more numerous and far more devoted than Nelson, or Frederick, or Napoleon, or Luther. Is it not likely that they preserved many of the things associated with His last moments? At St. John Lateran is shown a board of chestnut. What is there improbable in the tradition that it is a part of the table on which the Last

Supper was eaten? Why was not that table as likely to be preserved as Napoleon's?

The Duke was utterly incredulous as to relics. 'The taste for them did not exist before the third or fourth century. It was not a Greek or a Roman weakness. Nothing connected with Socrates, or with Cæsar, or with Alexander seems to have been preserved. The greater part of our relics, too, are of a kind the least likely to receive cotemporary care; skulls, limbs, and bones. I do not believe that any that we possess, of any kind, can be traced to within 300 years of the death of their saint. Now, when we recollect the great importance which, after the fifth century, was attached to relics, the sums which were paid for them, the glory which was acquired by their discovery, and the slightness of the proof, often merely a dream, which was supposed to establish their authenticity, it is obvious that they must have been manufactured profusely. Take the true cross, for example. It is not pretended that after the Passion it was preserved. The legend states that it was found 300 years afterwards, together with others, by digging on Mount Calvary, and identified by the miracles which it performed. A miracle, of course, solves every difficulty; but one was as necessary to enable wood to remain undecayed in the earth for three centuries as to enable it to cure the sick. Until the authenticity of some one relic has been established I disbelieve in all.'

The weather is now that of a warm English June, but rather hotter, and at noon more oppressive. To

walk to St. Peter's in the middle of the day is a serious undertaking. One of the silliest acts of this silly people was the choice of such a position for St. Peter's and the Vatican—at the bottom of a hill, in a pestilential air, on the other side of the river, nearly a mile from the nearest portion of real Rome, and three miles from the most populous parts of it. And this when they had such glorious sites as the Capitol, the Palatine, the Quirinal, the Pincian, and half-a-dozen others, central, yet unbuilt on, where the Cathedral would have been placed on high and yet accessible, and the Palace would have been habitable. The motive was characteristically childish ; it was the tradition that St. Peter was buried there, which, if he really died at Rome, may have been the case ; for a distant unwholesome marsh, beyond the Campus Martius, was just the place into which the body of a man who had been crucified would be thrown. Those who threw it there little thought that they were laying the foundation of the greatest temple and of the greatest palace in the world : a church, however, in which there is scarcely ever a congregation, and a palace which very seldom has an inhabitant.

*Saturday, April 19.*—I went before breakfast to St. John Lateran to see the Jew baptized. As I crossed the Coliseum at half-past 7, I was struck by the fine effect of the morning rays streaming almost horizontally through the loftier tiers of arches. When I arrived at the Basilica they were employed in dressing the Cardinal, a ceremony which might perhaps be as well per-

formed in the vestry. It lasted so long that I went to the Musée. Afterwards I called on the Moores.

All the plans of Mr. Moore, the father, are deranged by a freak of the King of Naples. About a fortnight ago a cargo of hides in a bad state was received at Genoa, and three or four persons employed about it died. On this pretext the King has imposed a quarantine of twenty-one days on all persons coming by land from Genoa, or from any country communicating with Genoa, from Rome for instance, and has sent back the steamers without admitting them even to quarantine. Mr. Moore lives habitually at Sorrento during the summer. His villa there is waiting for him, but is to be reached only at the expense of spending three weeks in some unhealthy hut on the frontier. The King's object is thought to be political. Stories have been told about emissaries and arms sent from Rome to the Neapolitan territory, and it is supposed that he wishes to cut off all communication between Naples and the rest of Italy. If he could he probably would insulate his dominions from all Europe. Our exhibition has thrown him into a paroxysm of terror. He believes 100,000 conspirators will meet there. It is strange that a nation should allow all its commerce to be thus played with by a frightened fool.

We met a Neapolitan acquaintance, young Marquis Cimino. He is going to Paris, and is very anxious to go on to England, but fears that if he does so he will not be allowed to return to Naples. Passports merely rob and annoy English travellers, but they are tremen-



dous instruments of oppression on natives. They enable the Government to keep thousands of Neapolitans and Sicilians in exile, and to deter thousands from visiting any other country. It is one of their precautions against the great bugbear, Italian unity.

We dined early, and walked in the evening on the Pincian as long as we could bear it. They never water the roads, and a few carriages on that small space raise clouds of dust. Among the many deficiencies of Rome the want of tolerable walks is one of the greatest.

I have employed the leisure of the last week in running through the Blue-books on the Affairs of Italy, 1846, 1847, 1848, presented in July 1849.

The most important papers as respects Rome are :—

#### PART I.

Pp. 35 and 37. Lord Normanby's report of the Nuncio's request for English support, and for the presence in Rome of a person in the confidence of the English Government. This appears to have led to Lord Minto's mission.

P. 61. Mr. Freeborn, of July 5, 1847, reporting the address of Prince Borghese, as leader of a deputation to the Pope, requiring further reforms. This letter shows that even then, in the thirteenth month of his reign, the demands of the Roman people had far outrun the Pope's performances, and indeed his intentions.

P. 126. The requisition for reform presented by the five great Powers to Pope Gregory XVI. in 1831.

P. 163. The organisation of a municipality in Rome, October 2, 1847.

P. 197. The organisation of the Council of State in Rome, October 14, 1847.

P. 249. The Pope's speech to the Consulta, declaring that he never will lessen by one jot his sovereign power, November 15, 1847.

## PART II.

P. 75. Mr. Petre's letter reporting the demand made by the Roman people, on February 8, 1848, of lay administrators and arms for the people, and Ciceroacchio's advice to the people, if the Pope's answer were unfavourable, to take the affair into their own hands. This seems to have been the beginning of the Roman revolution, and was occasioned by the grant of a Constitution by the King of Naples on January 29 previous.

P. 114. Mr. Petre, February 23. Agitation for a Constitution continues. Police in the country paralysed.

P. 148. March 6, 1848. The Consulta of Rome demands a representative Constitution.

P. 191. March 14. The Roman Constitution. The electors of the Second Chamber are those who possess a capital of 300 scudi (about 66*l.*), or pay taxes to the amount of 12 scudi.

P. 277. Mr. Petre, March 24. The news of the expulsion of the Austrians from Milan and Venice having arrived, Aldobrandini, the Minister of Arms, calls for volunteers, to be marched to the frontier; and Borghese, Teano, Doria, Corsini, and other great men, call for contributions from all who are resolved to aid their Italian brethren in driving the Austrians out of Italy.

This was the second overt revolutionary act ; and the highest aristocracy took part in it.

P. 316. March 30. The Jesuits think it necessary to quit Rome.

P. 317. The Pope publishes an address, in which he laments the injuries committed against the ministers of religion, same day.

P. 358. April 14. Sir G. Hamilton is informed that the Pope has ordered his troops not to cross the Po.

P. 375. April 12. Mr. Petre describes Rome as almost anarchical. Ciceroacchio and Sterbini threatening violence and plunder. The Government issues paper money, secured on ecclesiastical property.

P. 386. April 14. Lord Minto spends six days in Rome ; reports the Pope's aversion to securing the paper money on ecclesiastical estates. The Papal troops cross the Po.

P. 423. April 29. The Pope's celebrated address to the cardinals, in which he declares that a war against the Germans is wholly abhorrent from his counsels, though he cannot restrain his subjects.

P. 431. May 2. The mob, headed by Ciceroacchio, seized the letters at the post-office, and confined the cardinals to their houses.

P. 438. May 4. Resignation of Ministry.

P. 442. May 5. New Ministry. Rossi one.

P. 594. June 5. Opening of the Roman Chambers.

This is the last paper relating to Roman affairs in Number II. The rest of the volume relates to the attempts made by Austria in May and June to obtain

peace by the surrender of Lombardy and the separate administration of Venice—terms on which Lord Palmerston refused to mediate. He required that Austria should also abandon a portion of the Venetian territory.

The Papal State papers are curious. They exhibit a Government which does not even profess to consider the welfare of its subjects as its principal object.

Temporal sovereigns often practically disregard that welfare, but none, except the old Greek *Tyrranoi*, have ventured openly to manifest their disregard. The only duties to which the Pope refers are his duties to the Church. He describes himself as sovereign of Rome, not for the benefit of the Roman people, but of the Christian world. And he seems to have been convinced that he could not perform his ecclesiastical duties unless he retained absolute temporal power. The Roman people, of course, took an opposite view. They cared little for the Church and everything for the State; and they were convinced that the absolute power which the Pope had resolved to retain was incompatible with their welfare. They went even further than this. Rome, as several of the Roman Liberals have confessed to me, resembles Naples in having no party really attached to constitutional monarchy. The Roman Liberals were then, as they are now, Republicans. Neither party, therefore, was sincere. The Pope granted institutions which he thought mischievously democratic, and probably hoped in time to retract; the people accepted them, believing them to be mischievously monarchical, and resolved in time to subvert them. On the whole,

the people seem to have behaved the worst. The expulsion of the Jesuits and the attack on Austria were revolutionary proceedings. Both were effected by the people in defiance of the Government. Instead of wondering that the Pope left Rome in November, I wonder that he remained there after May 5. After that day he had ceased to exercise any useful control, and his presence gave a sort of sanction to measures which he thought not only unwise but wicked. What I blame him for, or should blame him for if he were merely a king, is his calling on the Catholic powers to replace him on his throne by force. A prince who does this denies to his country its inherent right of choosing its own government. Here again the Pope was probably governed by his ecclesiastical feelings. Believing the possession of his temporal power to be a condition of the full exercise of his spiritual power, and believing that exercise to be essential to the welfare of Christianity, he may have thought himself justified in regaining his throne even by the worst of expedients, foreign intervention. I must add that the behaviour of the Roman people, absurd and ungrateful as it was, was exemplary, when compared with that of other portions of the Papal dominions. At Ancona, for instance, when the news of the defeat of Novara arrived, the mob broke into the casinos and coffee-rooms, and massacred all whom they found reading the newspapers. No such excesses took place in Rome, even under the most trying circumstances; not even when a sister Republic trampled her under foot under the pretence of lifting her up.

M. S. brought to me to-day the original journal which the Secretary to the Municipality of Rome kept during the four days which preceded the entry of the French. The Municipality printed it, and intended to publish it, as a justification, or, at least, an explanation, of their conduct. But the French, when in possession of the town, forbade the publication, and broke up the press. S. retained the manuscript.

When the Roman Assembly, on June 30, 1849, declared that they renounced making any further resistance, the Municipality thought it their duty to provide for the safety of the city. They sent a deputation to Oudinot to inquire what were his intentions. The deputation saw him at 3 in the morning of July 1, and brought back his scheme of a capitulation, which was merely a statement that the French army would that day enter Rome and take what positions it thought fit.

The Municipality proposed to add to it stipulations for the protection of persons and property, and for the maintenance of the National Guard. These stipulations were discussed with Oudinot at about noon on July 1. According to the report of the deputation, he seemed inclined to admit them, and General Vaillant said, 'If we make difficulties about such stipulations as these, with what face can we say that we have come to Rome as protectors of the Roman people?' But as M. de Corcelles was expected the next day, Oudinot requested that the matter might stand over till then.

The next day the deputation found Oudinot and

Corcelles prepared with a capitulation in the following words :—

Corps expéditionnaire de la Méditerranée.

Villa Santune, le 2 juillet. Le Général en chef.

La ville de Rome se place sous la protection de l'honneur et des principes libéraux de la République française.

*Article 1<sup>er</sup>.*

L'armée française fera son entrée dans la ville. Elle y occupera les positions militaires qu'elle jugera convenables.

*Article 2<sup>e</sup>.*

Toutes les communications avec la ville, qui sont en ce moment interrompues par l'armée française, y redeviendront libres.

*Article 3<sup>e</sup>.*

Les dispositions défensives établies dans l'intérieur de la ville, n'ayant plus d'objet, disparaîtront, et la circulation sera entièrement rétablie.

*Article 4<sup>e</sup>.*

Les troupes régulières romaines prendront les cantonnements qui leur seront désignés. Les corps de troupes étrangères aux États pontificaux seront licenciés.

Il sera donné aux militaires qui les composent toute facilité pour se retirer dans leurs foyers.

Le Général Commandant en chef de l'armée expéditionnaire de la Méditerranée.

(Signé) OUDINOT DE REGGIO.

The deputation exclaimed against the discrepancy between these stipulations and those which Oudinot had almost acquiesced in the day before, and they urged in particular that to accept them would be to abandon

their foreign auxiliaries, against whom their own countries were now closed. Oudinot answered that his own views remained the same, but that M. de Corcelles had received precise instructions from his Government, forbidding the grant of any other conditions. With this answer the deputation returned to the Municipality.

The Municipality resolved—

First—That they could not assent to these conditions.

Secondly—That they could not resist.

Thirdly—That all that remained was to submit to force, and let the French enter without any conditions at all.

Which was accordingly done.

This appears to me to have been a mistake. If they had accepted Oudinot's terms, and 'placed themselves,' to use his own words, 'under the protection of the honor and of the liberal principles of the French Republic,' France would have been forced to give some meaning to those words. She could not have abandoned them, as she now does, to the unimpeded, unmitigated tyranny and vengeance of the Pope and the Absolutists.

But the Italians do not seem to know how to play a losing game. Indeed, they do not seem to know how to play any game at all. While they are successful they go on, as Charles Albert did, playing double or quits; as soon as the chances turn against them they throw down their cards.

When I repeated to S the substance of what I have above written, he defended the rejection of Oudinot's



terms on the ground of the utter faithlessness of the French negotiations and of the French Assembly. 'It is doubtful,' he said, 'whether we should have gained anything by the most precise stipulations. But to trust the vague expressions, such as the honour or the liberality of the Republic, would have been childish. By folding our arms, and submitting silently to irresistible force, we saved at least our dignity. By signing a capitulation we should have, to a certain degree, sanctioned the violence which was offered to us, and probably at last have been as utterly abandoned by France as we are now. Recollect,' he added, 'the terms of Oudinot's first proclamation—that which he issued at Civita Vecchia on April 24, 1849. He there declared his intention to respect the wishes of the majority of the Roman people, and solemnly promised not to impose on them any form of government which they did not themselves desire. This was a far more formal engagement than that which he offered in his capitulation. And we see how it was performed. Recollect, too, that Lesseps, the French Plenipotentiary, signed on May 31 a convention with the Roman Government, by which the French engaged to abstain from all interference in the administration of the country and to protect the Roman people from all foreign aggression; and that Oudinot refused to ratify this convention, though entered into by an agent to whom full powers had been confided. What should we have got by treating with parties so utterly faithless and unscrupulous? We should have been betrayed as well as oppressed—cheated as well as crushed.'

*Easter Sunday, April 20.*—We all went to St. Peter's in the morning. At least 20,000 persons must have been in the church. It would have held twice as many more. The burst of trumpets was wonderfully fine, and the benediction picturesque; but they were not worth (indeed what is worth?) two hours and a half waiting.

The distant Apennines are still covered with snow, but the weather here is that of hot summer. The sun at noon is unbearable.

On my return I looked into the Pantheon. Twenty-one years ago a friend of mine vowed a silver horse-shoe to the Madonna of the Pantheon if his mare won a match at Newmarket. She won, and on May 21, 1830, he hung it by a purple ribbon to one of the candlesticks, with this inscription, 'C. C. G.,<sup>1</sup> P. G. R. N. A., 27, 1830.' I went to-day to look for it. But on the candlesticks nothing was to be found, and among the *ex votos* which crowd the frame of the picture I could not find a horse-shoe. I hope that the priests have not stolen it.

In the evening was the illumination of St. Peter's. The enervating climate of Rome made the servants, then Minnie, and then Mrs. Senior ill. I stood it till to-day, but find myself now attacked by a sort of bronchitis, not aggravated; but any form of bronchitis is serious. I did not venture, therefore, to drive out to see the illumination, but merely walked to the Pincian, from whence I saw the silver illumination and the sudden change to the golden one. Both were fine, but my wife and daughter told me that they were much finer seen from the Piazza of St. Peter's.

<sup>1</sup> The late Charles Greville.—ED.

*Monday, April 21.*—I did not feel well enough to go out, except in the evening, when we attempted to walk round the walls (the Pincian was closed), and were driven in by the dust.

The French have their powder magazine in the Castle of St. Angelo, so the fireworks were exhibited on the Pincian. Our windows commanded the greater part of them, and those which I saw from thence were beautiful, particularly the Girandola at the end. Mrs. Senior, who saw the whole from the Piazza del Popolo, said that they were the most brilliant and varied that she had ever seen.

*Tuesday, April 22.*—I went to St. Agostino and Sta. Maria della Pace to see Raphael's 'Isaiah and Sibyls.'

Dr. T. came to take leave of us. He is going to England, and describes the formalities which attend the grant of a passport to a Roman. First, he must have the consent of his wife; secondly, of the curate of his parish; and, thirdly, a certificate from two persons in the confidence of the Government that he behaved well during the Revolution. 'But,' I said, 'if the wife or the curate refuse to consent, what is the remedy?' 'In respect of the curate,' he said, 'there is none. He is the sole judge of what is favourable or unfavourable to the spiritual health of his parishioners; and if he thinks that foreign travel is likely to disagree with your soul, you must stay at home. As to your wife, you may summon her before the tribunal to give her reasons, and if the Court thinks them insufficient, you are allowed to go; but there is no saying how long the suit may last.'

Dr. T. says that he has a formidable rival in the Ara Cæli Bambino, who, though an infant, is the oldest practitioner in Rome. He attends from the convent, accompanied by a couple of the friars, whenever he is sent for. During the revolution he went in state, for the Triumvirate made him a present of the Pope's carriage; but since the restoration he is degraded to his original vehicle, a hackney coach. When introduced to the patient, if his countenance become paler it is a bad sign, if redder, a good one. Laymen seldom perceive these changes, but the Friars, by long habit, distinguish and announce them. 'And do educated people,' I said, 'believe in him?' 'Whether they believe or not,' he answered, 'I will not decide; but they act as if they believed. They send for him, and pay largely for his services. And I have no doubt that all the women of what may be called the lower middle orders, and the bulk of the lower orders believe in him.'

We dined with the Paynes. Among the party was a Monsignor Pintini—a very pleasing man of about forty-five. He has passed an official life, is now President of the Camera Apostolica, and is expected to be one of the next cardinals; he may be considered, therefore, as a man of the world, for a Roman. He told me that he thought that the general jealousy of the European powers would prevent the establishment of a secular Government in Rome. That the central position, fertility, and natural advantages of the Roman States, and the energy and intelligence of the Roman people, so fitted them to be a great power, that if the government

of Rome were in lay hands, actuated by the ordinary motives of ambition, it would absorb all Italy, and keep France and Austria in check. He believes, therefore, that the continental powers will keep Rome in the hands of the priests, in order to keep her weak. I asked him what were his own plans if he were called on, as perhaps he may be, to govern the country. 'In the first place,' he answered, 'I would have Rome acknowledged, as Belgium has been, as a neutral State. I would surrender the power of making war in exchange for protection against foreign attack. This would enable me to substitute for our expensive army a gendarmerie of about 6,000 men.

'In the second place, I would grant absolute freedom of trade—freedom from all duties, even for revenue purposes. The whole Roman States should be one free port. There should be neither customs nor *octrois*.' 'How, then,' I said, 'would you provide a revenue?' 'By one direct tax,' he answered. 'I should recur to Vauban's scheme of an *impôt unique*, except that mine should be on all income; not confined, as his was, to rent. Nine million scudi a-year would be enough, about three scudi per head on the whole population. I would grant municipal institutions with perfect freedom of action, except that the local taxation should not exceed one-half of the public taxation.' 'Would you grant,' I asked, 'a Constitution?' 'No,' he answered, 'I would not. In the first place, we have not sufficient political knowledge. A Roman Assembly would not comprehend my system. It would probably be anxious to go to war for the liberation

of Italy. It would certainly propose to protect domestic industry and domestic agriculture. Peace and free-trade are not popular in Italy. In the second place, it would not be necessary. I should allow the Roman people full power to do everything they liked, except to murder and steal. Why should they desire a Constitution? The great use of a Constitution is to provide a legislative body ; but we have at present excellent laws. I do not wish them to be changed ; I only wish them to be better obeyed, and that may be secured without a Constitution. The Medes and Persians did not form a constitutional empire, yet their king, absolute as he was, was bound by the law.' 'If it be true,' I answered, 'that the law of the Medes and Persians altered not, it must have been protected, as some of the laws of Turkey are, by superstition. Nothing but superstition can bind the supreme power of a State. And the only means by which the supreme power can be prevented from violating the rules which it has laid down for its own guidance, or, in other words, from breaking the laws, is by dividing it ; by giving to one man or to one set of men a certain portion of supreme power, and to another man or to another set of men another portion—that is to say, by a Constitution.'

I am not sure that he was convinced, but it had become late, and our conversation was terminated by the break-up of the party.

*Thursday April 24.*—This is the public day at the Vatican, so we went to take leave of the Stanze and statues. But everything was shut. The Grand Duke of Tuscany is here. It is thought probable that he may

wish to see the Vatican, therefore everybody else is excluded. Some French artists were very indignant. They said that they had presented themselves every public day, and every day had been sent back. Last Monday, because it was a feast ; the Thursday before, because it was a fast ; and now they should have to leave Rome without seeing the great object for which they had come.

If they had known Italy as well as I do, they would not have been surprised.

Dr. L., whose medical advice I have taken, called on me. After our professional conversation was over, he began to talk politics. 'Nothing,' he said, 'but the presence of a foreign force can preserve the Pope's temporal authority. If at the time of his restoration he had restored to us the institutions which he himself gave to us in 1848, we should have acquiesced in the continuance of his rule. But we see that he is not to be trusted ; we do not believe that any priest is to be trusted, and the instant that the foreign pressure ceases the Republic will be proclaimed.' 'What,' I asked, 'are the principal subjects of complaint?' 'The great complaints,' he answered, 'are the disregard of law, the wanton arrests, the prisons filled with men who are never intended to be tried, the interminable delays of the law, both civil and criminal, the servility of the judges, the arbitrary increase of taxation, the slavery of the press, the monopoly of education by the priests, the inquisition of the government into every man's religious observances and opinions, the discouragement of all freedom of conversa-

tion, and, if possible, of thought. These are all positive grievances, but there are negative ones, too. We see Piedmont, Tuscany, Naples, and even Lombardy and Venice, increasing in wealth, intersected by railways, with ships in their ports and manufactures in their towns, improving in agriculture and in population, while we remain stationary or recede. We have long attributed our backwardness to our priestly government; and the rapid improvement which we made in prosperity during the few months of our secular administration, until the French came to trample us down, convinced us that we were right. 'You know,' he continued, 'that the Grand Duke of Tuscany is here, but perhaps you do not know the object of his visit, for the Government tries to keep it secret. Austria and Tuscany wish to unite Venice and Leghorn by a railway, which must pass through a portion of Romagna. The Pope has referred the question to the cardinals. The Sacred College answers that railways produce commerce, and commerce produces sin. The use of the Roman territory is refused. You may conceive the irritation that this produces. The active tyranny of the Government affects comparatively few, but its obstructiveness interferes with the comfort and prosperity of every individual. We cannot be accused of extravagant wishes when we ask only to be as well treated as Lombardy and Naples are. We cannot be accused of impatience when we propose to shake off a Government which avows its intention to exclude us from commerce, wealth, and improvement.'



'Is it true,' I asked, 'that the Pope is getting tired of the French occupation?' 'It scarcely can be said,' he answered, 'that the Pope is getting tired of the French. He knows that he, and indeed his successors, if he is to have any, must always reign by means of foreign support, and he never will find a foreign garrison who will serve him more cheaply or trouble him less about reforms than the French under the present government of France. But he distrusts, like everybody else, the continuance of that government. He fears a Rouge assembly, or a Rouge dictator; and he knows that those who are now his submissive servants would in an instant be turned into imperious masters. The Austrians, on the other hand, would be far more exponents than the French. They would require to be paid, probably to be clothed. Schwarzenberg is not dependent on a priestly faction. He could urge the Pope to secularise his administration, and to grant, at least, free provincial and local institutions. And he could make himself obeyed. But he might be depended on. If the Austrians held Rome, the Pope would not be, as he is now, in constant terror of a French proclamation disavowing all that has been done by Oudinot and his Legitimist successors, and inviting the Romans to reconstitute their Republic. I do not believe the Pope will breathe freely until he sees the cock replaced by the double-headed eagle.'

From politics we went to malaria. 'Rome,' he said, 'is already, on April 24, too hot to be healthy; and your situation just under the Pincian is not a good one.'

‘Do you believe,’ I said, ‘that the unhealthiness arises from variations of temperature, or from damp, or from deleterious exhalations?’ ‘Probably,’ he answered, ‘it may arise from them all. It prevails most where the ground is least covered with buildings; houses have been rendered safe by flagging their court-yards. Yet that could not much affect the variations of temperature.’ ‘The Villa Mellini, on the Monte Mario,’ I said, ‘is to be sold. It is a charming residence, high, dry, and exposed. Is that safe?’ ‘No,’ he said, ‘not in summer; nothing that stands alone is safe, whether in or out of the walls; but in general the suburban villas are more dangerous than those which are nearer to the streets.’

*Friday, April 25.*—We left Rome at a quarter to 11, and got to Civita Vecchia by 7.

At this season the country between Rome and Civita Vecchia is a sheet of green, the grass about as high as it is with us in the middle of June; the hedges are white with May. From time to time we came to a thicket of broom, laurustinus, and cytisus in full bloom. The whole drive was exceedingly pretty, sometimes beautiful, but desolate. We passed through no towns and saw only one, which I suspect to have been Cervetri, at a distance. A few large feudal castles, some of the Martello towers erected against the Saracens, and from time to time a solitary farm-house or post-house, were the only abodes of man that we discovered during more than fifty miles.

*Saturday, April 26.*—The packet for Marseilles was to have started at 10 this morning, but it blew so hard

from the north-west that she is delayed at least till noon. I took a charming walk before breakfast along the downs overlooking the sea, which, for the Mediterranean, is respectably boisterous. The air is light and cool, a delightful change from the hot, heavy winds or calms of Rome. Mr. Lowe, the Consul, tells us that he finds the climate safe, except just at the changes from winter to spring and from autumn to winter. It is healthy in June, July, and August, when the Campagna is mortal. Yet the two countries are similar in appearance.

Mrs. Senior and I have been walking about the whole day, enjoying objects from which we have long been separated, the sea and trees, and breathing the wind from the water, cool and invigorating without being cold.

JOURNALS

KEPT IN

P A R I S

1851—1852.



## JOURNAL.

*Sunday, May 4.*<sup>1</sup>—We reached Paris this morning at 6. We have apartments in the Hôtel Westminster, Rue de la Paix. I went early in the morning to see Tocqueville, and found him sitting with Beaumont. I related my conversation with the Taylors at Marseilles on the commercial depression in consequence of the Revolution.

‘The Marseillais,’ said Beaumont, ‘are wrong in the importance which they attach to a revolution. A revolution no longer interrupts the ordinary progress of society. The whole machinery of government continues to work much in the same way, whatever be the changes in the moving power which drives it. Justice, police, revenue, in short the whole interior administration, the administration for which government is instituted, go on by force of the original impulse given to them under the Convention and under the Empire, just as the human heart beats and the human lungs play, independently of the will of their possessor. This is the most consoling result of our recent experience. If, as it seems probable, we are to pass the rest of our lives among revolutions, it is some comfort that a revolution is no longer the

<sup>1</sup> The Journal from Marseilles to Paris, including the conversation with Mr. Taylor, has been omitted.—ED.

period of destruction, or even of disorganisation, that it once was.'

'The political horizon,' said Tocqueville, 'is darker, that is to say, obscurer, than I ever knew it to be. At Sorrento I thought that I could see a little before me. Since I am in Paris I give up all attempts at prophecy, or even conjecture. One thing only is certain, that a legal solution of the question that will have to be settled next year is impossible. The President will not consent to consider himself ineligible; even if he were to do so, his friends would not act on that supposition. He will certainly be on the list of candidates, and the result most to be desired, or least to be deprecated, is that he should be re-elected by a majority so large as to be considered to speak the voice of the nation, and therefore to legalise its own act, though opposed to the existing law. It must be remembered that by that time the new Assembly will have been elected, and the present Assembly, therefore, though technically possessed of its full powers, will have lost its moral influence. At present there is a lull. Parties are preparing for the discussion as to the revision of the Constitution, which cannot come on until the 28th.'

This was the great Republican *fête*. Rain and north-east wind, which have prevailed, I hear, for the last two months, continued during the whole day; yet all the morning two or three hundred thousand persons, under dripping umbrellas, were lining the quays and the Tuileries Gardens, gazing on a fountain erected in the middle of the Seine, some barges with tricolor flags, and a few

guns which fired from time to time. Among the faults of the French impatience does not appear to be one. In the evening there were illuminations and fireworks in the Tuileries Gardens and Champs Élysées.

Mrs. Grote procured tickets for us for the Hôtel de la Marine, whence we should have seen everything admirably, but we were afraid of encountering a wet, stormy night.

The *fête* went off very flatly, for which the execrable weather was not alone responsible.

The French ought not to keep anniversaries. After they have recurred once or twice, the event which they commemorate has certainly ceased to be remembered with pleasure, perhaps has begun to be deplored. This was a *fête* to celebrate what every one proclaims to have been a disgrace and a calamity.

*Tuesday, May 6.*—M<sup>de</sup>. Faucher<sup>1</sup> gave us the official box at the Théâtre Français to see Rachel in 'Valeria.' It is a bad play, but more tolerable when acted than when read. The heroine is Messalina, whom the play supposes to have been an excellent person, but encumbered by a double, a sister exactly resembling her, but of opposite habits. Rachel acts both characters, and appears alternately as the Roman matron and the courtesan. Every time that I see her I like her better. Nothing can exceed the grace and dignity of her action, or the force of her passionate scenes. Her comedy as the courtesan was not equal to her tragedy; her voice

<sup>1</sup> M. Faucher had been Minister of the Interior since April 11. See p. 185.—ED.



is too rough, and her tall, thin figure and severe features do not easily assume gaiety and fun. Her success, however, was very great.

*Wednesday, May 7.*—I called on Dunoyer, but found only his wife and son. She asked if I had seen the Pope, and whether I was not delighted with him. ‘He is,’ she said, ‘a real saint.’ ‘I fear,’ she continued, ‘we are not so popular in Rome as we deserve to be. A friend of mine who spent the winter there found scarcely any *salon* open to him. This is a bad return for the sacrifices we have made and are making to rescue the Romans from the tyranny of Anarchists and foreigners. It was, however, to be expected. France is constantly wasting men and money in the cause of the oppressed, and is constantly repaid by ingratitude.’

M. de V. called on us, and he and I drank tea with Mrs. Grote. V. looks forward with great alarm, and sees no hope for France unless the present provisional state of things be succeeded by a real Republic.

‘But,’ I said, ‘you are an Orleanist, a friend to constitutional monarchy.’ ‘Certainly,’ he answered, ‘I am so far a constitutionalist that I believe constitutional monarchy to be the best form of government for a nation which can maintain it, but I do not believe that it can be maintained in France. We are incapable of the mutual concessions which enable a mixed government, a government in which the supreme power is divided, to keep its course under contending influences, like a ship which advances by opposing the action of the rudder to the action of the sails.’

With us a majority has no self-control, a minority has no resignation. Our Government, therefore, must be a simple one. We might get on with a President without an Assembly, or with an Assembly without a President, but while we have both they will spend their time in quarrelling instead of governing.

‘I do not believe, however, that France now contains materials out of which a throne can be built. There is no faith, or devotion, or loyalty in the people, and, if the capacity for those feelings existed, there is no candidate worthy to excite them. My only hope, therefore, is that we shall obtain a real Republic; that is to say, one governing body, exercising supreme power, appointing its own ministers, responsible only to the nation, and uncontrollable by any president or king. I believe that we have to choose between this and ruin.’

‘What do you mean,’ I asked, ‘by ruin? How can such a country as France be ruined?’

‘By ruin,’ he answered, ‘I mean progressive decline. I mean deterioration of agriculture, of manufactures, and of commerce. I mean capital exported, railroads unfinished, rents unpaid, increasing pauperism, a growing deficit; in short, the continuance of our present state of insecurity, and therefore of semi-paralysis.’

‘But this insecurity,’ I said, ‘has lasted for sixty years, and they form the most prosperous period of your history, the period during which you have advanced most rapidly.’

‘Without doubt,’ he answered, ‘we have travelled far since 1789, but our progress has not been unchecked.

Between the Revolution and the Consulate there were years of misery. Under the strong government of Napoleon, confidence and prosperity returned; but after 1812, when his fall began to be foreseen, they vanished, and it was long before they reappeared. The Revolution of 1830 threw us back again, and we did not recover till 1834. Then followed the highest tide of prosperity that we have ever known, but it began to ebb in 1846. We had all been spending beyond our incomes. The land was encumbered with a mortgage debt of ten millions. We had constructed railroads, not to the extent of our wants, but beyond our means; a general rise of prices had been followed by a general fall. This was the real cause of the Revolution of 1848. For a couple of years before, Guizot's friends had been repeating to him that it was time for him to retire; that the French were uncomfortable, and determined to make some change; and that the best course for him and for the country was that he should offer himself as the victim. If he had listened to us the Monarchy might have been saved.'

'And do you expect,' I answered, 'prosperity from the Republic?'

'I expect,' he replied, 'prosperity from any government that is stable, or that is believed to be stable. We can bear anything but insecurity.'

We went in the evening to the Ministerial reception at Madame Faucher's. Madame Faucher sat in a great arm-chair near the fireplace, with two other arm-chairs, though of rather less dimensions, as the places of honor on each side, and about twenty more beyond, extending

to the wall. The ladies were brought up to her by Faucher, made their bows, and were ranged in the chairs, as far as possible, according to precedence; there were about twenty of them. The men stood in a body on the other side of the chimney. Such receptions are proverbially stiff and dull, and this was not an exception.

*Thursday, May 8.*—Count Gallina, who is the Sardinian Minister, Mrs. Grote, and Dumon breakfasted with us. Dumon congratulated the ladies that they knew only one Minister's wife. 'No *corvée*,' he said, 'is so severe as doing suit in an official *salon*. If I were another Dante, and had to describe purgatory, the punishment of the worst sinner should be to attend a committee in the morning, to make a speech at noon, to talk it over with your colleagues on the rising of the Chamber, to go to a Ministerial party in the evening, and to correct the proofs of your speech at night.'

We asked if the distress which is complained of in the North extended to the neighbourhood of Agen, where his property lies.

'It is universal,' he answered. 'Corn, wine, and cattle scarcely pay the cost of production, and leave nothing for rent.'

'And how do you account for it?' I asked.

'First,' he replied, 'I will tell you what is *not* my explanation. I do not attribute it, as many do, to the goodness of the seasons. Neither of the two last years' crops has been more than a good one. And even if they had been abundant, the excess of quantity would

have compensated the diminution of value. The real cause of distress is the suspension of the internal corn trade. The corn-dealers, by buying when corn was cheap and selling when it was dear, kept the price steady. Since 1848 no one ventures to accumulate a stock; first, lest he should have his throat cut as a monopoliser; secondly, because he keeps his property in a portable form, as he fears that he may have to run, and wishes to be able to carry it with him. The same cause of distress affected the vine-grower. His ordinary customers, the great wine-dealers, fail him.'

'But why,' I asked, 'are cattle and sheep so cheap? No one used to accumulate them.'

'They are cheap,' answered Dumon, 'from diminution of demand. The great consumers of meat were the artisans of the cities. Want of employment and low wages force them to give it up. We fear that this state of things will be followed by evils of an opposite kind. The low prices occasion an enormous consumption of corn, and check the breeding of live stock. If we have a bad or even a late harvest, prices from ruinously low must become frightfully high, and in the struggle which must take place next spring, scarcity or even famine may drive thousands into the ranks of the political fanatics.'

'Is Paris,' I asked, 'distressed?'

'Trade has languished,' he answered, 'during the last six months, but it was morbidly active during the winter. The winter of 1849-50 was one of unprecedented luxury and expenditure; that of 1850-51 far exceeded it. The

Parisians were like sailors in a wreck, every one spent to the utmost extent of his means and of his credit, distrusting the future, every one rushed to enjoy the present.'

*Saturday, May 10.*—I breakfasted with Faucher. He allows himself only twenty minutes, so that we had not much conversation. He assured me that the plans of an extensive rising for last Sunday were laid, and that it would have broken out if it had not been countermanded by the Central Committee of Insurrection. In perhaps half a dozen places which the counter-order did not reach the movement took place. Twenty-five men crossed the Rhone from the village of Petit Genève, and entered a village called Sausse, crying 'Vivent les Rouges!' 'Vive la guillotine!' and were driven back with difficulty.

I sat with Mdme. Faucher a little while after breakfast, till the crowd of petitioners forced me away. She talked of the Roman expedition, and treated it as a fatal necessity.

'We could not,' she said, 'allow Austria to occupy Rome. It would have destroyed our influence in Italy, and the only way to prevent her was to occupy it ourselves.'

'But,' I said, 'why did not you go sooner? Why did not you go when the Pope asked for you—when he was afraid of Austria, and would have promised any reforms that you insisted on?'

'That,' she answered, 'was in Cavaignac's time, and we could not then interfere in favour of a sovereign.

We were then the natural allies of every people that chose to make a revolution.'

I dined with the Political Economy Club, and sat between Dunoyer and Wollowski. I asked Wollowski how soon he expected the question as to the revision of the Constitution to be decided.

'Not, at the earliest,' he answered, 'before September. It is not likely that we shall obtain three-fourths of the votes at the first attempt, and we must have that majority on three discussions, with a month between each. We expect to get the legal majority, but, if we fail, still to obtain a respectable majority ; if we are two to one, or even three to two, we shall probably declare void the clause in the Constitution which requires the concurrence of more than a bare majority. The argument against its validity is strong. If the framers of the Constitution had required for its alteration the unanimity of the Assembly, it is clear that such a clause would have been void. It would have been an enactment that the will of an individual should prevail over that of all his colleagues. The same argument applies to any clause requiring more than a bare majority. Every such requisition prefers the will of the minority to that of the majority. I trust, as I said before, that we shall not be forced on this course; but if such should be the only exit from this deplorable Constitution, we certainly shall take it.'

I found Dunoyer firmly convinced of the approaching reconciliation of England to Catholicism. I told him that I believed that we were never farther from it, and

that the conversions, numerous as they appeared to be, were few in relation to the vast body of the English gentry.

I found also that, like his wife, he believed that the French intervention had been popular in Rome, and had relieved the Roman people from the intolerable tyranny of a crowd of foreign adventurers. He was astonished when I told him that Rome, under the Republic, was better governed than it has been before or since.

When I returned I found Gallina drinking tea with the ladies. He had been dining with the President, and spoke with great admiration of his power of silence—a rare faculty in this country.

*Monday, May 12.*—The Abbé Gioberti and the Prince Butera breakfasted with us.

The Abbé prophesied, as he prophesied to me a year ago, the expulsion of the Austrians and the sovereigns from Italy, and its conversion into a system of confederate republican states.

The Prince denied that this would be the case as to Sicily. 'The Sicilians,' he said, 'are essentially monarchical and aristocratic. They will take the first opportunity to shake off the Neapolitan rule, but they will substitute, not a republic, but a constitutional monarchy.'

'But,' said Gioberti (in the true spirit of an Italian liberal), 'Italy will not allow this. You belong to us by language, and in a great measure by race; we shall make you republican, whether you wish it or not.'

'But when,' I said, 'is this to happen?'



‘At the first outbreak in France,’ answered Gioberti. ‘Two months after there is a real republic in France not a throne will be standing in Italy. Austria knows this so well that she will not wait to be attacked. She will march on Alexandria and Turin the instant that she hears of a provisional government in the Tuileries. But she will be recalled by the insurrections in her rear. Italy will be no longer disunited, she will no longer be restrained or cheated by Pope, or Grand Duke, or King.’

‘Will Piedmont,’ I asked, ‘remain monarchical?’

‘Certainly not,’ he answered; ‘the royalty of Piedmont, though less offensive than that of any other part of Italy, will be carried away by the torrent.’

‘And when,’ I said, ‘do you expect the torch from France that is to kindle this conflagration?’

‘The instant,’ he answered, ‘that the President or the Assembly attempts a *coup d'état*; and both are so reckless that one or the other will do so before long. The Assembly, for instance, is bent on revising the Constitution. This it cannot legally do if it be opposed by 188 voters; and it is certain that it will be opposed by more. The Mountain alone consists of 150. But even if 560 out of the 750 were to vote for the revision, and the Assembly were to act on that vote, the people would run to the barricades. Again, supposing this danger escaped and the Constitution unrevised, the President, though not a legal candidate, will be put forward; and it is not improbable that, with the assistance of the unconstitutional law which has destroyed

universal suffrage, he will be re-elected. This will be the signal for insurrection, and the next insurrection will succeed. But even without an insurrection democracy will again triumph in France. Its advance during the last three years has been marvellous. It has spread upwards from the lower classes; the bourgeoisie are now all republicans. And I repeat that, when France is really and sincerely democratic, Italy cannot remain monarchical'.

The Prince agreed with me that Sicily is far better governed than the Italian part of the Neapolitan dominions, and the King has become jealous of what he supposes to be Filangieri's popularity. He is recalling the regiments with which Filangieri reconquered the island, and on whom he can depend, and substituting new ones, who know nothing of their general. This is not dangerous at present; the Sicilians are too broken to rise again against Naples. But the next time that Naples itself is in revolt, it will be found that 11,000 men, of the sort of troops that the King is sending there, cannot keep Sicily. He told us a characteristic anecdote of the King. A Neapolitan lady, the wife of one of those who served under the constitutional government, and therefore was banished with her husband, has an important lawsuit. In no part of Europe is the actual presence of a litigant more necessary than in Naples. The advocates are to be conferred with, the judges are to be visited; in short, 'l'absent a toujours tort.' A friend of hers, a man of eminence in the royal or reactionary party, asked permission for her to visit

Naples. Not only was he refused, but the King made a great merit of not punishing him severely for the request. 'Anyone else,' he said, 'would have had to repent in St. Elmo.'

After breakfast I called on the Marchioness Durazzo. She talked of the anti-papal agitation in England. 'No political event,' she said, 'had taken her so much by surprise.' She expected, and so did all her friends, to find us pleased with the substitution of a regular hierarchy for the irregular administration of the church by a mere papal substitute.

At 2 I went to the Assembly. The Bill for the Western Railway was read the third time. It grants the railway to an English company, and the Montagne, faithful to its system of placing all the railways in the hands of the Government, tried to encumber the grant by all sorts of vexatious conditions.

Beaumont, as reporter of the committee to which the Bill had been referred, had to oppose the Montagne, which he did exceedingly well. He is an easy, spirited, and effective speaker. The Bill contains a clause enabling the State to purchase the railway at any time after fifteen years, at a price depending on the average of the profits of the previous seven years. One amendment proposed that the power of purchase should be immediate and constant, and that the price should be fixed by nine persons, only three of whom should be named by the company. Another proposed that the fares should be fixed, and from time to time altered at the discretion of the Government. Both were rejected, and

the Bill was passed ; but it is strange that clauses so inconsistent with the rights of property should be seriously moved and supported.

In the evening the Fauchers, Ampère, Dumon, Say, Dunoyer, Mérimée, Gioberti, Mrs. Grote, and Lady Elgin drank tea with us.

I said to Faucher, 'Now that I have you for ten minutes, will you tell me what is your plan of campaign ?'

'When I was urged to take office,' he answered, 'I had to find some base on which a parliamentary majority favourable, or, at least, not actively hostile, to the Government could be constructed. The base which I chose was the revision of the Constitution, an object which appeared to me to unite the two great requisites of a principle which is to connect a party—desirableness and difficulty. Nine-tenths of the Assembly know that it is necessary, and all know that it can be obtained only by union and energy. I have endeavoured to be as conciliatory as possible in the Assembly, to open my arms to all who, whatever were their politics, would join us in this great undertaking. And in the interior I assured all the prefects and their subordinates that while they did their duty they should be supported *à outrance*, and promoted to the utmost of our means ; and if they failed, be mercilessly dismissed. Already the effects are visible. The late Ministry was impotent ; the prefects and maires did not even acknowledge its letters, for they did not know into whose hands they might fall. Now all is vigour, zeal, and obedience.'

‘But what,’ I said, ‘are your expectations of a legal majority for the revision?’

‘Of course,’ he answered, ‘I am not sanguine, but I do not despair. We shall fail the first time, perhaps the second, but we may succeed the third. At all events, we shall have a large majority.’

‘But what will you do with that majority,’ I replied, ‘if it be less than three-fourths? Will you proceed to a revision in defiance of the law?’

‘That is a question,’ he said, ‘which I shall not answer. We shall do whatever the Assembly wishes. If, indeed, there should be an *émeute*, we shall suppress it, and after a victory we may feel our hands freer than they are now. But I have told you all that is decided.’

As Faucher is virtually Prime Minister, this conversation is important.

*Wednesday, May 14.*—Before breakfast, I sat for some time with Tocqueville. We talked of the Ministerial plan.

\* \* \* \* \*

V. and Sumner breakfasted with us. Sumner is bolder than the French; he ventures to predict, and this is his prophecy:—

‘The next measure of importance,’ he said, ‘that will be submitted to the Assembly is the repeal of the electoral law of May 31, 1850. The general unpopularity of that law is such that no amendment of it will be accepted. The Legitimists and the Republicans will coalesce, and will carry its total repeal. This, probably, will involve the fall of the present Ministry; for Faucher,

the real Prime Minister, will not be a party to the repeal of his favourite law, and the rest of the Cabinet, on this point at least, agree with him. Then will come the question as to the revision, which will not be supported by the legal majority, and will not be attempted without it. We shall go on, therefore, until May 10, 1852, when the new President will be elected.

‘I do not believe that there will be even a majority for Louis Napoleon, and if there were, the Chamber would declare him an illegal candidate, and the votes given to him void. The two candidates who have the best chance are, I think, Cavaignac and Nadaud.’

‘Who is Nadaud?’ I asked.

‘He is a man of humble birth, a fabricant, who has gradually acquired a fortune, and, without being a Socialist, has always been anxious to improve the condition of the working classes. He will represent the Progressive Republican party, Cavaignac the moderate or stationary party. I am inclined to bet that one or the other will be the next President; and I think that Cavaignac has the better chance.’

‘And what,’ I asked, ‘will be the colour of the Assembly?’

‘Moderate Republican,’ he answered; ‘and that is the best thing that can happen. It is the only honest party; the only party that does not conspire against the Government which it professes to serve; the only party that can triumph without a new revolution.’

‘A year ago,’ said V., ‘I thought Mr. Sumner’s

opinions ultra democratic ; I now am disposed to agree with them.'

'And yet,' said Sumner, 'they have not altered, nor, indeed, have those of the monarchical parties ; but the progress of events has shown, and shows more clearly every day, the impracticability of their plans.'

'And what,' I said to Sumner, 'will be the most marked feature of the policy of the Republican Government ?'

'Its great object,' he answered, 'will be retrenchment. This budget of 1,600 millions is an intolerable burthen ; and, happily, it can be materially diminished, not only without injury to the public service, but with positive advantage. The army consists of 400,000 men, and swallows up 300 millions. Every year 300,000 young men reach their twentieth year. Of these one-half are unfit for service, and one-half of the other half, or 75,000, serve for seven years. All the weakly and ill-formed remain at home, marry, and are the progenitors of two-thirds of the French people. Those who serve are taken from trades or agriculture, and after leading for seven years an idle, and often a debauched, garrison life, are thrown back on society, bad labourers, bad workmen, but excellent followers, and even leaders, in an insurrection. It is no wonder that the French race is progressively deteriorating, and that the standard height for a recruit is forced to be periodically lowered. The Republican Government, as soon as there is a real one, will substitute for this expensive and imperfectly disciplined army of 400,000 men, whose average duration of

service is only three years and a half, a standing army of 150,000 men, serving for twenty years instead of seven, veterans instead of recruits, volunteers instead of conscripts, better paid, better fed, more efficient, and costing only half as much. As for the fleet, which now costs 110 millions, it will be reduced immediately to 67 millions, which is all that it cost in 1837, and in a few years to half that sum.

‘In time of peace France wants nothing but a few frigates to show her flag from time to time to semi-barbarous populations, who require to be reminded of her existence. In time of war she would want more, but still all that she would want would be frigates. The first battle in which she ventured a whole fleet would ruin her.

‘Having no maritime population, she could not repair the loss of a defeat, or even of a victory. You see that 200 millions francs, or 8 millions sterling, might at once be saved in mere military expenditure. Still more is to be saved in civil expenditure.

‘The system of centralisation has turned not only all the middle and higher orders in France, but even all the bodies politic, into beggars. Every commune petitions the Government for money towards its schools, its colleges, its churches, in short, for all its local purposes, and as the assistance from the public purse is proportioned to the local contribution, it qualifies itself for a large grant by a wasteful expenditure. It is still worse as to the public works which are executed by the Government. Every department asks for roads, bridges, and canals, at



the expense of the State. Every local patriot tries to get for his constituents their share, and as much as possible more than their share, of the national revenue. Hundreds of works are undertaken while hundreds remain unfinished. Years and years pass before they are completed, and the original expense is sometimes doubled by the loss of interest. At the head of all the departments of the *travaux publics* are old men who have risen by seniority, and are opposed to every innovation. The engineers themselves are men of routine, and it rarely happens that a work is executed by the same person who planned it. Most of the work is done by contract. The Government always makes it a condition that all disputes between itself and the contractors shall be decided by judges of its own nomination. No respectable man will subject himself to such terms.

‘The contractors, therefore, are almost all mere adventurers, who hope to squeeze a profit out of a fraudulent performance.

‘The public works of France are the most costly and the worst executed in Europe. All the canals taken together do not pay for the cost of keeping them in repair. During the last twenty years the expenditure by the Minister of the Interior has risen from 60 millions to 130; that of the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce from 3 millions to 14; that of Public Works from 45 millions to 200. Never was there such a field for retrenchment; but to make use of it requires a strong Government and a strong will. These will be supplied by the Republic, and you will see that the wealth and

industry of France, relieved from the taxation which now oppresses them, will rise and spread as if by magic.'

After breakfast I went to the Assembly. Faucher had to defend the dissolution of the National Guard of Grenoble and the suspension of a Radical paper.

The constant practice of the last three years and the consciousness of the important position which he occupies have very much improved him. He now is a good speaker, not conciliatory indeed, nor eloquent, but free, clear, and impressive. The Assembly also is improved. There was tolerable silence, and the interruptions did not destroy, as they used to do, the continuity of the speeches. Some of them, however, were gross.

Faucher told the story of the twenty-five insurgents who, on May 4, entered a village on the shore, crying 'Vive la guillotine!' On which M. Santa-Pa<sup>1</sup> screamed out 'C'est faux.' He was called to order, and explained himself by saying, in what I suppose he thought parliamentary language, 'Le fait est faux.'

I dined with the Hollands, who have a charming apartment in the Place de la Madeleine. The Prince de Beauveau, Anisson, and his brother-in-law, Count de Barante, were there.

They talked of the fusion of the Legitimist and Orleans factions, but with little belief in its possibility. The heads are not friendly, and the tails detest one another; more even than they detest the other factions. One great difficulty in this place-hunting country is the division of the patronage.

<sup>1</sup> This name is indecipherable.—ED.

The moon was nearly full, and the Madeleine, as seen from Lady Holland's drawing-room, which catches its south-western angle, was wonderfully beautiful.

When I was going home I walked round it, but the effect, when it was seen as a whole, was not equal to the partial view. The glimpse of a part of the portico and of a part of the side colonnade suggested ideas of vastness which no reality could equal.

*Thursday, May 15.*—Dumon breakfasted with us. He agreed with Gioberti's opinion that during the last year democracy had made great progress in France. 'This,' he said, 'is the natural result of the misconduct of the three great monarchical parties. Every one sees that they are intent on mere personal objects: objects to obtain which they seem ready for civil war, and which probably cannot be obtained by any other means.

'I doubt,' continued Dumon, 'whether there exist in the Assembly a majority which sincerely wish for the revision. A majority will vote for it, but they will vote for it because they know that it cannot legally take place, and most certainly they will not vote for its being done illegally. Never in my experience of political life did I see so many dangers as are accumulating for 1852. There are five different factions, each striving to perpetuate or introduce its own form of government.

'First, there are the friends of the existing Constitution, which may be called a Moderate Democracy. It is a democracy in which the monarchical element, represented by the President, is strong, stronger than in some governments which are called monarchies. It wants,

and that is a grievous want, the aristocratic element. Still it is a form of government which, if it were acquiesced in, if it were popular with the majority, if it were believed to be permanent, might give us safety and prosperity. But its real friends are few. Those who venture to avow themselves its friends are still fewer, and those who believe that it will last are fewer still.

‘The new election law has given it a great shock. If that law be acted on, neither its President, nor its Assembly, nor, indeed, any of its functionaries, will be supported by the firm basis of universal suffrage. Still it is there, and, if I could, I would keep it there, for I doubt whether any form of government that succeeds will be better, and I am sure that many would be worse.

‘The worst probably would be “*La République sociale et démocratique*.” Such a government would create and give, or lend at a nominal interest, an enormous mass of paper money, by means of which all creditors, national and private, would be legally robbed, by means of which the State would confiscate, under the name of purchase, the railways and canals, and all the other joint-stock properties which excited its cupidity or its jealousy. After having thus ruined personal property, it would attack landed property by the *impôt progressif*, which it would substitute for indirect taxation, and which it would raise to an amount limited only by its power of extortion, in order to supply its enormous expenses.

‘We should have again *ateliers nationaux*, but peopled by millions instead of by thousands ; we should

have "secours à domicile" for all who professed to be unable to work. Such a Government would perish as soon as it became unable to feed and pay its supporters; but it might leave France in ruins, and its successor would probably be a despot.

' Besides these two forms of democracy, three sorts of royalty offer themselves. Each of them would be the government of a minority, and of a small minority, each would be weak, each probably would be violent, for a weak government is generally violent, and each, I think, would be short-lived. The weakest would be the Buonaparte dynasty, with no roots in the country, depending merely on a name, and constantly recalling the inferiority of the pigmies who now possess that name to the giant who created it. The Orleans branch have no more right on their side than the Buonapartists, perhaps rather less; for the Buonaparte dynasty was overthrown by foreigners, Louis-Philippe and his family were driven out by the people themselves.

' Louis Napoleon may say that the *Senatus Consultum* which declared him successor to the Empire was repealed only by Wellington, Blucher, and Schwartzenberg; the Comte de Paris must confess that the power which overthrew his family was as national and as supreme as the power which enthroned it. The Comte de Chambord has real hereditary claims, but a great majority of the French detest him for having those claims.

' The party that supports him is the least popular in France.

‘It offends by the insolence of birth, by not submitting to the equality which is our passion, by constantly irritating the vanity of the middle classes and of the rich *roturiers* by its reserve or by its condescension. From other governments we should fear plunder, or tyranny, or insecurity. From Legitimists we should expect insult and humiliation, and they are things that we should resent and which we fear much more than robbery or oppression.

‘Then, under our system of centralisation, whatever party is master of Paris is master of France. The longest struggle has been three days. The nation at large is not called on to act or even to think—all is decided by the rabble, the National Guards, and the garrison of Paris; our *lazzaroni* are eager for mischief.

‘Our National Guards are *frondeurs*; they are always ready to take part against authority, and, with the impetuosity and irreflexion of Frenchmen, would pull down a government for a single offence, without thinking what is to be substituted for it. The army is young, it consists of men who hate the service, and have entered it only because they could not pay for a substitute, and its officers are generally adventurers, who have nothing but their swords. Its conduct will probably depend on the accident which decides who shall be its commander on the day of trial. And we have a population to contend with not like yours—which runs before a constable’s staff. More than half of our able-bodied adults have borne arms, and they are led by chiefs all of whom have studied the theory of street-fighting, and

many of whom have practised it. I do not wonder, therefore, at the general alarm, nor do I see what is to diminish it until May 1852 has passed, and either justified our fears or calmed them.

‘This is a miserable prospect; our dangers produce distress, and the distress aggravates the danger. One of our worst national vices, however, appears to be cured. We have lost our love of conquest and war. Everybody wishes for peace. Perhaps we have rushed into the opposite extreme. I doubt whether any motive, except, indeed, a direct and intentional insult, would induce us to engage in a serious war.’

Gallina was with us in the evening. He complained bitterly of the two Governments with which he has to do. Both are well-meaning, but neither of them has experience or decision. Last week, on an important matter, he received three despatches, each containing orders contradictory to the others. On another material subject, just as he had begun his negotiation, he was informed that the telegraph announced that it had been settled in Turin, and in a manner totally different from that pointed out by his instructions.

‘The Sardinian Government,’ he said, ‘has lately made several commercial treaties. But while negotiating with one Power, it forgets the stipulations into which it has entered with another. Our French treaty contains a clause by which we engage to place France on the footing of the most favoured nation. We have since relaxed our navigation laws in favour of England and Belgium. France requires us to do the same for her,

and of course we are bound to comply. But it was with great difficulty that we prevailed on the Chambers to sanction our treaties with England and Belgium. The popular animosity against France is violent. We hate her, of course, for having destroyed the liberties of Rome, and we hate her for having interfered, uncalled for, in our quarrel with the Pope, and for having taken up his cause against us intemperately, as well as unjustly.

‘The French Government is trying to conciliate the Pope and its own priests at our expense. Under such circumstances we shall scarcely pass through the Chambers any commercial concessions to France, and yet we are bound by treaty to do so. My labours are severer than they were even when I was Charles Albert’s Minister. I am not assisted here. They have sent me a secretary from Turin, a good newspaper writer, as I willingly believe, but totally ignorant of his business. He knows so little of the rules of official life that he keeps up a private correspondence with the newspaper, and runs away whenever it suits him to Brussels or to London. Baroche, the Foreign Minister, is a man of talent, but he knows nothing but law. He has to learn even the forms of diplomacy, and his whole mind is bent on questions of revision, and fusion, and prolongation, which leave him no time for tariffs and navigation. If Piedmont were in a settled state I would retire to-morrow, but the Government is so tottering that the least touch would overthrow it. Its weakness and timidity have cast discredit on constitu-



tional monarchy. The republican faction is much stronger than when you left us in November.'

*Friday, May 16.*—Mérimée,<sup>1</sup> Anisson, and Mrs. Grote breakfasted with us.

'My own opinion,' said Anisson, 'is that our only safety lies in turning to the best account our Republican institutions, for I see that the attempt to introduce any other will probably fail, and if it succeed, can do so only by means of civil war : but I should be stoned if I were to say this openly.'

'I look forward,' said Mérimée, 'to the Comte de Chambord as inevitable ; nor do I believe that his reign is to be deprecated in itself, but I dread the people that will come with him.'

'Who are they ?' we asked.

'Of course,' he answered, 'the Russians and Austrians. They will be his escort ; they will keep the peace among us for ten or twenty years by occupying our fortresses ; and in payment for their trouble will not ask for more than Alsace, Lorraine, Franche Comté, and, perhaps, Flanders.'

After breakfast we went to the Invalides to see the tomb of Napoleon. Napoleon Buonaparte, Jerome's son, and Visconti, the architect, showed it to us. Immediately under the dome of the great church a circular crypt, about 30 feet in diameter, has been hollowed. It

<sup>1</sup> Prosper Mérimée, the distinguished writer, author of 'Colomba,' the 'Chronique de Charles IX,' and many other tales. He was a friend of the Empress Eugénie, and became a Senator under the Empire, for which he was rather coldly looked upon by his former friends. He died a few months ago.—ED.

is surrounded by twelve colossal victories, as Caryatides. In the centre a sarcophagus of red Swedish porphyry is to rise, and farther on, in a chapel which is to be really underground, is to be placed the Emperor's statue, with lights perpetually burning before it. In fact, he is to be 'Divus Napoleon.'

I dined with the Duchâtels, who have a charming Louis Seize house, *entre cour et jardin*, in the Rue de Varennes.

The party consisted of Dumon, Vitet, and some others whom I did not know. They talked much about a letter of M. Veron's, published in the 'Constitutionnel' of to-day, which attempts to prove the necessity of repealing the electoral law of May 31.

That law was the work of Faucher. The 'Constitutionnel' is supposed to be the organ of the President. The appearance, therefore, of this article is supposed to be evidence of a quarrel between the President and his Minister. The conduct of the Ministry was blamed by some of the guests (not by Duchâtel or Dumon) as timid and irresolute. 'It is obviously impossible,' they said, 'that we can escape from our present difficulties, legally or even peacefully. There must be a contest, and it is folly to delay it. The enemy is before us, and we ought to charge.'

I asked the meaning of this metaphor.

'It means,' they answered, 'that we ought not to allow ourselves to be fettered by the trammels of an impracticable Constitution. A revolutionary government ought to govern according to revolutionary principles;

that is to say, it ought to do whatever is necessary for the safety of society without stopping to ask whether it is within the letter of the law.'

They talked of the influence of money on the elections. 'France,' they said, 'is a country in which there are few rich men, but if we had your millionnaires they might easily buy a majority. There are departments in which 100,000 francs would purchase a whole list ; and there are few in which a much smaller sum, 15,000 or 20,000 francs, would not give a very fair chance to a couple of names. A few active agents running over the country, canvassing peasants, not half of whom can read, not one quarter of whom can recollect the names of all the candidates, who swallow without inquiry the most monstrous inventions, may create a party in favour of one or two names which may become irresistible almost before its existence is suspected. There are many cases in which active agents have agreed with candidates to effect their return and to receive half their salaries. Few of the Montagne can keep all their twenty-five francs a day for themselves. The representative is almost always "ridden" by those who have brought him in.'

*Saturday, May 17.*—Ampère breakfasted with us, and I afterwards called on the Duc de Broglie.

I have never met with any person who approves the existing Constitution, but I have found no one who condemns it so universally and so energetically as the Duke. 'It is,' he said, 'a proof of the extent to which human folly can go. It has subjected France to two authorities independent of one another, each created by uni-

versal suffrage, each of limited duration, each armed with great power, but neither separately nor even both together possessing supreme power, with no umpire to settle their differences, and forbidden to consult the nation at large except on a condition with which it is supposed to be impossible to comply. If it was the intention of the framers of the Constitution that the whole time and attention of their President and of their Assembly should be employed in watching and worrying one another, they could not have pursued that object more successfully. Nothing, again, can be worse arranged than the President's term of office. For four years he is to be the greatest man in France—perhaps in Europe—perhaps in the world. After having been worshipped as no king is worshipped, he is suddenly to sink into private life, without fortune or rank, incapable of re-election, unfit for professional or subordinate official duties, with nothing to do but to think over his lost greatness. Those who framed the Constitution ought to have foreseen that no man of spirit or enterprise would submit to this; they ought to have foreseen that he would be the enemy of such a Constitution; that the great aim of his presidentship would be to procure his re-election, and for that purpose to get rid of his constitutional ineligibility. And yet they tried to make any change in the Constitution by legal means impossible; and even threw the election of the President and of the Assembly into the same month. So that the very time at which a *coup d'état* on the part of the President is most to be feared, the very time at which

he may have to decide whether he will be dictator or a private citizen, will occur when the old Assembly, just expiring, has lost all its moral force, and the new one has not been elected, or, if elected, has not assembled. It is impossible that such a Constitution can continue. The majority requisite for a revision may not be obtained on the first division or on the second, but the minority will not be able to stand against the majority for eight or nine months. One by one they will come over or stay away, and before the winter is past we shall have the three-fourths.'

'Will you attempt,' I said, 'to change the form of government?'

'I trust that we shall not,' he answered. 'In the present state of men's minds any form of government which implied a dynasty would fall before the jealousy of the factions whom it would exclude from power. Nothing but what is understood to be provisional has a chance of being allowed any permanence—(*rien que le provisoire ne peut avoir de durée*)—our wisest course is to endeavour to make the best of the republican institutions which have been forced on us. I do not approve of them; I do not think them fitted to the moral or even to the geographical situation of France; but we have them, and I would rather keep them for the present than run the risks of a change. So as to the President. Louis Napoleon is not a great man; but he has at least average talents, and more than average knowledge and diligence. It would be better to renew the lease with him than to try a new one.'

The Duke has a good library. His and Lord Hol-

land's are the only real libraries that I have seen in Paris. In general the books are crammed into a closet. You seldom see one in a drawing-room.

I dined with the Anissons, and met the Hollands, Mérimée, and the Barantes. We had a very agreeable dinner, and no politics.

*Sunday, May 18.*—I went at 8 this morning, by Lady Holland's advice, to the Assumption, to hear the Père Ventura preach. He is an Italian, an early friend of the Pope's, a great theologian, and an earnest politician. He has passed, Gioberti told me, through every political phase, from Absolutism to Socialism, and is now, though somewhat reclaimed from Socialism, a strong Republican. His popular influence in Rome was very great; so great that the Papal Government will not allow him to return. The subject of the sermon was the Incarnation.<sup>1</sup>

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Gallina, Arrivabene, and Ampère breakfasted with us.

After breakfast we went to Mrs. Grote, and found there Émile Girardin. He is a small, rather insignificant-looking man, and talks very fluently, but not so well as he writes.

When I came in he was speaking of the ignorance of French statesmen.

'Few of them,' he said, 'are men of the world; they are lawyers, or soldiers, or professors; they live altogether, each in his own little clique, read only their own newspapers, and mistake the buzz of the three or four *salons* in which they pass their evenings for the voice of

<sup>1</sup> There is no interest in it.—Ed.

the people. Guizot believed that the 200,000 persons whom he called his *pays légal* constituted France ; and he now thinks that France is represented by the Faubourg St. Germain and the Faubourg St.-Honoré.'

Girardin is the only Frenchman whom I have found a professed Republican. Many, perhaps the majority, adopt Democracy as a less evil than an attempt at immediate change. He alone prefers it as an institution ; and he believes that it will live. 'There is no chance,' he said, 'of a legal revision under the present Assembly, and there certainly will not be an illegal one. The Republic, therefore, has at least four years to run. The next President will probably be a sincere Republican ; and a form of government which has lasted through a hostile Assembly and a hostile President will take firm root when all the powers of the Government unite in trying to make the best of it instead of striving to make it work ill.'

'You assume,' I said, 'that Louis Napoleon will not be re-elected, and that the next Assembly will be Rouge.'

'I do not say,' he answered, 'that the next Assembly will be Rouge; but I am certain that it will be Democratic. The follies of the monarchical and imperialist factions are disgusting the people, and the violence of the administration is irritating them. They see that the Republic is their only protection against despotism or anarchy, and they will return an Assembly resolved to give it a fair trial. As for Louis Napoleon, the law of May 31 has destroyed his only chance. While that law remains in force, the people have no legal means of ex-

pressing their will. It has recreated Guizot's *pays légal* on a broader foundation, but still subject to the defect that those whom it excludes are counted by millions. Assuming, therefore, what I do not concede, that in 1852 the people will be willing to prolong Louis Napoleon's reign, they will not be able to say so.'

Tocqueville was with us when I returned.

In the evening we had a joint tea party, with Mrs. Grote, the Fauchers, Dumon and his daughter, Anisson, Gallina, Gioberti, the Says, Hy. Ellis, Dunoyer, Mérimée, Ampère, Prince Butera, and Arrivabene.

Madame Faucher asked me how I liked the Père Ventura's sermon.

'I never,' I said, 'heard such trash.'

'Well,' she replied, 'I am delighted to hear you say so. I was not able to follow much of the reasoning, and I wondered what was the proof of many of his facts. But when I saw M. de Falloux, and Montalembert, and Marquis Brignole, and all the Sommités Catholiques sitting open-mouthed and open-eared, taking it in with the deepest attention, I thought that it must be my own fault that I was not edified.'

Faucher talked with great confidence of the revision of the Constitution. 'The Legitimists,' he said, 'have resolved to support it.' He thinks, too, that commercial confidence is reviving.

*Monday, May 19.*—Sumner and Arrivabene breakfasted with us. We dined with the Says. Horace Say's opinions agree with those of the majority of the persons with whom I have recently talked.



He thinks that the law of May 31 must be repealed. 'It is certain,' he said, 'that under a Constitution professedly based on universal suffrage three millions of voters will not acquiesce in disfranchisement. If the franchise had been treated merely as a means to an end, if it had been conferred merely for the purpose of procuring a good Assembly, it might have been given and withdrawn without danger. But the creators of the Republic always described it as a right, as a power which could not be finally refused to any but the criminal or the degraded. The attempted deprivation of the vote is felt, therefore, as an injury. Many, perhaps the majority, of those to whom the new law refuses it, would think themselves disgraced by submitting. If it remains unrepealed they will crowd to the voting-places, certainly in bands, probably in arms. They will frighten away the friends of order, who, even now, are ready enough to absent themselves. Where their votes are accepted the elections will be hopelessly illegal, for under our system of ballot there can be no scrutiny. Where they are refused there may be confusion and bloodshed. On the same day there may be 30,000 little civil wars, and the curious result of the new law may be an election of the President and of the Assembly by precisely the same persons whom the law intended to disfranchise.

'These dangers were pointed out last year, but the majority was madly intent on punishing Paris for having elected Eugène Sue, and on displaying its contempt and hatred of the Republicans. Now, as these

passions are cooled and the time of trial approaches, these dangers appear every day more and more formidable. The struggle may be violent, perhaps long. The Ministry will defend the law as the condition of their existence, but public opinion will be against them, the President will be against them, and the law and the Ministry will go out together.'

'And what,' I said, 'is your prophecy as to the revision?'

'That it will fail,' he answered. 'Its only real supporters are those who devise it merely as a means of prolonging Louis Napoleon's reign; all the other parties fear more than they hope from it. Half of those who will vote for it will vote for it only because they believe it to be impossible.'

*Tuesday, May 20.*—Mérimée, Ampère, Prince Butera, Gallina, Arrivabene, and Rivet breakfasted with us.

Rivet agrees with Horace Say that the law of May 31 will be repealed, and that the Constitution will not be revised. He thinks, however, that the strong probability is that Louis Napoleon will continue master of the executive power, either as President, or as something more. 'If he be named, though an illegal candidate, by a large majority—by four millions of votes, for instance—no opposition will be made to his re-election. The sovereign people will be considered to have spoken. But even if he have a small majority, or even a minority, it is not likely that he will return to private life without a struggle; and it would be rash to say that in that struggle he will fail. From long habit the French readily submit to a *coup*

*d'état.* A Provisional Government has become one of our institutions ; its title is as good as that of any other. Anyone who can get into the Hôtel de l'Intérieur, and call himself Minister, will be received with bows and acquiescence by the *Chef de Cabinet* and the clerks, the telegraph will be at his disposition, and all the *Préfets* and *Maires* will execute his orders with a zeal proportioned to their fears of dismissal and their hopes of promotion. The definition of a Minister is, a man who gives places ; and a Provisional Minister always gives the most.'

'And is this distress,' I asked, 'this stagnation of which I hear so much, to last till next May ?'

'I think not,' he answered. 'One gets accustomed to everything, even to insecurity. When the questions of the revision of the Constitution and of the electoral law have been disposed of, there will be quiet for some months. It will not be until the approach of the election that we shall again become uneasy.'

The plan attributed to the Radical party of substituting for the 300,000 conscripts serving for seven years 150,000 volunteers serving for a long period, or for life, was mentioned.

Rivet said that it was open to two fatal objections. First, that France would dread the presence of a standing army with an exclusively military character. 'She requires,' he said, 'that the soldier should recollect that he was recently a citizen, and will soon be a citizen again. 150,000 men with no home but the camp, no prospects but those of military advancement, and no sympathy

except for their brethren in arms, surrounded by an unwarlike population, unprotected by an aristocracy, would always be able to destroy the weakly-rooted institutions of modern France, and would be ready to do so whenever its chief gave the signal. And, in the second place, such an army, though irresistible at home, would not be formidable abroad. For a serious European war France is supposed to require 400,000 men. We will suppose that the 150,000 veterans would be as efficient as 250,000 of our present troops. Whence are the remainder to be obtained? The plan supposes the non-military population to be unaccustomed to the use of arms. Its object is to enable them to pursue their trades and businesses free from the interruption of military service. We should have to oppose to the enormous regular armies of Germany and Russia battalions of whom one-half would consist of raw recruits. Besides this, we should be abandoning a principle to which the bulk of the population is sincerely attached—almost the only principle to which it is really attached—namely, that every Frenchman owes to his country military service—a principle which has carried us through dangers such as scarcely any other country has ever overcome, and given to us glories such as no other country has ever obtained. Our present army is an admirable one. It has not, perhaps, the mechanical obedience of the Russian troops, or the impassive solidity of the English, but in its moral, and probably in its intellectual, qualities it is superior to them both. It is very

efficient against an enemy, and sober, well conducted, and kind at home. I should be sorry to run the risk of impairing its social qualities even for the purpose of somewhat improving its military ones. And we know that the volunteers, of whom, according to this new plan, it is exclusively to consist, are its worst enemies.'

'And yet,' I said, 'you yourself have proposed great changes in its organisation.'

'They did not touch,' he answered, 'the basis of the present system. They left the conscription, they left the present limited duration of service. The only change which I proposed was in the system of finding substitutes. At present this is effected by companies, who of course look to nothing but profit, and get those who can be obtained at the least price, and who therefore are the worst subjects, physically and morally, that the military authorities will accept. I proposed that it should be done by the Government; that the families liable every year to the conscription should be allowed to pay an indemnity not below 1,500 francs, but rising higher according to their wealth, to be employed by the Government partly in providing substitutes, and partly for the benefit of the army. I proposed that the substitutes should be taken either from men entitled to their discharge, or from volunteers who had served for a given time with credit, and that the character of a substitute, instead of a degradation, should be a reward. But I did not look forward, as the Republicans do, to any great reduction either of the number or of the expense of the army.'

Madame Auguste Chevalier, the wife of Louis Napoleon's secretary, called on us. She considered the revision of the Constitution and the prolongation of the President's power as certain. She complained of her husband's fatigues. The average number of letters which he has now to open and read every day is 300, which at a minute a letter takes five hours, but it was much worse when he first came into office, in November 1850. The letters then were brought up to him in large baskets. The greater part were mere requests for money, addressed to the President, not on the ground of any public claim on the part of the petitioner, but merely as to a rich man. To save her from being worried by solicitors, her husband has laid down a rule never to attend to her recommendations, a rule for which she is very grateful. She complained, too, of the expensive habits which have accompanied the Republic. The winter before last was supposed to be one of unprecedented ostentation and luxury, but the last has far exceeded it. Many ladies, she herself among the number, have given up going out in the evening, because they cannot afford the dresses which have now become usual.

Gallina, Arrivabene, and Auguste Chevalier drank tea with us. Auguste Chevalier is less sanguine than his wife. He thinks the revision exceedingly doubtful, at least by a legal majority. He believes that the President has meditated, and has decided on his plan of conduct in every contingency, but that he has not communicated it, and will not until the time of action arrives.

‘What will become,’ I asked, ‘of the electoral law of the 31st of May?’ ‘It will be repealed,’ he answered. ‘But can Faucher remain?’ I asked. ‘Certainly not,’ he replied: ‘Faucher must go. His courage, his honesty and knowledge, are valuable qualities, and in this country very rare ones; but he does us also as much harm as good. He offends, he irritates, he humiliates, in short we do not know how to do with him or without him. The instant, however, the law is repealed, he will resign.’

*Wednesday, May 21.*—V. and Arrivabene breakfasted with me. V. believes that the President will not submit to be again a private man. ‘In that case,’ I said, ‘his end will be unfortunate; for France will not endure his reign for twenty or thirty years longer.’ ‘I doubt,’ he answered, ‘whether France will endure his reign for two years longer. It is painful to think of the opportunities which he has thrown away. If he had lived within his original income, if he had not assumed princely airs and expenditure, if he had retained the Cabinet which possessed a majority in the Assembly; above all, if he had not betrayed a determination to retain his power, all France would have been at his feet; all parties would have joined to entreat him to retain a post from which, while he excluded their friends, he also excluded their enemies. But his whole conduct has been a bad imitation of royalty. He knew that his election on the part of the mass of the people was a protest against the Republic, and he thought that he might safely indulge in royal manners, a royal expenditure, and royal morals. This

has offended every one. If we are to have a king, we must have a Bourbon or a hero. If we are to have a President, he must allow us to decide whether we will re-elect him or not.'

I passed the evening at M<sup>de</sup>. Léon Faucher's. The only persons that I knew were Gallina, Arrivabene, and the architect Visconti. There were about ten ladies sitting in a stiff circle on one side of the room, and fifty men standing on the other.

I asked Visconti why the columns in the French buildings show the joinings of the stones, which make them look like piles of cheeses? 'It is from economy,' he answered. 'To give them a uniform surface the separate pieces of stone must be adjusted to one another with great nicety, and polished after they have been erected. This is very expensive.

'Paris,' he said, 'since 1848 has ceased to increase; perhaps it has become less populous. Vast demolitions, principally in the space between the Louvre and the Tuileries, and near the Hôtel de Ville and St. Eustache, have been made. The habitations of about 15,000 families—that is to say, of about 50,000 persons—have been pulled down, which is equal to the destruction of a large town, and new houses have not been erected nearly in proportion.' Faucher talked long with the Bishop of Limoges. 'In these times,' he said to me, 'one must be very civil to the church.'

*Thursday, May 22.*—Before breakfast I called on Tocqueville.

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I breakfasted with Gallina—an Italian party, Arrivabene, Butera, Marquis Nigra, the Tuscan Minister, and the Secretary of Legation.

They agreed in believing that the Pope, or rather the Papal Government, is now anxious to substitute the Austrians for the French. Not that the Pope does not fear the Austrians and like the French, who keep him on the throne at their own expense, and have ceased to tease him about reform; but because he fears that in a few months France may be in the hands of a party more republican, and less subservient to the priests, than that which now governs. An Austrian garrison must be paid, but it can be depended on. Three days in Paris may change the whole character of the French occupation.

We talked of the distinction in Italy of noble and commoner. The line between them was admitted to be impassable, and to have been one of the principal causes of the late revolutions.

The Borghesi will not bear a state of society which condemns them to remain for ever a degraded caste. I have no doubt that the distinction between Adel and Bürger has been at the bottom of the German revolutions, as it was of the great French Revolution. We cannot be too grateful for the accidental rule which gives to the sons of our peers' younger sons the rank of commoners.

I dined with the Duc de Broglie. The party was large. The only persons that I knew were the Anissons, St.-Aulaire, Prince Albert de Broglie, and Montalembert.

We talked of Père Ventura's sermon. Montalembert

thought it admirable. 'We have no such preacher in France,' he said. 'And yet he has lived nearly all his life in Italy. Few natives have an equal command of the French language.'

'But did you like,' I said, 'the long quotations from the Fathers, which took up half the sermon?'

'Certainly,' said Montalembert; 'it inspires confidence. A preacher can scarcely err who is supported by the Fathers.'

'And what did you think,' I said, 'about his chain of angelic intelligences, and about the benefit which he supposes them to have derived from the Incarnation?'

'His theories,' answered Montalembert, 'are not articles of faith; but so great a theologian cannot have promulgated them without some good grounds.'

Like every other foreigner, Montalembert is puzzled by our anti-papal agitation, and wanted me to explain to him the meaning of the hubbub. I told him that it puzzled me as much as it did him.

Prince Albert de Broglie has published a pamphlet in which he maintained that the revision is certain, as the minority will not be able permanently to stand against the majority. I ventured to doubt this.

'I share,' he answered, 'your doubts. In fact, I fear that the chances are against us.'

M. Nizard was received this morning at the Academy. His speech and St.-Marc Girardin's answer were highly praised. Montalembert is to be received in December, and Guizot is to reply. They are both already preparing their speeches.

Z. has written to say that he shall call on me to-morrow at 5.

*Friday, May 23.*—Z. paid me his promised visit ; it was long and interesting.

His opinion as to the state of feeling in Germany and Italy agrees with mine, namely, that there is no party in either country really desirous of constitutional monarchy. I asked him what were his expectations on the three great French questions—revision, repeal of the last year's electoral law, and re-election of the President. He does not expect revision ; the legal majority is unattainable, a *coup d'état* will not be attempted, and, if attempted, would fail. Nor does he expect the repeal of the law of May 31. 'There are,' he said, 'at least 400 members who believe that France owes to it her present tranquillity and her hopes of improvement. And the fears of its being made the pretext for insurrection are neither general, nor, indeed, well founded. The army is the soundest portion of the French population. It will vigorously repress any attempts at disorder in the towns, and in the country they are not dangerous.'

As to the re-election, he expects it, and by a majority which will purge its illegality.

I asked him if he was sanguine as to the fusion.

'Certainly,' he answered, 'I am sanguine ; but I am like a geologist—I must have time. A quarrel of twenty years is not made up in one. But it is so obviously the interest of both parties that it must take place.'

'It is obviously the interest of the elder branch,' I answered, 'but not so obviously of the younger. The

younger branch gives up all its immediate hopes, but what does the elder branch give up?’

‘The elder branch,’ he answered, ‘makes great concessions. In the first place, Henri V. will assume the tricolor; in the second place, he will give the title of king and queen to Louis-Philippe and Marie Amélie; thirdly, he will acknowledge as valid all the acts of the monarchy of 1830; and lastly, he will date his reign, not from the death of Charles X., but from the day of his own re-entry into France. These, you must admit, are great concessions.

‘What, on the other hand, do the Orleanists really give up?—their claims? They have none; they were crowned by a revolution, and discrowned by a revolution. The Chambers acknowledged their elevation; two Assemblies have sanctioned their fall. Their prospects? they have none. Unless the Legitimists take up their cause, it is hopeless. All this is perceived and felt by the sensible Orleanists. The Duchess and her friends in Paris, Thiers and Lasteyrie, are almost the only anti-fusionists among the leaders of the party. It is from the inferior members that I meet the most obstinate opposition; but I trust to time. I feel assured that they will gradually find out that they can do nothing single-handed.’

‘Do you expect,’ I said, ‘a peaceful restoration?’

‘I expect,’ he answered, ‘not only a peaceful but a legal one. In a few years we shall feel the absolute necessity of a revision of the Constitution. We shall summon a constituent assembly, perfectly unfettered. By that time we shall be still more sick of the Republic

than we are now. The Assembly will treat with Henri V., and we shall return to constitutional monarchy, but with a larger infusion of democracy.'

'Will you preserve,' I asked, 'the National Guard?'

'I think not,' he answered. 'The National Guard is a questionable institution at all times; it was perhaps a necessary institution in 1789, when the people had to struggle against the King and the army. Occasionally it has rendered great services against the mob, and it suits the vanity and the semi-military interests of the bourgeoisie, who like to strut about in a uniform, and to give orders to their superiors. But now we have no dread of the army, and the National Guard has perhaps more frequently served than combated the cause of the mob; times, too, may come when the National Guard may be divided into hostile bodies not very different in force, and there may be a frightful civil war in all our towns. Again, the duties of the National Guard are very unpopular among the higher classes; they cannot bear to sacrifice four or five days in the year, or rather, what is much worse, four or five nights in mounting guard, or lying on the boards of a guard-room. They cannot bear to be under the command of their tradesmen; and they feel that returning to a system under which every man is from time to time a soldier is returning towards barbarism. I believe, therefore, and I hope, that when we reform our institutions we shall abolish our National Guard, and substitute for it something resembling your special constables, to be called out on an emergency.'

The Tocquevilles drank tea with us, the first time that either of them has ventured out in the evening.

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*Saturday, May 24.*—We left Paris.

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[The time fixed for the re-election of a President was drawing near, and the electoral law of May 1850, by restricting the suffrage, diminished the probability of Louis Napoleon being again chosen. He was not re-eligible at all under the present Constitution, but both the President and some members of the Assembly were anxious for its revision. A committee, of which the Duc de Broglie was president and M. de Tocqueville reporter, was appointed to consider and report on the subject. The changes suggested by the committee satisfied neither the President of the Republic nor the majority of the Assembly, and the motion for revision was thrown out. The President used every effort to induce the Assembly to repeal the Electoral Act of May 1850, but the Assembly would not yield the point. The President then resolved on striking a decisive blow—the celebrated *coup d'état* of December 2. It presents a remarkable contrast to February 24, 1848, when Louis-Philippe lost his crown for refusing to shed the blood of his people. There were three men upon whom Louis Napoleon relied for the execution of his plans—his half-brother, M. de Morny, for

political purposes; General St.-Arnaud for the obedience of the troops; and M. de Maupas for the action of the police. For a fortnight their measures had been concerted. These were three in number:—1. The arrest of such persons as were considered dangerous. 2. The publication of the President's proclamation. 3. The occupation of the Palace of the Assembly and the distribution of troops on the other points judged necessary. A quarter past 6 A.M. was the hour fixed for the execution of these projects. Accordingly, at a quarter past 6 on the morning of the 2nd, the arrests were effected, at half-past the troops were at their posts, and at 7 the decree of dissolution of the Assembly and the proclamation of Louis Napoleon covered the walls of Paris.

In the 'Times' of December 11 was published an account of the events of the 2nd by Alexis de Tocqueville.<sup>1</sup> He says that

When the representatives of the people learned, on waking that morning, that several of their colleagues had been arrested, they ran to the Assembly. The doors were guarded by the Chasseurs de Vincennes—a corps of troops recently returned from Africa, and stimulated by a donation of five francs distributed to every soldier who was in Paris that day. The representatives, nevertheless, presented themselves to go in, having at the head one of their vice-presidents, M. Daru. This gentleman was violently struck by the soldiers, and the representatives who accompanied him were driven back at the point of the bayonet. Three of them were wounded; several had their clothes pierced. Driven from the Assembly, the deputies retired to the

<sup>1</sup> It has been republished at length in the *Memoirs, Letters, and Remains of De Tocqueville*. Macmillan & Co. 1861. Vol. ii. p. 173.

Mairie of the 10th arrondissement. They were already assembled to the number of about 300, when the troops arrived, blocked up the approaches, and prevented a greater number of representatives from entering. Every shade of opinion was represented in this extemporaneous assembly. It was presided over by two of its vice-presidents, Vitet and Benoist d'Azy. M. Daru was arrested in his own house. The fourth vice-president, General Bedeau, had been seized that morning in bed, and handcuffed like a robber.

A decree was passed depriving Louis Napoleon of all authority as President of the Republic, in consequence of the illegal force exercised by him upon the Assembly.

A band of soldiers (M. de Tocqueville goes on to say), headed by their officers, sword in hand, appeared at the door, without, however, daring to enter the apartment. The Assembly awaited them in perfect silence. The President alone raised his voice, read the decree to the soldiers, and ordered them to retire. They hesitated. The officers, pale and undecided, declared they would go for further orders. The soldiers reappeared with two commissaries of police. The commissaries entered the room, and summoned the representatives to disperse. The President ordered the commissaries to retire. One of them was agitated and faltered: the other broke out in invectives. The President said, 'Sir, we are here, the lawful authority, the sole representatives of law and right; we will leave this chamber only under restraint. Seize us, and convey us to prison.' 'All, all,' exclaimed the members. The commissaries caused the two Presidents to be seized by the collar. The whole body then rose and followed the Presidents.

They were taken to the barracks of the Quai d'Orsay, where they spent the night without fire and almost without food, stretched upon the boards.



The number present was 218, to whom were added about twenty more in the course of the evening. Almost all the men known to France and to Europe were gathered together in this place. Few were wanting, except those who, like M. Molé, had not been suffered to reach their colleagues. There were, among others, the Duc de Broglie, Odillon Barrot, Dufaure, Berryer, &c., &c., twelve ex-ministers, eight members of the Institute ; all men who had struggled for three years to defend society, and to resist the demagogic faction.

The next morning the cellular vans in which convicts are conveyed to the Bagne were brought up. In these vehicles were shut up the men who had served and honoured their country. They were conveyed like three bands of criminals, some to the fortress of Mont Valérien, some to the prison of Mazas, and the remainder to Vincennes. The indignation of the public compelled the Government to release the greater number of them ; some are still in confinement, unable to obtain their liberty or their trial.

The treatment inflicted on the generals arrested in the morning of December 2 was still more disgraceful. Cavaignac, Lamoricière, Bedeau, Changarnier, were shut up in these infamous vans, which are always inconvenient, and become almost intolerable on a lengthened journey, and conveyed to Ham. Cavaignac, who had saved Paris and France in the days of June—Cavaignac, the competitor of Louis Napoleon in the last elections, shut up for a day and a night in the cell of a felon ! The Government has stuck up a list of persons who are formed into a Consultative Commission. Its object is to induce France to believe that the Executive is not abandoned by every man of respectability and consideration among us. More than half the persons on this list have refused to belong to this commission ; most of them regard the insertion of their names as dishonour—among others M. Léon Faucher, M. de Portalis, the Duke of Albufère. The names are still retained in spite of their repeated remonstrances.

Personal liberty is more trampled on than it ever was in the time of the Empire. A decree of the new power gives the préfets a right to arrest, in their respective departments, whomsoever they please, and the préfets in their turn send blank warrants of arrest, which are literally *lettres de cachet*, to the sous-préfets under their orders.

At first Paris was paralysed, but on the morning of the 3rd there was a slight insurrection, got up by the leaders of the Montagne. The most bloody measures were resorted to in order to put this down. Next day the whole of the Boulevards Montmartre and des Italiens were lined with infantry and cavalry, and the barricades carried. Owing to some incomprehensible cause, the troops began a murderous fire upon the windows of the houses on each side along the Boulevards. Even cannon were directed against the houses; the walls were shattered, while the unfortunate inhabitants fled for shelter to their cellars. A deadly fire was kept up upon peaceable citizens who offered neither attack nor resistance, and many innocent lives were lost. On the evening of the 4th, General St.-Arnaud issued the following order to the troops :—

Soldiers, you have to-day accomplished a great act of your military life. You have preserved the country from anarchy and pillage, and saved the Republic. France admires you and thanks you. The President of the Republic will never forget your devotedness. The true people, all honest men, are with you.

A fortnight after these events, as soon as the Christmas vacation began, Mr. Senior hastened to Paris.—ED.]

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## JOURNAL.

*Hôtel de la Terrasse, Rue de Rivoli, Sunday, Dec. 21.*— I left London yesterday evening, and got to Calais at 9. The police took my 'passe' from me, and did not return it until I was starting by the mail train at 2 the next morning. The practice used to be merely to look at it and return it. 'But since,' said the Commissionnaire, 'these little troubles in Paris more attention is requisite.' The waiter at the Hôtel Dessein, a respectable, elderly man, who has been there since 1814, told me that he must vote, as he had a son in the employment of the Government; he would have preferred taking no part. 'The railway,' he said, 'has saved Calais; it was gradually perishing under the competition of Boulogne.'

Paris is overflowing. I intended to establish myself in 108 Champs Élysées, where Mrs. Grote is living, but not a bed-room, except a northern garret, is vacant, nor can I find anything but garrets anywhere else; so I have taken two in the Hôtel de la Terrasse, in the Rue de Rivoli, which look southward over the Tuileries. I spent the greater part of the daylight in looking for lodgings, and then walked with Miss Blackett to the Louvre, and in the Tuileries and Champs Élysées. The day was bright,

and I never saw the gallery or public walks so full. At about half-past 4 the President passed in a chariot with the glasses up, trotting rapidly down the Champs Élysées. Before and behind but not on either side of the chariot were cuirassiers, who alone, indeed, showed his presence, for he sat back so as to be invisible. A crowd ran to look, but there were no cries. I dined with Mrs. Grote.

*Monday, Dec. 22.*—The first person that I found at home was Count Gallina. We talked of the manner in which the *coup d'état* had been received by the Corps Diplomatique. 'With the exception,' he said, 'of the Austrian and Russian Ministers, it excited nothing but indignation and alarm. Lord Normanby appeared to him, as might be expected from an Englishman, more afflicted than anyone else. He never saw so much "conviction" in a diplomat. In the Courts, however, the impression seems to have been different. I was ordered,' said Gallina, 'to present "des félicitations," but I refused. The most, I said, that we could do was to acquiesce in perfidy and violence. On his election, indeed, by the people, we shall have to congratulate him ; but that will be a mere formal act, and by the whole body. I did not choose to put myself forward. The conduct of your Government is more strange than that of mine, if it be true, as Turgot affirms, that in his first interview with Walewski Palmerston said that the President had done perfectly right, that the Constitution was not fit to govern a club, much less a nation, and that the sooner it was got rid of the better. That, indeed, was before the massacre ; but the massacre, horrible and wanton as it was, was

merely an incident. The destruction of all liberty in France, perhaps on all the Continent, the subjugation of 200 millions of civilians to the caprice, to the ignorance of a million and a half of soldiers, was more wicked, because more mischievous, than the mere murder of two or three thousand passers by, women and children.'

'Where were you,' I said, 'during the execution?'

'On the Boulevard Montmartre,' he answered. 'I knew that there might be some risk, so I kept close to the wall; but I had no suspicion, indeed nobody had, of its extent. Most of the soldiers had been previously made drunk; the orders given to them were "*carte blanche*." Along the pavement were sergens de ville in plain clothes, with *assommoirs* (elastic sticks loaded with lead), who struck down without warning all persons who seemed to be conversing. I heard a man near me cry "*Ach! mein Gott*." It was a German whose skull was fractured for whispering to his neighbour. When you see,' he continued, 'Tocqueville and Faucher, remember me to them and tell them how anxious I am to go to them, but that I dare not; *nous sommes gardés à vue*. Every visit that I make is recorded. Even conversations in this room with persons whom I thought safe have been divulged.'

I dined with Mrs. Grote and drank tea with the Tocquevilles.

'This,'<sup>1</sup> said Tocqueville, 'is a new phase in our history. Every previous revolution has been made by a

<sup>1</sup> This conversation is so interesting, resuming as it does all that has gone before, that I yield to the temptation of inserting it.—ED.

political party. This is the first time that the army has seized France, bound and gagged her, and laid her at the feet of her ruler.' 'Was not the 18th Fructidor,' I said, 'almost a parallel case? Then, as now, there was a quarrel between the Executive and the Legislature. The Directory, like Louis Napoleon, dismissed the Ministers in whom the Legislature had confidence and appointed its own tools in their places, denounced the Legislature to the country, and flattered and corrupted the army. The Legislature tried the usual tactics of parliamentary opposition, censured the Government, and refused the supplies. The Directory prepared a *coup d'état*. The Legislature tried to obtain a military force, and failed; they planned an impeachment of the Directory, and found the existing law insufficient. They brought forward a new law defining the responsibility of the Executive, and the night after they had begun to discuss it their halls were seized by a military force, and the members of the Opposition were seized in the room in which they had met to denounce the treason of the Directory.' 'So far,' he answered, 'the two events resemble one another. Each was a military attack on the Legislature by the Executive. But the Directors were the representatives of a party. The Councils and the greater part of the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie were Royalists; the lower orders were Republican; the army was merely an instrument. It conquered, not for itself, but for the Republican party. The 18th Brumaire was nearer to this; for that ended, as this has begun, in a military tyranny. But the 18th Brumaire was almost as much a civil as

a military revolution. A majority in the Councils was with Buonaparte. Louis Napoleon had not a real friend in the Assembly. All the educated classes supported the 18th Brumaire ; all the educated classes repudiate the 2nd December. Buonaparte's consular chair was sustained by all the *élite* of France ; this man cannot obtain a decent supporter. Montalembert, Baroche, and Fould—an Ultramontane, a country lawyer, and a Jewish banker—are his most respectable associates. For a real parallel you must go back 1,800 years.'

I said 'that some persons, for whose judgment I had the highest respect, seemed to treat it as a contest between two conspirators, the Assembly and the President, and to think the difference between his conduct and theirs to be, that he struck first.' 'This,' said Tocqueville, 'I utterly deny. He indeed began to conspire from December 10, 1848. His direct instructions to Oudinot and his letter to Ney, only a few months after his election, showed his determination not to submit to parliamentary government. Then followed his dismissal of Ministry after Ministry, until he had degraded the office to a clerkship. Then came the semi-regal progress, then the reviews of Satory, the encouragement of treasonable cries, the selection for all the high appointments in the army of Paris of men whose infamous character fitted them to be tools. Then he publicly insulted the Assembly at Dijon, and at last, in October, we knew that his plans were laid. It was then only that we began to think what were our means of defence ; but that was no more a conspiracy than it is a

conspiracy in travellers to look for their pistols when they see a band of robbers advancing. M. Baze's proposition was absurd only because it was impracticable. It was a precaution against imminent danger, but if it had been voted it could not have been executed. The army had already been so corrupted that it would have disregarded the orders of the Assembly. I have often talked over our situation with Lamoricière and my other military friends. We saw what was coming as clearly as we now look back to it, but we had no means of preventing it.' 'But was not your intended law of responsibility,' I said, 'an attack on your part?' 'That law,' he replied, 'was not ours; it was sent up to us by the *Conseil d'État*, which had been two and a half years employed on it, and ought to have sent it to us much sooner. We thought it dangerous; that is to say, we thought that, though quite right in itself, it would irritate the President, and that, in our defenceless state, it was unwise to do so. The bureau, therefore, to which it was referred, refused to declare it urgent—a proof that it would not have passed with the clauses which, though reasonable, the President thought fit to disapprove. Our conspiracy was that of the lamb against the wolf. Though I have said,' he continued, 'that he has been conspiring ever since his election, I do not believe that he intended to strike so soon. His plan was to wait till March, when the fears of May 1852 would be most intense. Two circumstances forced him on more rapidly. One was the candidature of the Prince de Joinville. He thought him the only dangerous competitor. The other



was an agitation set on foot by the Legitimists in the *Conseils généraux* for the repeal of the law of the 31st May. That law was his moral weapon against the Assembly, and he feared that if he delayed it might be abolished without him.'

'And how long,' I asked, 'will this tyranny last?'

'It will last,' he answered, 'until it is unpopular with the mass of the people. At present the disapprobation is confined to the educated classes. We cannot bear to be deprived of the power of speaking or of writing. We cannot bear that the fate of France should depend on the selfishness, or the vanity, or the fears, or the caprice of one man, a foreigner by race and by education, and on a set of military ruffians and of infamous civilians, fit only to have formed the staff and the Privy Council of Catiline. We cannot bear that the people which carried the torch of liberty through Europe should now be employed in quenching all its lights. But these are not the feelings of the multitude. Their insane fear of socialism throws them headlong into the arms of despotism. As in Prussia, as in Hungary, as in Austria, as in Italy, so in France the Democrats have served the cause of the Absolutists. May 1852 was a spectre constantly swelling as it drew nearer. But now that the weakness of the Red party has been proved, now that 10,000 of those who are supposed to be its most active members are to be sent to die of hunger and marsh fever in Cayenne, the people will regret the price at which their visionary enemy has been put down. Thirty-seven years of liberty have made a free press and free

parliamentary discussion necessities of life to us. If Louis Napoleon refuses them he will be execrated as a tyrant. If he grants them they must destroy him. We always criticise our rulers severely, often unfairly. It is impossible that so rash and wrong-headed a man, surrounded, and always wishing to be surrounded, by men whose infamous character is their recommendation to him, should not commit blunders and follies without end. They will be exposed, perhaps exaggerated, by the press and from the tribune. As soon as he is discredited the army will turn against him. It sympathises with the people, from which it has recently been separated, and to which it is soon to return. It will never support an unpopular despot. I have no fears, therefore, for the ultimate destinies of my country. It seems to me that the revolution of December 2 is more dangerous to the rest of Europe than it is to us, that it ought to alarm England much more than France. We shall get rid of Louis Napoleon in a few years, perhaps in a few months; but there is no saying how much mischief he may do in those years, or even in those months, to his neighbours.'

'Surely,' said Mdme. de Tocqueville, 'he will wish to remain at peace with England.' 'I am not sure of that at all,' replied Tocqueville. 'He cannot sit down a mere quiet administrator. He must do something to distract public attention; he must give us a substitute for the political excitement which has amused us during the last 40 years. Great social improvements are uncertain, difficult, and slow; but glory may

be obtained in a week. A war with England at its beginning is always popular. How many thousand volunteers would he have for a *pointe* on London? The best that can happen to you is to be excluded from the councils of the great family of despots. Besides, what is to be done to amuse these 400,000 bayonets, his masters as well as ours? Crosses, promotions, honours, and gratuities are already showered on the army of Paris. It has already received, a thing unheard of in our history, the honour and recompenses of a campaign for the butchery on the boulevards. Will not the other armies demand their share of work and reward? As long as the civil war in the provinces lasts, they may be employed there. But it will soon be over. What is then to be done with them? Are they to be marched on Switzerland, or on Piedmont, or on Belgium? Will England quietly look on?’

Our conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the Abbé Gioberti and of Signor Capponi, a Sicilian. We talked of the rumour that the Czar had written to Ferdinand, to hint that he is discrediting royalty, and to urge him to indulge his regal propensities with some little moderation. ‘He will utterly disregard such a remonstrance,’ said Capponi. ‘He believes himself to be not only the wisest and the most merciful, but one of the most powerful sovereigns in Europe. When Austria, during the Hungarian war, asked for some military aid, to which she was entitled by treaty, he answered, ‘That he had enough for his soldiers to do at home, and that if the Emperor wanted them he must come and take them.’

Gioberti congratulated me on our deliverance from Kossuth. 'Mazzini and Kossuth,' he said, 'have been the most mischievous men in this century. If liberty is to be destroyed, no one does the work better than a demagogue.' I assented to the maxim, but was amused by it from him.

From Tocqueville's I went to Horace Say's, where I found a small evening party; among them was Faucher. I asked him if he believed that the President had intended to strike the blow in October. 'I am not sure of it,' answered Faucher, 'but I think it highly probable. I tendered my resignation on October 10, but as there was a difficulty about my successor I remained till the 25th. During all that interval the President was urging me to countersign the appointment of Maupas as Préfet de Police. I steadily refused, and I now believe that this alone restrained him. Maupas was necessary to the *coup d'état*.'

'What will he do next?' said one of the party. 'One may foretell,' answered Faucher, 'the conduct of an Assembly or of a party, but it is impossible to calculate on the actions of an individual, especially of a man so wild and so presumptuous. One theory, and a very plausible one, is, that finding himself opposed, or at least unsupported, by the higher classes, he will throw himself on the multitude. We already hear that the tax on liquors and the *octrois* are to be abolished. The first would ruin the finances of the State, the second those of the communes.' 'But would Fould,' said Dunoyer, 'stand this?' 'What does he care,' replied Faucher,

'for Fould? It is only one clerk the less, even if Fould, which he would not venture to do, should object. Then we are told,' he continued, 'that Persigny is to go to Berlin to offer Hanover to Prussia, Constantinople to Russia, and Piedmont to Austria, and to demand Belgium and the Rhine for France. Nothing, I repeat, was too extravagant for him even before, and now he is perfectly intoxicated with success and flattery. If he should be re-elected by his old majority—and it is possible that it will be still greater—there will be no holding him. And those about him are as mad as he is. It is the reign of Catiline, surrounded by other Catilines for counsellors and for instruments.'

*Tuesday, Dec. 23.*—A hopelessly wet day. I called only on the people who are near me—Molesworth, Lord Wicklow, and Anisson. Molesworth's informers deny the truth of many of the prevalent reports. They affirm, for instance, that while the troops were standing quietly along the Boulevard des Capucins a fire was opened on them from the garrets of the Café de Paris, and that this was the first provocation, and they deny that any prisoners were shot in the Champ de Mars.

Lord Wicklow seems to be pleased with the *coup d'état*, as is the case, I am told, generally with the English in France. La Roche Jacquelin dined with him yesterday in high spirits. 'There was nothing else,' he said, 'between France and anarchy.'

It is said that Louis Napoleon, looking forward to the probability of assassination, has left a paper addressed to five of his generals, in which, after directing some

immediate measures, he advises them to send instantly for Henri V. as the only principle left.

The Anissons are glad that the suspense is over. 'I do not believe,' said Anisson, 'that Louis Napoleon will go to war, though I admit that I cannot give any good reasons for my hope of peace. I am inclined also to hope that he really will abolish the tax on fermented liquors and the *octrois*, and that he will substitute for them the additional revenue which would be obtained by the abolition of commercial protection. In his plenitude of power he can do this. A Parliamentary Government would be beaten by the private interests in the Assembly, which would all coalesce, each aiding his neighbour's job in order to purchase support for his own. But a despot could do it by a single decree, and in a very few months success would make it popular.'

I dined with Mrs. Grote.

*Wednesday, Dec. 24.*—I found my apartment cold and dark, and spent the morning in taking another, 3, Rue Colisée, and in moving. The only visit that I paid was at the Embassy. So degraded is moral and political feeling in Paris that Lord Normanby assures me that even now they are only just beginning to believe that the usurpation can be disapproved in England. Turgot confessed to him yesterday with surprise as well as regret that French travellers from English provinces joined in reporting the general indignation. They are, of course, much irritated by our newspapers. As for their schemes, he hears that the state of Ireland has been considered, and the success that might attend a

religious war. Louis Napoleon is trying to throw himself into the arms of the clergy, and they are ready to receive him. They call him 'L'Élu de Dieu,' which seems to be a translation of Dei Gratiâ.

He claims the authorship of the pamphlet on 'La Révision de la Constitution,' and sent it, indeed, to Lord Normanby as his own. It is a denunciation of Parliamentary Government as totally unfit for a country like France, without an aristocracy, without bodies politic, in short, without any local sources of influence or power except the creatures and instruments of the Central Executive. The whole tone of the pamphlet is centralised despotism. It proposes a legislative body, but it is to originate nothing; it supposes that the Chef du Gouvernement will have Ministers, but they are to be responsible only to him; his command is to be a complete justification. It allows, indeed, to a Minister 'la liberté de sa pensée, mais à la condition qu'il ne l'impose pas au Chef du Gouvernement, dont il n'est que l'aide, le collaborateur, le secrétaire.'

I remarked that in his earlier political works Louis Napoleon disapproved of the centralisation of France. 'Three years of power,' said Lord Normanby, 'have probably altered his opinion. I have administered one of the most centralised and one of the least centralised countries in Europe, and there is no comparison as respects the convenience of the administrator. In Ireland I could always get information and always get instruments. In England there is great difficulty in finding out what ought to be done, and still greater in arguing, or persuading, or flattering the local authorities into doing it.'

*Thursday, Dec. 25.*—The first person that I saw was Dumon. I asked him how long he thought that this state of things would last.

‘It will last,’ he answered, ‘as long as his popularity with the lower orders lasts, and that will last until they find that his reign does not better their condition. If it should turn out that he possesses the creative and administrative talents of his uncle; and if, like his uncle, he should receive the aid of all that is illustrious in France, he may make December 2 the era from which we shall have to date the return to prosperity. But we know, for his books show it, that he has little knowledge of politics, and that he has many mischievous prejudices; we know that all men of talent, and even all men of character, avoid him; we know that his advisers are among the most corrupt and the most wrong-headed men in France. It is obvious, therefore, that he will commit blunder upon blunder. He will try to please the lower classes and the army; to diminish the taxes to relieve the one, and to increase the expenditure to gratify the other. He will try to forward public works by granting extravagant terms and large advances to companies, the institutions that are most hated in France. He will abolish the tax on wines and diminish the *octroi*. The annual deficit is now 200 millions; he will make it 300, and how is he to supply it? If he attempt an income-tax he is gone; the French can bear a tax on visible property, but not one on profits or wages. If he negotiate a loan at the very time that he is diminishing the revenue, the terms to which he will have to submit



will show that those whose trade it is to scrutinise the stability of governments have no faith in his. And as soon as the opinion *que ça ne peut pas durer* is prevalent, the days of his reign may be counted. Then his Constitution will fail. The scheme is to have a *conseil d'état*, which is to represent the talent and reputation of Paris; a legislative body, which is to consist of the *notabilités de province*; and a senate, which is to be dignified and aristocratic. But both his senate and his *conseil d'état* will be filled with names ridiculous or disgraceful, and for his legislative body, if it is unpaid, he will have no candidates at all; if it is paid, they will be the *notabilités*, not of the provinces, but of the communes, men who will serve only as the easiest way of earning 10,000 francs.

'He is always thinking of the Empire. He forgets that thirty-eight years of freedom have made us a very different people. I am old enough to recollect something of the Empire. At that time no one ventured to talk freely, even in his own family; now, no one is cautious except in the presence of servants or of strangers. No one would then have ventured to write such letters as those of Faucher, or Molé, or Falloux; if they had been written, no one would have dared to read them.'

'Will he go to war?' I asked.

'Impossible,' answered Dumon; 'war would immediately destroy him. It would destroy him by the impossibility of finding money for it, by the jealousies which it would create among his generals, and by the general distress which it would occasion. We should

scarcely have accepted a national bankruptcy from his uncle ; we shall not willingly allow *him* to make one. Nor is it true that war is popular in France. It is popular among journalists and pamphleteers, a noisy but small part of the public. What France wants is tranquillity and prosperity. In her terror of the Rouges she has allowed this man to bridle and mount her, but as soon as that terror has passed away—and it cannot last long—she will throw him.'

'Can she do,' I asked, 'without a rider? Will the Republic return?'

'Certainly not,' he answered ; 'the Republic is gone—at least for our time. We must have, I will not say a master, but a ruler. What we want is legitimacy without the Legitimists ; Henry V., but not Henry V. in the hands of the Henri-cinquists.'

'You are a fusionist, then,' I said.

'I *am* a fusionist,' he replied. 'I believe that if that unhappy rent in the monarchical party had not been torn by Louis-Philippe's usurpation, we should now be ruled over tranquilly by our ancient dynasty, and I believe that to that dynasty we shall ultimately return. But we cannot return to it while the two monarchical parties hate one another more bitterly than they hate the common enemy. The Orleanists are quite strong enough to exclude the Comte de Chambord, the Legitimists are quite strong enough to exclude the Comte de Paris.'

'What is the present deficit?' I asked.

'I will give you the history,' he said, 'of our finances

since 1848. When *we* were turned out the unfunded debt was 600 millions. Of this sum 300 millions consisted of money deposited with the Government, such as *cautionnements* and the savings' banks deposits; the rest was *bons du Trésor*. The latter sum only was a real burthen; the former came in as it went out, like the money in a banker's till. The Provisional Government funded the whole. They created an additional debt of 60 millions a year, or about 1,200 millions (48 millions sterling) of capital debt; but they left no unfunded debt whatever. Louis Napoléon's Government has just brought us back to the point at which we started; that is to say, having begun by owing nothing except our funded debt, we now have an unfunded debt of 600 millions, 300 millions consisting of deposits, and the remaining 300 of *bons du Trésor*. There is nothing formidable in this, if we could stop there; but this unfunded debt has grown at the rate of 200 millions a year, and seems likely to increase still more rapidly. If we outran our income by 200 millions last year, we shall probably exceed it by 300 millions next year. Retrenchment, and—for the purpose of retrenchment—peace, or bankruptcy are the only alternatives; and Louis Napoleon's tyranny cannot survive either of them.'

From Dumon's I went to the Duc de Broglie's. Immediately after me came M. Creton, released a week ago from St. Pélagie, where the leaders of the Montagne are still confined. The Duke complimented him on his escape, not only from prison, but from such fellow-

prisoners; but M. Creton rejected the latter half of the congratulation. 'The Montagnards,' he said, 'when you see them more closely, are *honnêtes gens*, and I believe that they have learnt something from experience. When La Grange and his companions came round me on my arrival, I said to them, "You see, gentlemen, the natural result of attempting to make such a country as France republican," and they seemed to assent, at least they did not object.

'You find us,' said M. Creton, turning to me, 'in a situation which has no parallel in modern history.' 'Nay,' said the Duke, 'it has no parallel in any history whatever. Never before did a civilised nation put into the hands of one man absolute power to alter or create all its laws and institutions. We have prostrated ourselves as if we were Peruvians and he a Manco Capac. Other despots have had to rely only on their armies, or on their armies supported by a party or by a faction. He has with him not only all the military force, but all the enthusiasm of the people.' 'In my department,' said Creton, 'La Somme, no one raises, or even wishes to raise, a voice against him. We are all on our knees.' 'So it is in ~~the~~ mine,' said the Duke; 'so it is in three-fourths of France. For the present he is omnipotent. To-day we see in the "Moniteur" a decree of one of his generals confiscating the property of some twenty of the principal inhabitants of the Allier—an outrage as opposed to our laws as it is to our feelings.' 'If it suited him,' said Creton, 'he could send and cut off your head to-morrow.' 'He undoubtedly could,'

said the Duke. Two thousand men are now at Brest to be shipped to Cayenne : 8,000 more are to follow. No one knows what are their offences, on what evidence or on whose indication they may have been selected, or what form of trial, if any, they have undergone. Even their names are unknown. Some, probably, are members of secret societies, some, perhaps, are feared for their liberal opinions or for their courage, and some may be the enemies or perhaps the creditors or the heirs of those who have denounced them. Of course they will all perish in such a climate, and in such a country few of them would live, even if the most careful preparation had been made for their reception ; as it is, they will arrive totally unexpected, they will be encamped among swamps under the fifth degree of latitude, and fed on salt beef. The Noyades were far more merciful. But the fear of the Rouges renders everything possible.'

'Do you think,' I asked, 'that that fear is exaggerated?' 'It may be exaggerated now,' said the Duke ; 'but I do not think that it *was* three weeks ago. Two years ago, when the President and the Assembly were on tolerable terms, we were a match for them ; but I will not say that we should have been so next April. They were well organised, perfectly daring and intrepid, and scattered all over France. Insurrections would have burst out simultaneously in every department, and I am not at all sure that the President and the Assembly, each employed in worrying the other, and each approaching the end of its legal existence, could have subdued them.'

Visitors now came in, and I went away.

The next person that I found at home was V. 'How long,' I asked, 'is this to last?' 'It will last,' he answered, 'as long as the terror of the Rouges is our predominant feeling, and not an instant longer. Louis Napoleon himself is doing all that he can to cure us of that terror, first, by showing us how weak the Rouge party really was, and secondly, by destroying all its leaders. It was a phantom which, with the usual excitability of Frenchmen, we created out of really small materials, and which will collapse much more rapidly than it rose. The instant it is gone he loses his influence over the people, and when that is gone the army will not stand by him for a day. You must recollect, too, that the demands of the army are insatiable. He cannot make twenty generals and fifty colonels a day, and as soon as he stops discontent begins.' 'Cannot he,' I asked, 'make room for constant promotion by war?' 'I do not think,' said V., 'that he can. The higher orders are irreconcilably hostile to him; his object, therefore, must be to conciliate the masses. To do this, he must reduce taxation and undertake public works. But this is incompatible with the expense of war. Besides, he is no general. If he goes to war, some general will turn Cromwell or Monk. I feel convinced, therefore, that this cannot last, and the instant the rest of the world thinks so, too, it will end. The scene will change as if we were in a theatre.'

I dined with Sir Henry Ellis, and finished the evening at Lady Normanby's.

*Friday, Dec. 26.*—I called on Faucher. 'Whether it

would be possible,' he said, 'for Louis Napoleon, by any conduct whatever, to maintain himself, I will not decide ; but I feel certain that the policy which he *will* adopt will destroy him, and my political satisfaction at his fall will be mixed with personal regret, for I am attached to him, probably because I believe that I have rendered him great services.

'He is, without doubt, a man of considerable intellect, he writes well, and does not speak ill when he has prepared himself. And he has some great moral excellencies—courage, perseverance, and secrecy. But his imagination predominates over his reason ; it is wild, romantic (*romanesque*), and irregular. His fatalism is blinder than his uncle's. When the Emperor talked of his star it was a metaphor. Louis Napoleon really believes in some astral agency presiding over his fate. Never was there a mind that required to be more disciplined by advice, and example, and opposition, and collision, in short, by free intercourse with equals and superiors. And few have enjoyed these advantages less. He began life in Italy among a set of petty intriguing princes who lived in conspiracies ; in one of them, directed against the Pope, his brother perished, and he himself narrowly escaped. Another attempt and another escape at Strasburg confirmed the propensity. Again he tried, and, though he failed in his object, he again escaped with life at Boulogne. To a mind like his few situations could be more unfavourable than his six years' imprisonment at Ham. His strange theories about himself and about France gained consistency and obstinacy

in his solitary meditations. And it must be confessed that the degree in which they must appear to him to be in process of realisation might well have turned a stronger head. The faults of his character will now have ample development. He seldom profits by advice, because he seldom believes it to be sincere. From natural disposition, or perhaps from judging others by himself, he is universally and incurably suspicious. I believe that he liked me, and that, as far as his nature permitted, he trusted me; but he always suspected me of being engaged against him in some Orleanist or Legitimist plot. Now, when you consider that he knows nothing of the art of government and nothing of France—that is to say, that he wants both general knowledge and specific knowledge—and that he is inaccessible to advice, you may conceive what sort of an autocrat he will make. His most certain difficulty will be financial. He will want to take off taxes and to increase expenditure. He cannot bear to refuse, and will give or lend the money of the State to every one who has a plausible distress or a plausible scheme. If he lasts long enough he will perish in a national bankruptcy or be sacrificed to avert one. This is his euthanasia, his best because his most distant end. But before it comes to this he will, I think, be upset by the army. The votes show an alarming prevalence of discontent; 17,000 noes, given in open voting, in the presence of the officers, who strove by promises and by threats to make an affirmative vote a military duty, indicate an immense unpopularity. He is said to be popular with the cavalry; but the special corps,



such as the engineers and the artillery, are against him, and I do not believe that he has a majority in the infantry. The officers who commanded on the boulevards are ill received. I have heard of people going out of the room when they entered. The navy is generally disaffected, and there are alarming rumours from Africa. As all information is withheld, they may be founded merely on the fact that dangerous elements are collected there. Several regiments have been sent there as a punishment for republicanism: the Commander-in-Chief, General Pelissier, answered the *coup d'état* by a very cold proclamation. He was recalled, and we do not know how his successor will be received. I do not think that he can have recourse to war. If he were to attack Austria and Russia, the odds against us would be too great. If he were to turn against England and Prussia, it would be a maritime war, which would ruin our commerce and do us no credit. Depend upon it, his reign cannot be long.'

I mentioned a theory of M. Anisson's, that Louis Napoleon might obtain popularity by diminishing the centralisation of France and introducing some local government. 'Nothing,' said Faucher, 'can be more absurd. There do not exist in France the materials of local government. It is only within the last twenty years that our peasants have begun to learn to read. How would your boards of guardians manage if they were constituted of men scarcely raised, if raised at all, above the common labourers? Such, however, would be the local boards in France. What has saved us in our revolutions is the

official hierarchy, begun by the Convention and perfected by Napoleon, which gives, like a bony skeleton, stability to our institutions. I so far agree with M. Anisson as to suspect that Louis Napoleon has some schemes, borrowed probably from his English experience, of localising some parts of our administration. I believe that the attempt will be mischievous to us and ruinous to him.'

M. L. came to me in the afternoon, but was immediately followed by Duchâtel. As they have taken opposite sides, party politics were avoided. We talked of the opportunity now offered to Louis Napoleon of gaining both revenue and popularity by improving the French tariff. He can do nothing, they agreed, as to the corn laws. Though France is generally an exporting country, the 13 millions of proprietors fear foreign competition as much as any English squire. Nor would it be safe to touch any of the manufactures which employ large bodies of workmen. But he might admit iron and coal, now subject to prohibitive duties, and he might abolish the absurd monopoly granted to butchers. 'Would you abolish,' I asked, 'the monopoly granted to the 400 bakers of Paris?' 'Certainly not,' answered Duchâtel. 'The bread of Paris is the best in Europe, and its price bears the lowest proportion to the price of flour; a much lower proportion than it does in London. Why should we tamper with a system which occasions both cheapness and excellence? The monopoly gives us a right to fix the price; we fix it at a rate which forces the baker to require ready money payments. By securing to each baker, if

he deserves it, a considerable market, we enable him to carry on his business on a large scale, and consequently with an economy which the small tradesman cannot use. In Lyons, where the number of bakers in proportion to the population is twice as great, bread is 20 per cent. higher.'

L. outstayed Duchâtel, but it was nearly 5, so that we had not much time left. 'To you, what has happened,' said L., 'of course must appear a frightful usurpation. *We* look on Louis Napoleon as a beneficent magician, who, by a *coup de baguette*, has subdued a monster whom we ourselves could neither resist nor elude.'

'We have not time,' I said, 'now to talk about the substance of the *coup d'état*, but was not its form wantonly, and therefore wickedly, sanguinary?'

'You must recollect,' he answered, 'the part which the *curieux* have played in our recent *émeutes*. The Parisian is always eager for excitement, and nothing is so exciting as a battle. Wherever there was any fighting the streets used to be crowded with spectators, who, without actually manning the barricades, sympathised with the *émeutiers*, discouraged and sometimes seduced the soldiers, and by their mere presence impeded their manœuvres and sheltered the insurgents. I have no doubt that the soldiers had orders not to let any consideration for the spectators interfere with their operations, to direct their guns on the barricades, and on any houses where there were enemies, without enquiring whether there were *curieux* in the line of fire; it is possible, too, that there

may have been a wish to *faire peur aux curieux*, and it may easily be supposed that soldiers, all of them excited and many of them drunk, exceeded their orders.

‘But you are not to believe the stories of their having fired down the cross streets at flying spectators, or of the wholesale executions in the Champ de Mars, or in the vaults of the Tuileries. No quarter, indeed, was given. The greatest resistance was at a barricade near the Porte St. Denys. The captain who commanded the troops that took it told me that they seized, on the other side of the barricade, about 100 persons, who were instantly put to death, and that about thirty more ran away and were pursued and killed; but there were no formal executions. I foresaw the day before what would happen. I walked along the boulevards on the Wednesday. There were crowds insulting the troops by cries of “À bas Soulouque!” “À bas le dictateur!” “Vive la République!” others were crying “Vive la ligne!” which was meant as a seduction. I said to my friend, “This place is becoming dangerous.”’

‘It is strange,’ I said, ‘that the Government should treat “Vive la République” as a seditious cry.’

‘It *is* strange,’ he answered, ‘and not very wise. Louis Napoleon’s aim ought to be to conciliate the lower orders; the higher orders are not to be won, they cannot permanently favour a despotism; the lower classes may be, but I fear that he does not know how. On commercial matters he is stuffed with all the prejudices of Protection. In internal administration his mind runs on agricultural colonies, and baths and wash-houses, and all the

patriarchal kindnesses of a grand seigneur taking care of his vassals. All this will do harm. The French are independent. They will not sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. Nothing but sound political economy can consolidate his power.'

I dined with Mrs. Grote. She had a small party in the evening. I mentioned to Gallina the story which Faucher had told me of Lord Normanby's remonstrance at Turgot's dinner on December 2. "You ought," he is represented as having said to Turgot, "to have put off your dinner, and not to have given us all only the painful alternative of appearing to sanction the *coup d'état* by our presence, or to protest against it by our absence."

'He said something of the kind,' said Gallina, 'but not so formally as Faucher describes it. He did not wish, probably, to give more importance to the dinner than was unavoidable.'

*Saturday, Dec. 27.*—I went to the meeting of the Institute, and heard a very long, dull paper on the moral and metaphysical opinions of Diderot. I went out with Beaumont before it was quite over, and while we were talking in the outer room the Duc de Broglie joined us, anxious for news from Ham, from whence Beaumont and Tocqueville returned last night. Beaumont described the prisoners as tranquil, knowing well the impossibility of torturing any part of their conduct into matter of accusation. 'They will not be detained,' said the Duke, 'more than a week or two longer. For the next three or four months you will see the violence of the present tyranny gradually mollified. But that will be followed

by a recrudescence. We shall have oscillations of negligence and violence.' 'The Duke's remark is a very sensible one,' said Beaumont, after he had left us. 'At present, half the world are exceedingly frightened, and the other half are exceedingly pleased. Both, therefore, are at the feet of the Government; both talk the language which it likes to hear. But as the Government seems to perpetrate much fewer outrages than were at first expected, as its espionage goes on diminishing, as it is found to confine its proscriptions and deportations either to the provinces or to the *émeutiers* of the capital, the Liberals and the Monarchists will gain courage, they will talk and write more freely, and Paris will lose its character of abject prostration. On the other hand, when the Rouges appear to be exterminated, those who embraced despotism because they thought it their only defence against socialism will think that it has done its work and ought to depart. They will sigh for freedom of the press, freedom of discussion, and freedom of action; instead of general submission there will be general discontent. The Government will be disappointed and irritated. Finding that it cannot conciliate, it will try to intimidate. I fully believe that fifteen months hence our condition will be much worse than it is now.'

'Do you give him,' I answered, 'fifteen months?'

'I should give him,' he replied, 'fifteen years, if I thought him capable of using the immense advantages of his position. *Il a le vent en poupe*. France cannot exist without a strong Government, and with our miserable dissensions what could we substitute for him? As for

the Constitution of 1848, it is dead. It might have been cured. It cannot be reanimated. Of course he will commit folly upon folly. We shall learn something from experience, and when we are *poussés au bout* we shall take refuge in Henri V. But that may take longer than fifteen months.'

I dined with Sumner. He is just returned from Holland and Belgium. The mercantile body in Holland is delighted. The 'Allgemeine Handelsblatt,' the 'Times' of Amsterdam, published an indignant article, and the principal merchants urged the Burgomaster to suppress it. The political men are anxious but resolute; they think an attack probable, and are resolved to resist it. Nearly the same feelings exist in Belgium, but the alarm is greater, as the danger is more imminent. They have placed their army on a war footing, and think of negotiating a loan to meet the expense.

'The late Minister of War,' said Sumner, 'told me that he firmly believed that Persigny was going to Berlin and Vienna to ask for Belgium and the Rhine and Egypt, giving Hanover to Prussia, Wallachia and Moldavia and the Legations to Austria, Constantinople to Russia, and Piedmont to the Prince of Leuchtenberg. If you intend to resist this, and want American assistance, you had better immediately settle the Nicaragua question, and to do that you must forthwith recall your agent, Chatfield. Chatfield on your part and Squire on ours were two firebrands; each acted as if their business was to drive their two countries into war. We have recalled Squire. I trust that, now you have a reasonable man in your Foreign Office, you will not retain Chatfield.'

I drank tea with the Tocquevilles. Corcelle, Beaumont, and several other persons, some of them (said Tocqueville to me as I was going out) country friends, *et pour comble* Napoleonists, came in, so that there was little conversation.

I mentioned without much respect Sumner's story about Persigny's mission. 'There is no doubt,' said Beaumont, 'that the story is true. When I was Minister at Vienna, in November 1849, Louis Napoleon was planning a *coup d'état*. He turned out the Odillon Barrot Ministry for that purpose, and, as part of the scheme, he sent Persigny to Vienna to make pretty nearly the propositions which you mention. Schwartzberg sent for me and showed them to me: "They were matters," he said, "which ought not to be concealed from the French Minister." The *coup d'état* was adjourned, and as nothing of the kind could be sanctioned by the Assembly Persigny's mission failed.'

*Sunday, Dec. 28.*—I breakfasted with M. L. His connection with the Élysée imposed restraint both on him and on me. I collected, however, from his conversation that he looks forward with great perplexity. 'France,' he said, 'is unfit for Parliamentary Government. It wants two things, both elements of that form of government. One is moderation. Every French party, if it gets the upper hand, pushes its victory to the utmost, alters the policy and displaces the administrators of its predecessors, and carries out its own views to the utmost extreme, until it disgusts the country, and the Opposition comes in, and acts with equal intemperance. Another



deficiency is an aristocracy. We have, indeed, an aristocracy of birth and an aristocracy of wealth; but the former is poor, ignorant, and presumptuous, the latter ignoble and servile. The great object of our rich *roturiers* is to connect themselves with noble families. They succeed more easily for their daughters, but even that success is a miserable one. An Englishman can scarcely conceive the stupidity, ignorance, and frivolity of the young men of our ancient families. They disdain the learned professions and trade, there is room for only a portion of them in the army, and what is the army in a long peace? Then we have no political bodies with any inherent strength or traditionary influence. In short, there is nothing powerful but the Government and the army. With our strong centralised administration and unorganised people, we are driven on some form of monarchy, and that which we shall adopt is probably the one indicated by the President's pamphlet, and borrowed from the Imperial Constitution.'

'Such a Constitution,' I answered, 'seems to me to be destined either to impotence or to a violent death. The legislative body is to do nothing but discuss the laws which are sent down to it, and to vote the Budget. The Ministers are excluded from it. If it blindly assents to the wishes of the Executive it is impotent. If it asserts any free-will, having nothing to do but to object, it will fall into opposition. Every popular body which has no administrative or executive functions does so. Its weapon is to refuse the supplies. This, of

course, your monarch, whether you call him President or Emperor, will not tolerate. Then follows a *coup d'état*.'

'I admit,' replied L., 'the danger; but in the miserable state to which we are reduced by the general ignorance of our people, by the absence of any party that is entitled to respect, and by the mutual hatreds of all of them, I see no issue but trying the Imperial Constitution, dangerous as I confess it to be.'

M. B. came in. He was Prefect of Montpellier, gave in his adhesion, was warmly thanked by the President, and three days after dismissed. Morny tells him that it was a mistake, and that he shall have something better. L. hopes that as soon as the Constitution is promulgated the Ministry will be changed. Morny is a mere *roué*. Baroche and Rouher are mere lawyers.

I dined with Mrs. Grote, and met Buffet and the Fauchers. We had an amusing dinner, but little politics. Faucher affirmed that he knew as matter of certainty that an arrangement had been made between the President and Austria for the joint occupation of Switzerland in spring. 'The Swiss deserve it,' said Faucher, 'for their breach of faith. They have solemnly promised to expel the French refugees who lurk within their frontier, and are constantly planning and sometimes executing inroads on our territory. I relieved them, when I was Minister, of 500 of the worst German refugees, men who had endeavoured to lay waste Baden. I paid the expense of carrying them through France and shipping them to New York. But they cannot or

will not deliver us from the French, so we must take the matter into our own hands.'

'But where are they to live?' said Mrs. Grote.

'Ce n'est pas mon affaire,' said Faucher.

'Vous n'en voyez pas la nécessité,' answered Mrs. Grote.

I observed that I found great liberty of speech in private.

'In private,' said Faucher; 'that is, within the four walls of your own room, but not elsewhere. An acquaintance of mine, a coach-builder, has lost one of his best workmen. The last time that he was seen was in a public-house, in which he was overheard to say, "Ce drôle-là prend des licences." He may be in prison. He may be on his way to Cayenne.

'An ex-Representative, M. C., has been treated more mildly. He is a great iron-master, an honest, but not a very cultivated or a very temperate man. A few days ago he was on the boulevards talking anti-presidential politics, and, as is his wont, with some loudness and gesticulation. A man tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "I recommend you not to utter such sentiments publicly." C. shook off his monitor not very respectfully, and continued. "I desire you," said the man, "not to talk politics here." C.'s indignation was now turned against his new acquaintance, and expressed in not very measured terms. "I do not choose," said the other, "to have a scene, but you shall hear from me." C. talked on for an hour, and then went home; he found in his apartments two sergens de ville, who

presented an order from Morny, directing them to accompany him to Rodez, where his iron-works are—about 400 miles from Paris—and to set out by that evening's train.'

*Monday, Dec. 29.*—Before breakfast M. O. called on me. He was a clerk in the Department of the Interior. His father was Deputy for Châlons and Conseiller de la Cour Royale. He was overheard to express disapprobation of the *coup d'état*, and was dismissed. He is resolved to leave France for ever, to fix himself as a teacher of French, or as a clerk, or as anything by which a living can be obtained, in Canada, or the United States, or New Zealand, or Australia—in short, anywhere but in France, and the farther the better.

Beaumont breakfasted with me. I mentioned O.'s intention. 'He is quite right,' said Beaumont, 'and if I were unmarried I would emigrate too. As it is, I shall quit Paris. My constituents are anxious to re-elect me when our new legislative body is to be formed, but I have refused. If that body is to be of any service it must oppose the violence and absurdity of which this Government will be guilty. It will be its duty to refuse the supplies, for that is the only administrative power that is to be left to it. But this must bring on a *coup d'état*; in fact, it is a sort of *coup d'état* itself. I am tired of revolutionary politics, and shall retire to the country and write. I do not hope, however, to be left quiet even there. If I see my friends, a great deal that I say, and indeed a great deal that I do not say, will be reported. If I live in solitude, I shall be accused of being sulky and

*malveillant.* I wish I could imitate O. I often endeavour to look at our situation in its worst form, and to find reasons for thinking that it can continue ; but I cannot. If Louis Napoleon gives us no liberty at all, if we are to have neither the press nor the tribune, nor the power of interfering in any way in the internal or external management of our own country, we shall rise against such a tyranny, as we should rise against a man who could deprive us of air and light. On the other hand, if he admits into his Constitution the least opening for liberty, it will rush in and blow it up. With us the violence of reaction is in proportion to the violence of action. Louis-Philippe cut down the power of the people, till we were in the hands of the corrupted majority of about 200,000 electors. The reaction was the Revolution of 1848. Louis Napoleon and his six millions of votes were the reaction against that. The events of this month are the most violent that have ever occurred in our history. Napoleon never ventured to decree a new penal code such as appeared in yesterday's "Moniteur." He never ventured to decree that the Socialists known to have taken arms should be tried by military tribunals, and that those whose Socialist opinions were notorious should be *déportés administrative-ment*, that their property should be sequestered, and that all who received them or relieved them should be treated as accomplices. Yet all this is done by General Eynard, and his decree is published in the "Moniteur." He treats the Department of the Allier like a revolted district of Algiers ; the Socialists—that is to say, those who disapprove of the *coup d'état*—are to be exterminated

by a *razzia*. Depend on it, *il finira mal*. It is some consolation,' he added, 'in our misery, that the Assembly perished nobly. The courage and calmness with which it pronounced the *déchéance* of the man who was absolute master of France will be recollected when the next time for republican government arrives. The personal danger which the members incurred seems now to be trifling, but it really was considerable, and more formidable because undefined. All that we knew was that we were defying a power irresistible and unscrupulous. The first scheme was to deport us to Cayenne, after the example of the 18th Fructidor. Consistently with this intention, we were treated as malefactors, dragged to the Quai d'Orsay, penned for hours in a wet court-yard, and carried in grated carriages to Vincennes and Mont Valérien.'

'You think, then,' I said, 'that we shall see the Republic again?'

'Neither you nor I,' he answered, 'may see it, but I have no doubt that those who come after us will. When we have worn out (*usé*) despotism and worn out constitutional monarchy, we shall come back to the form which, to use M. Thiers's expression, annoys our vanity the least. Louis Napoleon's scheme of a government which shall be free, or even legal, without being parliamentary, is an absurdity which could enter only into so confused a head as his.'

'Do you think his head confused?' I said.

'Confused,' he replied, 'is not exactly the word. His ideas are clear, but they are inconsistent, because they

are few. He has the mind of a prisoner, of a man who has gone round and round in the same narrow circle, and fancies that his theories and his plans are true and practicable because they are familiar to his mind. And it must be admitted that he has made the most of his intellectual stock.'

'Was his proposal,' I asked, 'for remodelling Europe mentioned to Lamoricière?'

'Nicholas,' he replied, 'communicated it to Lamoricière, as Schwartzberg did to me. I do not believe that Louis Napoleon has abandoned it. He abandons nothing. The excitement of this *coup d'état* is passing away, and he is looking out for another.'

"We shall do something great," said Rouher to me; "something that will astonish France, perhaps Europe."

"What is that to be?" I said.

"I don't know," answered Rouher, "but it will be something great."

'It may be a Socialist movement, it may be a military one. His neighbours should be on their guard. They stand before a loaded cannon, of which a mad-man holds the match.'

I dined with Horace Say. There were about twelve guests, among them the Fauchers and M. Reynouard, the Procureur de la République, on whose requisition the Haute Cour declared Louis Napoleon a traitor. He is a large, gay, jolly-looking man, with none of the austerity which might seem to belong to his functions.

General St.-Arnaud<sup>1</sup> and his early adventures were our

<sup>1</sup> Commander-in-Chief of the French army in the Crimean war.—ED.

principal subjects. He is fair, and was almost feminine in youth. His intimacy with a Marchioness, whose name I forget, ended by its being thought by her husband advisable that she should pass some time *en retraite* in a convent of the Dames de la Merci. Soon afterwards another candidate for *retraite* and pious austerities entered the convent, and about a month passed before the sex of the new penitent was discovered, at least by the superiors. St.-Arnaud threatened revelations, and as the *pénitentes* had no desire for fame, he was merely dismissed. How he got from the Théâtre des Variétés into the army does not appear. His first military patron was Bugeaud. Bugeaud, while mounting guard over the Duchesse de Berri at Blaye, got weary, and asked for an aide-de-camp who could amuse him. They sent him a dandy, whom he soon turned off, and begged for a *chenapan* in his place (a *chenapan*, I am told, is a mixture of rogue, buffoon, and scamp). St.-Arnaud was chosen, and soon became the favourite not only of the Marshal, but of his prisoner. It seems clear that he is a very clever fellow, and of the cleverness, unweighted by scruple and unrestrained by fear, which best suits his countrymen.

We passed to the financial expedients of the new Government. They have agreed, it is said, to sell the Lyons Railroad, which has cost the State 200 millions, for 110. 'In that case,' said some one, 'there must be a *pot de vin* of at least 40 millions for the private use of the Government.' 'Without doubt there is,' it was answered. 'That is now the great business of the Élysée.'



The *coup d'état* itself was also a *coup de bourse*. Those in the secret speculated for a rise in the French market and a fall in the London one. They bought, therefore, in the former and sold in the latter, and made a good thing in each. They were all overwhelmed with debt.'

'But will the next Government,' I asked, 'ratify all the bargains of its predecessor?'

'Up to the present time,' I was answered, 'that has always been the case. A case of manifest corruption might be an exception, but it would be difficult to take from innocent shareholders a property acquired even by fraud, if they had no notice of the fraud. The acts of a government *de facto* are always held valid; so, indeed, are those of any person in authority. None of the subordinate agents, for instance, who arrested the representatives of the people, will be punished, or even prosecuted. They would plead the orders of their official superiors, and the plea would be admitted.'

Mrs. Grote compares French officials to the slaves of Aladdin's lamp. Aladdin kept his power by carrying his lamp about in his bosom. As a French Minister's bureau is not portable, he never can be sure, when he quits it, that it will not be immediately occupied by an intruder, whom the slaves of the desk and of the telegraph will instinctively obey, without enquiring or caring about his title.

*Tuesday, Dec. 30.*—I drank tea with V., and met there Z., the Fauchers, M. Donoz (Spanish Minister at Paris), and half a dozen men. They all agreed that

public opinion in Paris is turning against the President. The first impression of the *coup d'état* was terror; the second was satisfaction at the destruction of the Rouges and the dispersion of the unpopular Assembly. But the power which he has assumed is so much beyond the necessities of his case, so much beyond expectation, and so inconsistent with the habits and feelings of Paris, that an impression of its transitoriness is spreading. Business, which revived for an instant, is collapsing. The Rue du Sentier (the principal commercial street in Paris) voted against him almost unanimously. He is accused of expressing an intention to govern in spite of Paris, which is an unheard-of pretension.

The dismissal of Palmerston for having applauded the *coup d'état* is taken as a proof of the feeling of the English Government and of the English people. Louis Napoleon is reported to have said that, in losing Palmerston, he lost his only real friend; that the northern Powers are civil, Palmerston only was cordial.

His alliance with the Pope and the clergy may please the provinces, but disgusts the Parisians. They believe him to be what he calls himself, a sincerely devout servant of the Church; and they are more tolerant even of despotism than of bigotry.

It is now said that half of the army of Algiers has voted against him. Z. thinks that he will have recourse to war. He has no doubt that the occupation of Switzerland is resolved on; twenty millions and twenty years' interest are to be demanded from Belgium for the expense of the siege of Antwerp. In the new distribu-

tion of the military force, which appeared in yesterday's 'Moniteur,' Strasburg is designated as a central post 'as long as our frontier remains unaltered.'

The censure is now extended to all periodicals, even to philosophical and agricultural journals. Jules Janin, who writes in the 'Débats,' has amused the world by some quotations from Tacitus, which the poor censor let pass, relying on the accuracy of Janin's translation. 'Tacitus,' said Janin, 'has well remarked that great events require the concurrence of many dissimilar parties: "Is habitus animorum fuit ut pessimum facinus auderent pauci, plures vellent, omnes paterentur." Nor are the difficulties over when the first success has been obtained: "Nemo unquam imperium flagitio quæsitum bonis artibus exercuit." This reminds one of the quotation by a preacher in a country church near Oxford. 'Non vobis academici sed his rusticis loquor, as St. Jerome most learnedly remarks.'

At 6 in the morning of December 2, Louis Napoleon went into the gardens of the Élysée and asked the sentinels if they had heard any trumpets. 'No,' they said. He walked up and down very restlessly for ten minutes. At last a fanfare was heard. 'Ah,' he said, rubbing his hands, 'ils sont tous attrapés.'

'Among the things,' said V., 'which irritate us the most, is the darkness in which we are kept; we are ready to cry out, like Ajax, "if we are to be destroyed, let us be destroyed in the light." We are deprived not only of the press, but almost of the post. Letters are suppressed, or delivered after a week's delay.'

‘Do you suppose,’ I said, ‘that the foreign letters are opened?’

‘Not many of *them*,’ he replied. ‘It is the communication between Paris and the departments that is most watched.’

‘We have never,’ said Z., ‘carried the opening of foreign letters to the extent to which it has been pushed by the English Government. There it is so notorious that perhaps it ought not to be complained of. The English Government carries letters on the tacit condition that they are liable to inspection.’

‘Do you suppose,’ I said, ‘that if you were to write to Hallam, and put your name in the corner, it would be opened?’

‘I have no doubt,’ he answered, ‘that it would; but they would find nothing in it. I have given up politics; public events, therefore, affect me very slightly. They belong to a world with which I have almost ceased to have any concern.’

*Wednesday, Dec. 31.*—Wollowski breakfasted with me. He talked of the difficulty of finding respectable men for any of the higher offices.

‘May their disinclination,’ I said, ‘be partly owing to an opinion that their tenure of office would be very short?’

‘No,’ he answered; ‘the general opinion is that this Government has some years to run, and to say the truth, I rather hope that such may be the case. We ought to be made to feel the value of liberty. We have enjoyed it as a man who has never been ill enjoys

health, unreflectingly ; three or four years of real tyranny would be a useful lesson, and this man will, I think, give it to us, unless his career be cut short in a way which I do not desire.'

'Do you expect it?' I asked.

'No,' he replied. 'Though the attempt will certainly be made—for there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, who have sworn to make it—the chances are many to one against its success. Louis-Philippe was fired on seventeen times. The public heard only of the attacks which produced trials. The attempt on the Pont Royal was, however, an exception ; for that was notorious, though the author was not detected. I know him ; he stood on the bridge so that he could see into the carriage, fired, dropped the pistol into the water, and mingled in the crowd before he was recognised. Fieschi's and Alibeu's were the most dangerous attacks—Fieschi's from the number of barrels discharged, Alibeu's from his skill as a marksman. He was one of the best in the army ; but a man's hand trembles on such an occasion.

'Louis Napoleon's fatalism may, however, induce him to tempt fortune. Yesterday he rode with merely an aide-de-camp to St. Cloud. To-morrow he goes publicly to Notre-Dame. It will be a favourable opportunity.'

After breakfast I called at the Embassy.

Lady Normanby talked of the falsehoods which are current in Paris. 'One of the grossest,' she said, 'is the intimacy of Lord Normanby with Mrs. Howard. In fact, he has spoken to her only three times. The

President asked Lord Normanby to come and dine with him and Drouyn de l'Huys, to talk over some matter. When Lord Normanby reached the Élysée he found Louis Napoleon going out. Drouyn de l'Huys, he said, could not come, so he and Murat were going to dine with Mrs. Howard, and Lord Normanby must join them. It was of course impossible to refuse. The second time was when he found her with the President at St. Cloud. The third time was when he met them riding in the Bois de Boulogne. On these three interviews, the only ones that ever took place, and the last of which was more than two years ago, the Parisians found a story that Lord Normanby tried to govern Louis Napoleon through his mistress.'

M. de Circourt called on me in the afternoon. We talked of the state of religion in France. 'Louis Napoleon,' he said, 'has taken his side. He has thrown himself into the arms of the priests, which means into the arms of the Jesuits. The University, and with the University all our education, will be in their hands. Believing, as I do, that real Christianity is the great civiliser of mankind, I yet fear that I shall have to witness its extinction in France. The higher orders in the country and all classes in the towns are, in general, mere infidels; the peasants are sinking into a debasing superstition. Every new swarm of priests that issues from our seminaries is more narrow-minded, more bigoted, more mischievous than the one that came before it. They are utterly indifferent to liberty or law. The best of them care only for the interests of the

Church ; the worst care only for their own ; not one of them cares for the country. They were all ready to join the Rouge party when they thought it uppermost ; they now deify the President. Their adherents are just as bad.

‘ I have been spending the last four months in the country, about six leagues from Paris. My curé is, what is very rare, a gentleman. He has more than average knowledge and intelligence. He said to me the other day, with tears in his eyes, “ Oh, if the Pope would only solemnly declare the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, she would be pacified and drive out the Socialists, whom she now suffers to terrify Europe.” Ever since the miracle of La Salette he thinks of nothing but appeasing the Virgin.’

‘ I never heard,’ I said, ‘ of that miracle.’

‘ No?’ he answered; ‘ then you know little of the religious world in France. La Salette is a village high in the French Alps, on the frontier of Piedmont. Immediately below it is a Vaudois valley. The people are poor and ignorant, and their superstition is inflamed by the neighbourhood of Protestants. In 1846 two half idiot boys reported that they had seen the Virgin. She was dressed as she is in the picture in their chapel, in a blue gown and red tunic. Her countenance was angry, she complained that she was neglected, threatened a succession of bad harvests, and made a further communication which the boys were not to reveal until she had seen them again. The tale reached the Bishop of Gap, who discountenanced it, but the Bishop of Grenoble

referred the matter to Rome. Pio Nono issued a bull acknowledging the miracle, and directing prayers to be offered to the Virgin, imploring her to allow the boys to reveal her message. It fills almost all the thoughts of my curé. "I pass whole nights," he said to me, "in praying to the Virgin for this revelation, but I fear that until the Immaculate Conception is decreed we shall not obtain it."

'Will this submission to the Church,' I said, 'upset Louis Napoleon?'

'Probably not,' he answered; 'the modes in which he may be destroyed are so many that the chances are against any *one*. He may perish by war, he may perish by assassination, he may perish by a bankruptcy, he may perish by a military revolt; every one of these is more likely than his being overthrown by his Jesuitism, hateful as it is to all the educated classes. There is no saying, however, to what excesses the priests may impel him. They are urging him to make a religious war in Ireland; they are quite ready to persecute the Protestants in France and the Mussulmen in Algiers. Both the clergy and Algiers,' he continued, 'have as yet been useful to him. The former procured for him a million and a half of votes. The latter supplied the generals and the troops for the worst parts of the *coup d'état*. The French who go to Algiers are denationalised. The soldiers turn Bedouins, the officers Arabs. None of them preserve the least respect for law, or the least sympathy for civil government. The army there is angry, not that the Republic has been destroyed, but that it has



been destroyed by a civilian, that it has been destroyed without its own interference, and that its own generals have been the first victims. If military government goes on for a few years longer, some African army will make an emperor for itself.'

I dined with the Tocquevilles, and met Mrs. Grote, Lanjuinais, Rivet, and Corcelle.

*Thursday, Jan. 1, 1852.*—At 11 this morning I went to Notre-Dame to hear the 'Te Deum' in honour of Louis Napoleon's success. The vast cathedral, all in a blaze with wax candles (the papers say that there were 12,000 in the nave), hung with banners, and crowded with spectators, was an imposing sight. A fog little inferior to the densest that London can shew covered Paris and filled the church, increasing the apparent size by the obscurity. I was in the ministerial gallery, but too late to get a front row, so that I could not distinguish the President's countenance either as he entered or as he sat or knelt under a canopy in the middle of the transept. I was sorry not to be able to see how a man looks who is publicly returning thanks to God for having been allowed to commit an atrocious crime. Those who were nearer said that he was *très-digne et recueilli*. As he entered and went out cries of 'Vive Napoléon!' were raised, and ran along the galleries, but seemed faint and few. Not one person in twenty joined in them. I was struck by the absence of women; they did not form a fiftieth part of the crowd. As soon as it was over he held a Court in the Tuileries, to which, as a member of the Institute, I ought to have gone. Not above two members of the Académie des Sciences morales were

present. I dined with the Wollowskis, and had considerable difficulty in finding my way home. I could not see from lamp to lamp. 'This was the *jour de l'an*, the most disagreeable day,' said my portier, 'of the year ; le jour où l'on vous souhaite tout ce qui n'arrive pas.' The boulevards are lined with booths for the sale of bon-bons, toys, and all the trumpery of which 'fairings' consist.

*Friday, Jan. 2.*—I called on T. He has a small but very agreeable collection of pictures, the best his own and Bonington's, which are remarkable for their ease, simplicity, and truth. T. is supposed to be the object of the President's peculiar resentment. He is told that he will be required either to submit and take office or to emigrate. 'We do not intend,' say the present Court, 'to allow people to sulk as they did under the Restoration and Louis-Philippe. Those who are not for us are against us. We will tolerate no *mécontents*.' 'In fact,' said T., 'if they wish for respectable, indeed for decent, recruits, they must impress them ; they get no tolerable volunteers. In our other revolutions only the chiefs of departments, and not all of them, were changed. No one was ashamed of taking or retaining office under the Consulate, or the Empire, or the Restoration, or Louis-Philippe. To do so now is infamous. Louis Napoleon will get no guests at his feast unless he sends into the highways and byways, and compels them to come in, and many will be without wedding garments.'

I dined with Mrs. Grote, and drank tea with the Tocquevilles.

*Saturday, Jan. 3.*—Circourt and Horace Say break-

fasted with me. 'If I had any children,' said Circourt, 'I would sell my shirt to educate them in England; in fact, to make them Englishmen or Americans, or anything but Frenchmen.'

'Had you rather,' I said, 'that they should be Russians than Frenchmen?'

'Certainly,' he answered; 'Russia is a far freer country. The power of the Executive in France is tempered by nothing. The clergy always side with it, there is no aristocracy, and the army, the only organised body, is not a deliberative one; when it acts it is generally from some sudden impulse with which reason has nothing to do.'

'Now in Russia there is a strong aristocracy, and a still stronger Church. The Church, indeed, is the first power in the State; the Emperor is only the second. At its head is the Patriarch of Constantinople, who does not interfere. The governing body is the Synod, composed of the archbishops and bishops; but, as they cannot easily meet, the real business is done by a Committee of the Synod, consisting of an archbishop and three bishops, sitting at St. Petersburg. With them the Emperor communicates. He may and does influence, but he cannot resist them. A few years ago he wished to follow the example of the rest of Europe by adopting the Gregorian Calendar. The Committee objected that for that purpose thirteen days must be omitted, and the thirteen saints to whom those thirteen days belong would be offended. The Emperor,' continued Circourt, 'is not resolute. He has not the strong will of Peter the Great, and prefers eluding an obstacle to breaking through it. He pro-

posed, therefore, that the change should be spread over thirteen years, and that on the day before that which was left out the two saints of both days should be commemorated. But the Committee persisted in their objection. "Even if the saints," they said, "could be appeased, the religious feelings of the people would be offended. It would be an imitation of the Western heretics. We admit," they added, "the inconvenience of dissimilar calendars, but let not us adopt that of the heretics; force the heretics to adopt ours. All the kingdoms of the world are yours, since you are the only orthodox sovereign. Take them. The Russian people, assisted by the saints, are strong enough to conquer them. Let us give them our calendar and our faith."

'Is there much belief in Christianity,' I asked, 'among the higher classes in Russia?'

'A large portion,' answered Circourt, 'are utter disbelievers. Such are most of those who form the fashionable world of St. Petersburg, but most of the nobles who inhabit the country believe implicitly all that their clergy teach them. In the neighbourhood of the great monasteries you see small houses near enough for the inhabitants to join in the ceremonies of the convent. They have been built by great proprietors who have given up their estates to their sons, and pass the decline of life in religious exercises. You are not to suppose, however, that their belief depends on enquiry. The Greek Church agrees with the Roman Church in forbidding enquiry. Neither the one nor the other attaches much importance to Scripture. The Christian religion,

say the Roman Catholics, is an oral religion, not a written one. Christ wrote nothing: He delivered his doctrines to His apostles, and on His ascension abdicated in favour of St. Peter and his successors. For their convenience the Gospels were written, and it is proper that the clergy should study them; but unless explained and completed by tradition—that is to say, by the doctrines which the Church, under the influence of a permanent inspiration, is constantly delivering—they are more likely to lead to error than to truth.

‘And it seems to me,’ he continued, ‘that against you Protestants, who believe the Bible to be inspired, but nothing else to be the result of inspiration, we Roman Catholics have a strong case. On what grounds except tradition do you believe the inspiration of the Gospels? If it is because God would not have left His revelation to be committed to writing except by inspired pens, we have the same *à priori* ground for believing the inspiration of the Church. God would never have left His Church unguided. Besides this, we have positive promises, and we have the constant claim of the Church to infallibility. The arbitrary line which Protestants draw between what they call Scripture and what they call tradition, their blind faith in the one, and their blind rejection of the other, seem to me to be equally unwarranted. How the Anglican Church, rejecting the light of tradition, discovers its Thirty-nine Articles in the Gospels and Epistles is a mystery quite as difficult of comprehension as any which is to be found in the Catholic faith.’

‘The differences in dogma between the Greek and Roman Churches are,’ I said, ‘but small.’

‘The doctrines,’ he answered, ‘are much the same, but the spirit is very different. The Roman Catholic Church is a political Church. The Popes deposed sovereigns and gave away empires, their clergy have always been agitators or tools, everything is to be bought for money or power. The Greek Church does not interfere in politics—it merely obeys the Emperor as the delegate of God. It grants no indulgences or dispensations. The greatest favourite of Nicholas is his nephew, the Prince of Oldenburgh; he prefers him to his own sons, and wished him to marry his daughter. The Greek Church forbids the intermarriage of first cousins. No influence could obtain a dispensation, and the Emperor was forced to give up a darling project.

‘One of the grossest absurdities of the Roman Church is the effect which it gives to pilgrimages. By visiting one altar you save 300 years of purgatory, by going to another 3,000. The father of the present King of Saxony, when hereditary prince, vowed a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The King forbade the journey. “I am old,” he said, “and you must not run the chance of being absent at my death.” The prince, in alarm, sent for his confessor. “You shall go,” said the confessor, “and you shall have the further merit of going on foot; a service to God which few have performed since the Crusades. Ascertain the proportion which your long gallery bears to the distance from Jerusalem, and pray to God that walking up and down the requisite number of times may

be accepted as a pilgrimage." This was done, and it was found that pacing the gallery three hours a day for four years would be enough. The prince had been walking two years when a scruple suggested itself. There are mountains on the real road—would walking on plain ground be accepted as an equivalent? The confessor's remedy was to put chairs in the way for the prince to cross, after praying that they might pass for mountains. I was very intimate with him, and have often seen him on his pilgrimage, jumping over the chairs. Now, the Greek Church, admitting pilgrimages and similar sacrifices to be useful, ascribes to them no specific merit. It supposes them to operate only by quickening faith and exciting the imagination. Its worst fault is its intolerance. It considers Roman Catholics, Protestants, Mussulmen, and Pagans equally accursed, and distinguishes the Roman Catholics only by hating them the most bitterly. When I go among my peasants I conform most punctiliously. When I kneel to receive the sacrament I accept the kiss of the beggar who may kneel next to me. A Russian church is the only place in the world where there is perfect equality. This tempers a little the harshness of our social inequalities.'

M. de Circourt's last remark led us to the passion for equality in France. 'You will see,' said Circourt, 'that Louis Napoleon will try to build his power on this passion. He fully enters into it. He will endeavour to gratify the envy of the common people by abasing all that is eminent, and placing in high places men of whom no one can feel jealous. But this theory of equality neces-

sarily drives him to the rock on which he will perish, universal suffrage. He can no more avoid it than Napoleon could avoid perishing by continual war, or than the Restoration could avoid perishing by favouring the nobles, or Louis-Philippe by courting the bourgeoisie, or the Republic by encouraging the Socialists. Each was born with

The young disease that was in time to kill.

And so is Louis Napoleon.'

'A few days before the 2nd of December,' said Say, 'I waited on him with the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, and some of the Conseil Municipal of Paris. They spoke of the necessity of returning to the regulations respecting the distribution of labour which prevailed under the Empire. Under that system no workman could be absent from his place of birth without permission. It was a real Law of Settlement. If there was distress among the tailors in Paris all tailors not born in Paris, though they might have worked there for twenty years, were sent home. If tailors were wanted they were summoned from the country. The Government, in every great town, undertook the management of the labour market. That was bad enough then, when our town population was comparatively small. What will it be now, when Paris contains one of the greatest aggregations of manufacturers in Europe?—when the artisans in the towns, the class that will most suffer from such restrictions, form the governing power in France?'



‘In the meantime,’ said Circourt, ‘the arbitrary arrests continue. I saw the other day the Princess de Beauveau. She was in despair at the loss of her physician, Dr. Cerise, who used to visit her every day. A few nights ago Dr. Buchez, the member of the Constituent Assembly who presided on May 15, came to Cerise, told him that he was in fear of an arrest, and asked for an asylum. Cerise ordered a bed to be made up for his friend. This occupied his maid for half an hour unexpectedly, and made her too late for an assignation with her lover. She excused herself by relating the story. The lover suspected that the unexpected visitor must be a political fugitive, and gave information to the police. The next morning, as the two doctors were at breakfast, they were both arrested, and nothing has been heard of either of them since. The mere loss of business and of connection which a professional man must suffer from imprisonment is not the least part of the evil. Duvergier de Hauranne, who has just been released, has come out with a shattered constitution. He has been treated, he says, “*au pied de la lettre comme un voleur*.” A man accustomed to the luxuries or even to the decencies of life cannot, unless he be more robust than is generally the case with French political or literary men, preserve his health when exposed to the filth, the foul air, the unwholesome food, and the horrible associates of a bad French prison. I had rather be shot in the Champ de Mars than so pass a few months. It would be an easier death.’

‘Do you believe,’ I said, ‘in the executions which are

said to have taken place in the Champ de Mars and in the Souterrain of the Tuileries?'

'As to the Champ de Mars,' he answered, 'there is no positive evidence. But a friend of mine who lives close by was alarmed on the night of the 5th by some discharges which it is difficult to account for otherwise. What is called the Souterrain of the Tuileries is a long passage under the Terrace du Bord de l'Eau running from the Tuileries, by the side of the river, to nearly the Pont de la Concorde. It was made by Napoleon as a means of getting out of the Tuileries without observation. In this passage, which has neither air nor light, some hundreds of persons were confined after June 23, 1848. Many are supposed to have been suffocated. If the same thing was done last December, the same results may have followed. It is not necessary to shoot or bayonet people thrown into such a place, any more than it was necessary to shoot or bayonet the prisoners in the Black Hole. If enough persons are thrust in, and they are kept there a sufficient number of hours, they will give no further trouble. The slaughter immediately after the fighting was considerable. I have a young friend who was a sous-lieutenant on December 5, and has been promoted for his conduct on that day. He told me that of those who were taken on the barricades the greater part were immediately killed. He seized a young man, who begged him to take fifteen francs, which he would find in his pockets, to his mother. My young friend wrote down the mother's address, killed the man, found the fifteen francs, and sent them to her.

Many soldiers did the same thing. The prisoners gave them their watches and money and the addresses of their friends, and the commission was faithfully performed. Those who were not killed on the spot were taken to the barrack-yard and put to death there. My friend said that he had despatched several. A French officer,' continued Circourt, 'has neither scruple, nor self-control, nor remorse. He obeys the impulse of the moment or the order of his superior, and never seems to regret having done so. Mon jeune ami trouvait tout simple ce qu'il avait fait.'

I asked Circourt to tell me what he knew about January 29, 1849.

'You shall have,' he answered, 'the whole information that I can give you. I ought to begin by reminding you that at that time the Parisian mob were in a state of extreme discontent. They had been beaten in the previous summer, they were out of work, they found that they had got nothing by the Republic, they threw the blame on the aristocratic tendencies of the Assembly, and they were furious at the election of Louis Napoleon, which they estimated much more soundly than we did. The Garde Mobile, which the Government was then sending out of Paris, was almost in insurrection. The whole town was filled with the alarm and disquiet which generally precede an *émeute*. At about 10 in the morning the rappel was beaten, and I went to the Place de la Concorde to join my company in the 1st Legion of the National Guard. I found there a considerable number of National Guards and troops of the line, and

a great crowd in blouses. I asked my companions for what purpose we were assembled. "Ma foi," they said, "we do not know; perhaps to protect the Assembly, perhaps to throw it out of the windows. We shall do whatever we are told to do." The blouses seemed very much excited. One of them went up to a soldier and struck him. "Ma foi," said those around me, "il a bien fait."

'Soon afterwards a body of Gardes Mobile appeared, almost in a state of mutiny. It was kept in by its officers, but every instant was ready to fly at the troops of the line.

'In a short time, Louis Napoleon came up from the Élysée, surrounded by a small staff. He advanced slowly towards the bridge; we believed that the *coup d'état* was come, and that he was going to dissolve the Assembly. Suddenly he stopped, remained stationary for a few minutes, and rode back towards the boulevards. The crowd around us was very menacing. Nothing is so timid as the National Guard, especially when it is under arms. We did not like our position in the Place de la Concorde, so we moved across the bridge, and posted ourselves within the railings of the Palais Bourbon. It was wet and cold; the crowd gradually dispersed as the evening came on, and we were dismissed. That is all that I know.'

'I do not *know* much more,' said Say, 'but I suspect more.'

After Circourt left me, I called on Faucher. I was thinking over my last conversation with Circourt,

and asked Faucher to explain to me the 29th of January.

‘Unluckily,’ said Faucher, ‘when I saw the *coup d’état* approaching, I removed all my papers to a place of safety, or I could give you the whole detail ; what I did, and why I did it. The outline, however, is this. I received information early in January of an extensive plot, of which Marrast was the head, and the leaders of the Rouge and Socialist parties were the subordinate chiefs. More than 30,000 men, principally from the suburbs and suburban villages, were to meet in the Place de la Concorde early in the morning. They were to be joined by the Garde Mobile, furious at its intended expulsion from Paris, and by the 6th Legion of the National Guard, of which the head-quarters were at the Conservatoire. The Assembly was to be dissolved, the President arrested, the République Démocratique et Sociale proclaimed, and the reign of terror, murder, pillage, and confiscation would have followed. It was not until half-past 11 in the night of January 28 that I ascertained that the hour was fixed, and that it was fixed for 10 o’clock the next morning. I instantly sent for Changarnier, and we arranged that 40,000 troops, all that were available, should be concentrated in the neighbourhood of the Palais Bourbon and the Place de la Concorde by 9 the next morning. The 30,000 insurgents and the mutinous battalions of the Garde Mobile were true to their rendezvous in the Place de la Concorde, but they found the National Assembly and the Élysée protected by a forest of bayonets. The 6th Legion of the National Guard

mustered at the Conservatoire, but I sent a body of Gardes Municipaux, who arrested the colonel, Forestier, at the head of his men. Half an hour later it might have been too late. The President was not yet fixed in his chair—the disposition of the troops was doubtful. If the 6th Legion, which was 12,000 strong, the Garde Mobile, and the insurrectionary force, had marched on the Assembly, we might have had a Socialist *coup d'état* instead of an Imperial one. But the 6th Legion, deprived of its commander, did not venture to act; the Garde Mobile was cowed, and obeyed the order to return to its quarters, and the insurgents gradually dispersed. I believe January 29 to have been one of the days in which society has run the greatest risks, though Changarnier and I prevented any real calamity.'

'What part,' I asked, 'did Louis Napoleon take?'

'None,' he answered, 'except riding from the Élysée to the Bridge, and then along the boulevards, with a very small escort. It encouraged the troops and the sound part of the National Guards, but was a most dangerous experiment. He must have passed hundreds of persons who were eager to assassinate him. His indifference to personal danger amounts to rashness.'

I dined with M. Anisson. Michel Chevalier and I were the only guests. We talked of the expected Constitution, and of the probability that the legislative body would have a deliberative power over the Budget.

'If they really have that,' I said, 'they will soon have everything, for it is a weapon which, if actually possessed, is irresistible.'

'Their power over it,' said Chevalier, 'is to be tempered. If they refuse it, the Senate may vote it for one year. But if they refuse it next year——'

'Alors,' said young Anisson, 'ils seront mis à la porte.'

'That,' I said, 'will be a *coup d'état*.'

'Cromwell,' said young Anisson, 'made five *coups d'état*.'

'Yes,' said Chevalier; 'but he was Cromwell. There is no doubt that the difficulties will be very great. This mixture of autocracy and democracy in the present proportions is a new experiment. Under the Empire the autocratic element was much stronger, and the democratic much weaker.'

*Sunday, Jan. 4.*—I walked round the boulevards until I came to the Porte St.-Martin. I saw no marks of balls. But from thence to the three or four first houses of the Boulevard des Italiens the walls were covered with them, particularly close to the windows. On one house, not thirty feet wide, there must have been a hundred. A much larger number of balls must have entered the windows, as they were the marks, and very large ones, at which the troops fired. It is impossible to avoid inferring that the houses for the space of a mile and a half must have been the objects of repeated and indiscriminate fire.

I dined with the Tocquevilles alone.

*Monday, Jan. 5.*—M. Anisson and Sir F. Adam breakfasted with me. They agreed in treating the *coup d'état* as the only precaution by which the general

civil war of May 1852 could have been prevented, and ascribed the brutalities of the boulevards to the inexperience of the troops, and to their recollection of the events of 1848. 'I have a quick eye,' said Sir Frederick, 'for a drunken soldier, for drunkenness was the great vice of the men whom I generally had to command, and among many thousands whom I saw on the boulevards on the 5th not one appeared to me to be drunk. "My men," said General Carlet to me, "were drunk, but it was with the desire of vengeance." This makes the massacre rather a less stain on the Government and a deeper stain on the national character.'

I dined at the Embassy. Lord Normanby, who has seen this journal as far as it is copied, gave me a further correction of Faucher's story about the remonstrance which he is supposed to have made at Turgot's dinner on December 2. None was made *then*. He called on Turgot about 2 o'clock that day, to ask whether the dinner could not be put off. Turgot answered, that the President intended to be present. Lord Normanby admitted that in that case it must go on. The President did not, in fact, come, and the dinner was very dull, but there was no protest against it.

In the evening I called at Mrs. Culpepper's, where I found some Anglo-Parisians, all delighted with the *coup d'état*, as saving them from the Rouges and paving the way for Henri V.

From thence I went to Mrs. Streatfield's, whom I had left with Miss Blackett, on the morning of the 'Te Deum,' in the Avenue de Marigny, waiting for the President's



appearance. He was received, they said, with perfect silence. The crowd round them talked angrily of the *coup d'état*. 'Ça ne peut pas durer,' said a man in a blouse to Miss Blackett. 'Le sabre est fort, mais l'opinion est encore plus forte.'

*Tuesday, Jan. 6.*—Sir Edward Colebrooke, Dr. Twiss, and G. Sumner breakfasted with me.

'Faucher,' said Sumner, 'is the author of the *coup d'état*. He destroyed universal suffrage; he, by oppression and insult, drove the moderate republicans mad; he called up the Rouge Spectre, and frightened all the timid, that is to say, nine-tenths of the French people, into servility; and he, on January 29, 1849, showed Louis Napoleon the facility with which the Executive can make a revolution.'

I asked Sumner to repeat his version of January 29.

'The Constituent Assembly,' he said, 'elected under the pressure of 1848, was democratic. Its duration was originally indefinite; it was to sit until it had framed the Constitution. But there was a difference of opinion as to the meaning of the word Constitution. It might comprehend the whole body of organic or fundamental laws, or it might designate merely an outline indicating the nature and relative position of the authorities among whom the supreme legislative and executive power is distributed. Faucher hoped that the next Legislature would be more monarchical, and was therefore anxious to persuade the existing Assembly to adopt the latter definition of the word "constitution," and consequently to consider the Constitution as framed,

and the mission of the Assembly at an end. The majority of the Assembly, however, adopted the former definition, and refused to surrender their power until they had framed the organic laws which they considered, I think with truth, parts of the Constitution. Faucher, assisted by Changarnier, effected a *coup d'état*. He collected in the night of January 28 30,000 men, occupied the Palais Bourbon, and caused the members, as they entered in the morning of the 29th, to be privately informed that they would not be allowed to separate until they had fixed a day for their dissolution. This is my version of January 29. It was a *coup d'état* directed by Faucher against the Constituent Assembly. I will not say that during the course of that morning other ideas may not have passed through the minds of Changarnier and of Louis Napoleon. I will not say that, seeing the Assembly defenceless, the National Guard irresolute, the Garde Mobile in insurrection, and the people cowed, the idea of a dictatorship, to be shared between them, may not have occurred to one or to both of them, and that they may not have let the opportunity slip through want of decision. A revolutionary force collected for one purpose has often been turned to another; but I have no proofs of it.'

'Corcelle,' I said, 'denies that the dissolution in May was voted on January 29, or that any intimidation was employed against him or against his friends.'

'None,' replied Sumner, 'was necessary, for they were favourable to the dissolution; but I myself conversed that evening with several members of the Assembly.

They told me that the dissolution had been voted under external pressure, and they told it with the utmost indignation.'

I have since consulted a 'Moniteur,' and the dates are these :—

In December 1848, M. Rateau proposed a resolution that the elections for the next Assembly should be made on March 4, 1849, and that the new Assembly should meet and the Constituent Assembly go out on March 19. This was referred to the Committees of Justice and of Legislation ; and on January 9, 1849, the Committees reported that M. Rateau's proposition ought not to be entertained.

This report was discussed on January 12, and a majority of 401 to 396 refused to adopt the report. The proposition itself, therefore, was referred to a new Committee, which on January 25 reported, as before, that the proposition ought not to be entertained.

January 29 was fixed for the discussion of this report, and on that day, after a long speech from Jules Favre, who complained that they were discussing under the pressure of terror and in the presence of a military force uncalled for by the Assembly, and after all the other speakers who had inscribed their names to speak against the report had refused to speak, the report was rejected by a majority of 416 to 405, voting by ballot. Rateau's proposition, therefore, was entertained, and was read a first time on February 7, when Lanjuinais proposed an amendment, which Rateau adopted, that the electoral law should be immediately proceeded with, that the

electoral lists should be formed immediately after it had passed, and that on the first Sunday after their formation the new Assembly should be elected.

This amendment, as a substitute for Râteau's, was read a second time on February 8, and carried by 494 to 307 ; read a third time on February 14, and passed without a division. Sumner, therefore, was not accurate when he said that on January 29 the Assembly, under the pressure of military force, voted its own dissolution ; but it is true that on that day an important step towards dissolution was voted, that Jules Favre complained of the presence of the troops, and that the other members who were to have spoken against the dissolution abstained from speaking.

Mrs. Grote had one of her headaches, but was able to receive me in the evening. She related to me a conversation which passed between her and a person who has peculiar means of ascertaining the feelings and plans of the Government. They began with the usual topic, the probable permanence of the present system.

'I admit,' he said, 'that we have against us the higher classes and the middle classes, but we can do without them. The *salons* and the shops have governed too long ; we shall throw ourselves on the masses.'

'But for that purpose,' said Mrs. Grote, 'you must improve their condition, you must give them education and employment and *bien-être*, and these are things of slow accomplishment.'

'We can dispense with all these,' he answered. 'Two passions are predominant in the mass of the people to

which a ruler of France can always have recourse ; the love of glory and the hatred of England. On these foundations we can build securely.'

'You propose war, then ?' she said.

'Certainly,' he answered; 'we cannot obtain our objects without it. We have already sent a message to Belgium, we have asked for the 20 millions and interest for the siege of Antwerp, and we have required the dismantlement of Namur, Mons, and the Fort de Gand. The President does not choose that the Belgian frontier should be fortified.'

'Anything more ?' asked Mrs. Grote.

'Nothing at present from Belgium,' he answered ; 'but we must have Savoy : we can indemnify Piedmont with Parma and Placentia.'

'You are returning,' said Mrs. Grote, 'to the remodelling Europe. What will you do with the treaties of 1815 ?'

'Bah,' he said ; 'we shall tear them up. The House of Napoleon is not bound by those treaties.'

'Where will you find the money ?' she asked.

'Our system,' he replied, 'is to support war by war. The foreigner (*l'étranger*) will pay the expense.'

In the evening I went to Madame de Circourt's. She strongly recommended me to read Lamartine's 'History of the Restoration,' not as true, but as an agreeable historical novel. 'It is as amusing,' she said, 'as "The Girondins."'

M. de Circourt introduced me to a man whose name I forget, warning me that he was Legitimist. I found

him full of the anti-parliamentary opinions which now prevail among the French Tories. 'Our unhappy imitation,' he said, 'of English and American models has led us to adopt a form of government for which we are totally unfit.'

'And yet,' I said, 'the most prosperous times of your history were passed under parliamentary government.'

'I do not call,' he answered, 'the Restoration or the Monarchy of Louis-Philippe prosperous times. We had far greater influence in Europe, were more powerful and more respected, under Louis XVI. than under Louis XVIII., or under either of his successors.'

'But,' I said, 'you were positively more prosperous under Louis-Philippe than under Louis XVI.'

'Yes,' he answered, 'but not relatively. In 1789 we were as rich as England, now we are comparatively poor. From 1815 to 1848 France and Prussia each enjoyed peace. The Government of France was parliamentary, that of Prussia despotic. France, without doubt, increased in wealth and prosperity during those thirty-five years of peace; but Prussia increased much more. If the despotic country has outstripped the parliamentary one, parliamentary government cannot be necessary to improvement. With us I believe it to have been an obstacle.'

*Wednesday, Jan. 7.*—I breakfasted with M. I mentioned to him Mrs. Grote's warlike conversation with her friend from the Élysée.

'I have no doubt that such advice is given to him, but I utterly disbelieve his following it. He knows that

war would be his ruin. The nation—the whole nation, the peasant as well as the bourgeois—desires nothing but peace and *bien-être*. It is sick of excitement, and cares nothing for glory. If he went to war, it would rise against him as one man. He has obtained popularity by saving it from anarchy. He must retain it by good government and moderation.’ ‘Do you call,’ I said, ‘his present mode of governing moderate?’ ‘Wherein,’ he answered, ‘is it immoderate?’ ‘Nay,’ I replied, ‘what do you think of his transporting thousands without trial?’ ‘That,’ said M., ‘is wrong. I disapprove of it as much, I hope, as you do. But you must recollect that these men are either liberated convicts who have broken the terms on which they were released, or the heads of secret societies formed for pillage and murder; and you must recollect that such societies are much more dangerous with us than they would be with you. Your instinct is to resist insurrection and crime; ours is to bow before them. You combine against the public enemy; we implore him to spare us. Three years ago the Procureur-Général of the Department of the Hérault was murdered by order of a secret society. The *sous-préfet* of Lodève, where the assassination was committed, was so intimidated that he took no steps to bring the murderers to justice. He was superseded, and a more energetic—or, at least, a more intrepid—man was substituted. But no witnesses would come forward. The assassins are known, but they remain unprosecuted. Such a state of things does not justify these transportations, but it palliates them.’

‘What do you think,’ I said, ‘of the suppression of the freedom of speech and of the press?’ ‘To a certain extent,’ he answered, ‘that suppression is provisional. Freedom of speech will be restored as soon as Louis Napoleon feels himself established. But as to freedom of the press, I acknowledge, with great regret, that I doubt whether we are fit for it. We deal with it as we deal with all our rights, push it to its utmost. It has destroyed every government that has tolerated it. The press will soon enjoy more freedom than it now possesses, but not enough to satisfy an Englishman.

‘His first duty,’ continued M., ‘is to restore the equilibrium of the Budget. I believe that he will resort to an income-tax, though at the risk of incurring the hatred of the bourgeoisie. I am not without hopes that he will diminish the army, and I do not despair of some approximation to free trade. You must consider all his Ministers and all his measures up to this time as provisional. They were merely expedients for fighting his long battle with the Assembly. We may now expect a stable Cabinet and a consistent system of government.’

‘We are looking forward,’ I said, ‘to seeing you in the Ministry.’ ‘It has been talked of,’ he answered, ‘and may take place; but I will not be a Minister unless I am to have some free agency.’

‘Do you believe,’ I said, ‘in the influence ascribed to Montalembert?’ ‘I believe,’ he answered, ‘that Montalembert’s real influence is nothing. As to religion, the President is a philosopher. He is indifferent to it except



as a political engine. The other day Montalembert proposed to him to give up the Concordat; that is, to annihilate the Gallican Church, and make the Pope as absolute in France as he is in Ireland. The President made no remonstrance, but talked of it afterwards with due contempt. He treated in the same way a proposal to displace some judges who are legally irremovable. People take his silence for acquiescence, and therefore impute to him plans which he has never thought even worth consideration.'

I had a long visit in the evening from M. de Circourt. 'The promulgation,' he says, 'of the Constitution is delayed in order that it may be accompanied by three organic laws—on the press, on the jury, and on the National Guard. The newspaper press is to be rendered powerless; trial by jury as a political institution is to be virtually destroyed; the National Guard is to be abolished in the country and reduced to a few battalions in the large towns. In Paris it is to consist of 24,000 men, unpaid, subject to military law, and liable to be employed at any distance from the capital; soldiers, in fact, except that they are to have neither pay nor promotion.' 'But who,' I said, 'will enter such a corps?' 'It is to be filled,' he answered, 'by volunteers, and so far as volunteers are wanting, the Government will select for the service any persons whom it may think fit between the ages of twenty and forty-five. All persons in public employment will be forced to offer themselves; all persons soliciting employment from the Government will find it advisable to do so; and the power of selecting

the remainder will be a powerful engine of oppression.'

I related to him the conversation between Mrs. Grote and her warlike friend.

'I have no doubt,' answered Circourt, 'that such advice is given to him, and that he is ready enough to listen to it. It is only a few weeks ago that he was with the utmost difficulty restrained from sending a fleet up the Dardanelles and bombarding Constantinople in order to settle his dispute with Turkey about the sanctuaries in Jerusalem. He is bent on war, and from war I expect his downfall. The first great battle must destroy him. He will be despised if it is lost, and supplanted by the successful general *if* it is gained. There is one war, however, that I cannot help fearing that he may make with success, and the fear of it haunts my imagination; that is, an invasion of England. When I was in your country in September I could scarcely sleep for thinking of the dangers to which your miracles of civilisation are exposed. Never was such wealth so undefended, and never was a more dangerous spoiler near. I can understand your unwillingness to incur the expense of preparation during the Restoration or in Louis-Philippe's reign. You were safe even during the Republic, but you must have known that your safety would end as soon as you had a military despotism for your nearest neighbour, and you must have foreseen from February 25, 1848, that such a despotism was coming. You have wasted without preparation four valuable years. I trust that you will waste no more.'

‘What are your expectations,’ I asked, ‘as to the fate of France?’

‘My expectations,’ he answered, ‘are as black as it is possible. I see nothing probable but military despotism or a restoration through defeat and foreign intervention. We certainly shall have war, and the result of that war will be Louis Napoleon’s downfall. It seems to me impossible that he can remain in power for six months after it has broken out. But unless we are as thoroughly beaten as we were in 1814, and the army is forced to call in a Bourbon to obtain for us a tolerable peace, his successor will be some general. The army is our master, and it will be our master for fifty years to come, and it will never willingly choose a civilian. I foresee nothing but a succession of military revolutions. The good times are gone for ever, at least as far as this generation is concerned. Even what I call good times were full of anxiety, for I never believed in their permanence. The Restoration found only two great powers in France—the army and the church—and the church, though useful as an auxiliary, has no force as an opponent. It must obey the Government that pays it. From that time the army has been constantly growing in importance as every other class has been sinking. We despise our ignorant *noblesse*, we treat our professional men, our lawyers, and physicians, and artists, and *littérateurs*, and public servants as mere tradesmen, and we are ashamed of our politicians. A soldier is now the only man that is proud of his profession. It is to the army that all the talent and enterprise and ambition of the

country will flow. The army, therefore, will not only be the governing body, but the only body that will deserve to govern. We shall have monarchs, perhaps, but they will not be hereditary monarchs, for they will reign by their military qualities, and military qualities are not transmitted. We shall not remain at peace while we are able to make war, and as I do not think that we can conquer Europe, our destiny is probably to be partitioned. But the amount of misery which we may suffer and inflict in the meantime is incalculable.'

Circourt's last words to me were—'As a Frenchman, but a friend of England, I give you one parting advice. Settle your disputes with the United States as quickly as possible. Settle them before you are forced, while the concession may appear to be voluntary. Settle them by any sacrifice whatever. Give up, if it be necessary, every point in dispute. No interests that you can have in Nicaragua, no protectorate of the King of Mosquito, are worth endangering the loss of American co-operation. United, you and America can defy the world; but if America be hostile, or even neutral, you will run risks which frighten me, and may fairly alarm you.'

*Thursday, Jan. 8.*—The following story was told to me yesterday at the Embassy, but I cannot recollect by whom :—

The colonel of one of the regiments which was to be employed on December 2 was absent on the night of December 1, a few miles from Paris. An aide-de-camp of St.-Arnaud's was sent at midnight from the Élysée to summon him to Paris. The aide-de-camp owed his

success in life to Changarnier. As he passed Changarnier's door in the Rue Faubourg St.-Honoré it passed through his mind that this sudden message must be connected with the *coup d'état* which everyone was expecting, and that it might be material to Changarnier that he should know the time was come. He got off his horse and rang at the bell. The porter, probably in bed, did not answer it immediately. It occurred in the meantime to the aide-de-camp that his orders were precise, to ride to the colonel's without losing a minute, and that this communication to Changarnier would be a breach of duty. He got on his horse again and rode off. If Changarnier had been warned, if he had been at liberty on the morning of the 2nd, and had succeeded in getting the support of one regiment, it is not perhaps probable, but certainly it is possible, that the result might have been altered. The porter's laziness may have influenced the destinies of the world.

I breakfasted with Sir Henry Ellis. He agrees with M. de Circourt both as to the probability that Louis Napoleon will rush into a war, and that a war will be fatal to his reign. 'Now,' he says, 'is the time to reconstruct the Anti-Buonaparte Alliance, which has slept for thirty-seven years. If the four great Powers do not think it as yet advisable to enforce the clause in the Treaty of Paris which excludes the Buonaparte family from supreme power in France, they should be prepared to act on it as soon (and it is likely to be very soon, if it has not taken place already) as Louis Napoleon shows the mischievous dispositions of the race. Austria,

Russia, and Prussia are, without doubt, very grateful to him for having put down constitutional power in France. He has done their work, but he has done it too completely to retain his hold on them. They have nothing more to hope from him, but everything to fear. It may not be pleasant to England to enter into intimate relations with despotisms so false as Prussia and Austria, or so anti-constitutional as Russia ; but necessity brings a country as well as a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows. And if we wish, as we must wish, to weaken and, if it can be done, conveniently to overthrow the present tyranny in France, we can adopt no better means than letting it be known that the great Powers consider his presence at the Tuileries unfavourable to peace. With the single exception of the army, peace is the earnest desire of all classes in France. The peasant dreads an increase of the conscription, the shopkeeper knows that his market would be spoilt by an increase of taxation, and the higher commercial men, the builders, the merchants, bankers, and owners of funds and shares, who, after four years of stagnation and timidity, have just begun to put out their capitals, shrink from war as they would from ruin. To many of them, indeed, war would *be* ruin. He is popular with them merely as the representative of tranquillity, of steady trade, railways at a premium, and three per cents. at 75. Let them suspect that he has delivered them from internal enemies only to create against them external ones, and they will hate him as bitterly as they hated Ledru Rollin or Louis Blanc.'

From Sir Henry Ellis's I went to Tocqueville's. 'In this darkness,' he said, 'when no one dares to print and few to speak, though we know generally that atrocious acts of tyranny are perpetrated every day, it is difficult to ascertain precise facts. So I will give you one. A young man named Hippolyte Magin, a gentleman by birth and education, author of an eminently successful tragedy called "Spartacus," was arrested on December 2. His friends were told not to be alarmed, that no harm was intended to him, but rather a kindness; that, as his liberal opinions were known, he was shut up to prevent his compromising himself by some rash expression of them. He was sent to Fort Bicêtre, where the casemates, miserable, damp, and cold vaults, have been used as a prison, into which about 3,000 political prisoners have been crammed. His friends became uneasy, not only at the sufferings which he must undergo in five weeks of such an imprisonment in such weather as this, but lest his health should be permanently injured. At length they find that he is there no longer; and how do you suppose that his imprisonment has ended? He is at this instant at sea, in a convict ship, on his way to Cayenne, untried, indeed unaccused, to die of fever if he escapes the horrors of the passage. Who can say how many similar cases there may be in this wholesale transportation? How many of those who are missing, and are supposed to have died at the barricades or on the boulevards, may be among the transports reserved for a more lingering death?'

A proclamation to-day from the Préfet de Police

orders all persons to erase from their houses the words 'Liberté! Egalité! Fraternité!' on pain of being proceeded against *administrativement*.

'There are,' said Tocqueville, 'now three forms of penal procedure—*judiciairement*, *militairement*, and *administrativement*. Under the first a man is tried before a court of law, and, if his crime be grave, is sentenced to one or two years' imprisonment. Under the second he is tried before a drum-head court-martial and shot. Under the third, without any trial at all, he is transported to Cayenne or Algiers.'

From Tocqueville's I went to Lord Normanby's. I told him Tocqueville's story, which led us to talk of the executions of December 5. A waiter in an hotel in the Rue Ville Évêque was among the prisoners made that day, and taken to the vaults of the Tuileries. His master heard of it, had some interest, and obtained his release. He affirms that he saw a large number of the prisoners taken out and killed. Among them was a young man, who implored for mercy so vehemently that the officer in command told him that he might go. As he went a cross was chalked on his back. A minute after he was shot.

I left Paris on the next morning.

THE END.



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